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LOWELL OF HARVARD

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

WHEN, last June, Dr. Abbott Lawrence Lowell moved out of the little red house on the hill in the Harvard College yard, he had finished twenty-four years as president of the oldest and richest university in the United States. Next to the late Dr. Eliot, who served for forty years, and Dr. Edward Holyoke, who served for thirty-two years (1737-1769), his term of office exceeded that of any other of his twenty-three predecessors.

He is now seventy-seven years old, and for my part I hope he lives to be a hundred, for despite all his stupidities in and out of office—and, as I shall show, they have been many and glaring—he has added something substantial and lasting to the academic heritage of America. By his magnificent stand for academic freedom in wartime as well as in peacetime, he has made it impossible for any American university president in the future to harass his professors without at least a wrench of conscience. He has not been the national sage that Dr. Eliot was, and he has not been the public figure that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler is, but often I have a feeling that in the long run he will be considered far more important than either.

Dr. Lowell comes of an ancient and patrician New England family. The first of the name, Percival Lowell, landed in Newburyport, Mass., in 1639, having emigrated from Bristol, England. A John Lowell was graduated from Harvard in 1721, and other Lowells in 1760 and 1786. The Lowell of the class of 1760 was a member of the Continental Congress, and, from 1784 to 1802, of the Harvard Corporation. His son, Francis Cabot Lowell, according to Dr. Frederic Austin Ogg, who has investigated the family genealogy, was graduated with the class of 1793, "and became the principal agent in the introduction in this country of the manufacture of cotton. It was in his honor that the city of Lowell was named." Francis Cabot's son, John, dying young, left \$250,000 to maintain in Boston free annual lectures on science, religion, literature, and history. From this grant the Lowell Institute was founded in 1839. The Institute, which is still in operation, is a sort of free university, and among its more recent lecturers have been men of the calibre of Bertrand Russell, William James, Josiah Royce, Hugo Münsterberg, George Herbert Palmer, Charles Homer Haskins, Harlow

Shapley, George Foote Moore, and Lawrence J. Henderson.

Charles Lowell, another son of the Continental Congressman, was the father of James Russell Lowell, who was the uncle of the late president of Harvard. The latter's father (Augustus Lowell) his paternal grandfather (John Amory Lowell), and his maternal grandfather (Abbott Lawrence) were all highly successful textile manufacturers, and amassed fortunes.

The Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard was mainly the gift of Abbott Lawrence. Abbott Lawrence Lowell thus came into the world, on December 13, 1856, with a lot of blue blood on both his mother's and his father's sides, and a background of large wealth. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1877, and from the Harvard Law School in 1880. For the next seventeen years he practiced law in Boston, mostly in partnership with his cousin, Francis Cabot Lowell, who later became a judge of the United States Circuit Court. They specialized in the administration of "large estates and similar vested interests."

A young man "possessed of abundant means," and apparently with little taste for the practical aspects of the law, Mr. Lowell early began to look about him for more pleasing occupation. For a time he was a member of the Boston Board of Education and also a member of the executive committee of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has been the sole trustee of the Lowell Institute since 1900.

Gradually, he became interested in the study of government, and in 1889 published a volume of essays on the subject. It was followed by "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe" in 1896, by "Colonial Civil Service" in 1900, and

by "The Influence of Party Upon Legislation in England and America" in 1902. The last-named was very well received by the professors, and six years later he won them over completely with "The Government of England." In the meantime, he had lectured on government at Harvard, and had been elevated to the rank of a full professor in 1900. Between 1900 and 1909 he was frequently consulted by President Eliot on administrative matters, and there was little surprise when he succeeded him on May 19 of the latter year.

II

President Lowell inherited a fine tradition from Dr. Eliot, but he also inherited a number of baffling problems. Dr. Eliot had built up a good skeleton for the university, with excellent professors here and there, but he had neglected the undergraduate college, and it remained for Dr. Lowell to remedy the neglect and to fill in the skeleton.

His labors were made difficult by the fact that there had developed considerable local and even national antagonism to the snobbish pretensions of Harvard and its graduates. The Rev. Dr. A. A. Berle, father of Professor A. A. Berle, Jr., member of President Roosevelt's Brain Trust, wrote in 1910, and with more than a little truth: "No university in this land has paid so costly a price for contempt for the masses as Harvard has, for she is at this moment in the midst of a thoroughly hostile community which would not hesitate to tax her out of existence if there were not so many and such selfish motives against it." The sons of the middle class, finding it difficult to enter Harvard, discovered that there were other good universities in the country, and the Cam-

bridge institution found itself left more and more in the cold. When Dr. Eliot became president in 1869 there were hardly any State universities, but by the end of the century there were many of them, including the Universities of Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, and Minnesota.

President Lowell met this challenge with fine intelligence. His inaugural address, after twenty-four years, is still well worth reading. He remarked the fact that both the undergraduates and the public of the time held excellence in studies in low esteem, and he pointed out the reason. "If college education," he said, "were closely adapted to the needs of the community, excellence of achievement therein ought to be generally recognized as of great value." He came out against the plan, much favored at the time in certain quarters, of turning the American university into a collection of professional schools, as in Germany. He urged the continuation of "the substantial, if intangible, benefits the nation has derived from its colleges. Surely the college can give a freedom of thought, a breadth of outlook, a training for citizenship, which neither the secondary nor the professional school in this country can equal." The college "ought to produce, not defective specialists, but men intellectually well rounded, of wide sympathies and unfettered judgment." In short, "no method of ascertaining truth, and therefore no department of human thought, ought to be wholly a sealed book to an educated man."

He also had something to say about the graduate schools. Here, too, he hit upon their chief defect instantly and with few words. The average graduate school, he pointed out, had become "the easiest path for the good but docile student, with little energy, independence, or ambition. . . . Much of the instruction consists of

burnishing rather soft material." President Eliot had found the Law, Medical, and Divinity Schools at Harvard in very bad shape: nearly all one needed to enter them was a testimonial of good character. It was not till 1896, due primarily to his insistence, that a college degree was required for admission to the Law School, and not till 1900 that the same was required in the Medical School. Both these schools, in 1909, were still a bit lax, but what President Lowell had chiefly in mind was the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, where A.M.'s and Ph.D.'s in the humanities and the natural and social sciences were given with easy liberality. He resolved to improve it, and he did.

He was no sooner installed in office than he also made drastic changes in the curriculum of the undergraduate college. Previously, Harvard undergraduates had complete freedom in their choice of studies. At the end of four years, if they had passing grades in sixteen or seventeen miscellaneous courses, they were given their A.B.'s or S.B.'s. But beginning with the freshman class of 1910 President Lowell amended the free elective system in such a way that it became what is now known as the distribution and concentration system. The number of courses undergraduates must take for a degree remains about the same, but six or seven of them must be in one branch of knowledge, and the student must so choose his remaining courses that one of them deals with literature, another with American or European history, a third with some branch of science, and a fourth with philosophy or mathematics. The purpose behind the plan is to make the student know one subject more or less thoroughly, and to give him some notion of the other important branches of human knowledge. It is plainly far more intelligent than the old

free elective system, and it has been copied in one way or another by most other American colleges.

In the second place, President Lowell instituted the tutorial system, whereby each student, at the end of his first year, is assigned to a tutor in his chosen field, who directs his reading and tries to influence his thinking. The tutors are generally members of the faculty. To the dull and lazy students they are a nuisance, but to the intelligent they are a great help.

President Lowell made particular use of the tutors in a previously established scheme for a general examination of each student in his special subject at the end of his senior year. The tutor reviews the entire four years with him, thus bringing to a focus the high points in his field of concentration. This general examination was an obvious enough idea, but President Lowell was the first American university head to develop it fully.

His aim was to raise the intellectual level of the college at all costs, and to that end he even had the courage to buck the alumni football fans. He hammered away at the sports nuisance from the beginning, and with each succeeding year became more outspoken. In his report to the Board of Overseers in the year 1927 he let loose with full force. In this report he sneered at "the elaborate system of coaching," and told the alumni that filling the stadium every Fall was "not well either for members of the team or for the student body. It tends to disturb seriously the work of education, and still more to distort in the minds of the public and of the alumni the real object of college." Intercollegiate sports, he said, "should be conducted for the benefit of the students by them and by the appropriate authorities of the university, not by others to furnish entertainment to alumni and the public." When

one considers the notorious attachment of Harvard alumni to college football of the ballyhoo variety, and when one recalls that President Lowell, in those days, was asking them regularly for more and more contributions to the university, one realizes the magnitude of his courage in talking to them as he did. Unfortunately, his bold frankness did little permanent good. In the main, the football racket in Harvard is the same today as always. Whether the new president, Dr. James Bryant Conant, will continue the fight remains to be seen.

For years one of President Lowell's chief concerns was the lack of adequate opportunities for social life among the undergraduates. He wanted to bring the students together more, and he thought that the best way of effecting it would be by instituting at Harvard some form of the Oxford and Cambridge systems of college houses. When he announced his plan in 1926 he met with violent opposition. The chief argument against it was that it would breed more and worse snobbishness among the students, and cut them off still more from everyday life. Dr. Lowell persisted, but he had no money. Finally, in 1929, Edward Harkness donated \$11,000,000 toward the execution of the plan, and construction of the new houses began at once.

There are now seven houses. Each has its own dining-room, common rooms, and library, and each is in charge of a master, who is generally a professor, assisted by a group of tutors. The duties of the master and tutors are mainly social. The house tutors are generally identical with those of the concentration system, heretofore described. Dr. Lowell is said to look upon his house plan as a remedy for "the social disintegration" of American college life. Maybe it is, and maybe it isn't. I greatly fear that it really makes very little difference. Students make friends the way all

other people make friends. Whom they meet and like they associate with. In the ordinary course of college life, before the house plan went into effect, they probably met just as many fellow students as they are likely to meet now. Living in the same house with 300 other students can produce no greater miracles of friendship than living in the same building with 300 neighbors.

Anyway, the house plan proved again Dr. Lowell's great gift for getting money. When he took office in 1909 the endowment funds of the university amounted to \$22,716,759. Now they are \$123,415,390. In the years 1909-1932 the number of students rose from 3882 to 8228, but he more than took care of the increase. He built new laboratories for the chemistry, physics, and biology departments, and he also got for Harvard the Widener Memorial Library, the third largest in the United States, the new Fogg Art Museum, and Langdell Hall of the Law School. Finally, he got \$5,000,000 from the late George F. Baker for the construction of the Graduate School of Business Administration. He also donated, out of his own money, the New Lecture Hall, one of the finest buildings of its kind in the country. All of these things, with the exception of the Business School, of course, have added greatly to the usefulness of Harvard.

Dr. Lowell's average of good works was very high. All the schools of the university knew that they had a good friend in him. He seldom wasted money, and a worthy call for help from any department met a very sympathetic response from him. In his last annual report to the Board of Overseers he asked for an endowment of \$5,000,000 to improve the Dental School. That he would have got the money, even in these hard times, had he continued as president, there can be no doubt.

III

On the whole, he was an extraordinarily upright and sagacious administrator, but he was not without his faults, and on two occasions he got himself into serious difficulties with alumni and public. Early June, 1922, in the heat of the Ku Klux madness, the Overseers, probably at his suggestion, decided "to consider and report to the governing boards principles and methods for the more effective sifting of candidates for admission to the university." In his annual report in that year to the Board of Overseers he remarked the extraordinarily large number of candidates for admission and the lack of facilities to accommodate them all, and hinted broadly that "character" as well as intellect should hereafter be considered in candidates for admission. Immediately there was an uproar in Boston, New York and other centers of Jewry. The Irish members of the Boston City Council also denounced him, and some of the representatives in the Massachusetts Legislature did likewise.

A prominent Jewish alumnus, Alfred A. Benesch, wrote to him asking for details, and President Lowell answered at length. He said he believed that there was "a rapidly growing anti-Semitic feeling in this country," and that it increased among the students as the percentage of Jews increased. When, he said, "the number of Jews was small, the race antagonism was small also. If every college in the country would take a limited proportion of Jews, I suspect we should go a long way toward eliminating race feeling among the students, and, as these students passed out into the world, eliminating it in the community."

With this very inept statement, unfortunately, he only made things worse. Mr.

Benesch, in reply, asked whether it was the business of Harvard to give in to Ku Kluxery or to combat it, and whether there properly could be any qualifications for admission other than purely intellectual ones. The Jewish clergy and press took up the cry, and soon there was a bad mess. Dr. Lowell shut up like the proverbial clam, and eventually the uproar died down. Freshmen continued to be admitted as heretofore. But some bad feeling remained among the Jewish alumni, and a certain damage was undoubtedly done to the Harvard tradition of the separation of religion and education.

By this indiscretion President Lowell also did a great injustice to himself. He was branded an anti-Semite, which was absurd. In most things, including matters of race and religion, he is really a very tolerant man, but cloistered as he is with his Brahmin friends and his books, he is sometimes not so familiar as he ought to be with the flow of fears and suspicions outside. Apparently he learned nothing from this Jewish episode, for six months later he got himself into another imbroglio, this time with the Negroes.

In January, 1923, Harvard suddenly refused Negroes admission to freshmen dormitories, though continuing to allow them in upper-class dormitories. There never have been many Negroes in Harvard, but the ruling was a real hardship to the poorer colored freshmen, for rooms in freshmen dormitories could be had for as little as \$75 a year, whereas outside they were at least \$4 a week. There were immediate protests all over the country, and among those who protested were Charles C. Burlingham, Moorfield Story, James Weldon Johnson, Arthur B. Spingarn, J. E. Spingarn, John Haynes Holmes, Senator Arthur Capper, and Jane Addams.

Roscoe Conkling Bruce, a Negro alum-

nus of Harvard, complained to President Lowell because his son was refused admission to a freshman dormitory. President Lowell answered him with a short and sharp note: "I am sure you will understand why, from the beginning, we have not thought it possible to compel men of different races to reside together." This statement did not even report the issue correctly. There was no question of *compelling*. Some Southern freshman had simply complained because a Negro resided in the same dormitory with him. But when another Southern freshman made a similar complaint to President Eliot, and President Eliot told him he could stay or move elsewhere, the student did not move. Dr. Eliot was a more tactful man than Dr. Lowell, and he never had any trouble with Jews, Negroes, or Catholics.

Against these two blemishes in President Lowell's administrative career must be put his great contribution to American academic freedom. He has always stood for the fullest liberty of speech among his professors, and he has defended their right to it, not only in peacetime, but also in wartime. It is difficult to exaggerate the courage it required to do so in 1917, and it is difficult to overestimate the magnificent precedent he set thereby. Such institutions of higher learning as Columbia and the Universities of California, Michigan, Missouri, and Illinois were veritable inquisitions during the World War, and President Nicholas Murray Butler's treatment of Professor J. McKeen Cattell was only typical.

Harvard itself was also plagued with professional patriots, and Professors Josiah Royce, Albert Bushnell Hart, and Richard C. Cabot, to mention only three, let no opportunity pass to whoop up a frantic hostility to Germany, and to denounce all those who either were against the war or

had no "active" opinion about it. President Lowell himself really belonged to the group, though his patrioteering was of a more seemly sort, but he did not let his personal opinion interfere with his duties as the head of Harvard. He steadfastly refused to prohibit the study of German, and he refused, against persistent demands on the part of a large number of influential alumni, to discharge Professor Hugo Münsterberg and Mr. Harold J. Laski, both of whom had grave doubts about the so-called moral issues of the war. In 1919 another demand was made for the dismissal of Mr. Laski for his espousal of the case of the Boston police strikers. President Lowell was against the strikers, but again he stood by Mr. Laski. It was reported at the time, in fact, that he threatened to resign if the alumni persisted in harassing him about Mr. Laski.

Academic free speech, it was plain, really meant something to him, and his fine defence of it against all odds is his most enduring monument. In his annual report to the Board of Overseers in 1918 he stated his principles thus:

The teaching by the professor in his class-room on the subjects within the scope of his chair ought to be absolutely free. He must teach the truth as he has found it and sees it. This is the primary condition of academic freedom, and any violation of it endangers intellectual progress. In order to make it secure it is essential that the teaching in the class-room should be confidential. This does not mean that it is secret, but that what is said there should not be published.

If the professor published his class-room lectures in the newspapers, the public, which is not familiar with the subject, might criticize him unjustly, quote him out of context, etc. But the professor, of course, remained quite free to publish his lectures in a book or learned periodical.

Every professor must, therefore, be wholly unrestrained in publishing the results of his study in the field of his professorship. It is needless to add that for the dignity of his profession, for the maintenance of its privileges, as well as for his own reputation among his fellows, whatever he writes or says on his own subject should be uttered as a scholar, in a scholarly tone and form. This is a matter of decorum, not of discipline: to be remedied by a suggestion, not a penalty.

As to the right of the professor to express his views "without restraint" on matters outside his professorship, the principle seemed equally obvious to Dr. Lowell. "This is not a question of academic freedom in its true sense, but of the personal liberty of the citizen." The only real question involved is "whether the university or college, by employing him as a professor, acquires a right to restrict his freedom as a citizen." President Lowell's answer was an emphatic no. He admitted possible damage to the name of the university, but he added: "In spite, however, of the risk of injury to the institution, the objections to restraint upon what professors may say as citizens seem to me far greater than the harm done by leaving them free." To restrict the professors in this field "would produce a sense of irritation and humiliation." It would deprive them of the rights enjoyed by members of other professions. Under such conditions "a man would surrender a part of his liberty; what he might say would be submitted to the censorship of a board of trustees, and he would cease to be a free citizen." Moreover, if a university censors what a professor says,

it thereby assumes responsibility for that which it permits him to say. This is logical and inevitable, but it is a responsibility which an institution would be very unwise in assuming. It is sometimes suggested that

the principles are different in time of war; that the governing boards are then justified in restraining unpatriotic expressions injurious to the country. But the same problem is presented in war time as in peace.

These fine words will be long remembered.

IV

President Lowell has often taken part in public affairs, but usually he has made a rather poor showing. His strange opposition to the confirmation of Louis D. Brandeis as a Justice of the Supreme Court will be recalled. No sooner had President Wilson nominated Mr. Brandeis than a group of prominent Boston lawyers sent a protest to the Senate committee on the judiciary, alleging that he was generally unfit, and especially that he lacked "the judicial temperament." President Lowell's name was among the signers. A bit later ex-President Taft and six other former presidents of the American Bar Association did the same. The other six were Simeon E. Baldwin, Francis Rawle, Joseph H. Choate, Elihu Root, Moorfield Story and Peter W. Meldrim.

The Harvard students were highly indignant against the signers, for they included many Harvard alumni, and Mr. Brandeis had been a prize law student and closely associated with the administration of the Law School. Dean Pound and Professors Frankfurter and Williston came out strongly for him, and 1000 students sent a vigorous petition to the Senate "protesting against the action of President Lowell."

Finally, ex-President Eliot joined the outcry by issuing a statement saying that the rejection of Mr. Brandeis "would be a grave misfortune for the whole legal profession, the court, all American busi-

ness, and the country." The *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* also joined these critics.

President Lowell was plainly in a tight corner, and time has shown that his opinion of Mr. Brandeis as a judge was almost incredibly stupid. But his fine reply to the *Bulletin* redeemed his error somewhat. He pleaded that he be allowed the same freedom of speech as a university teacher.

From that freedom the president ought not, I think, to be wholly cut off. . . . He may be mistaken. He may unconsciously be prejudiced, or he may be opposing prejudice. He may differ in opinion from many people whose judgments he respects. His views may be unpopular; but it is not only opinions which are popular that it is right to express.

Let it be remembered that when he was on the other side of the fence he always acted and wrote in the same way.

Like practically all the other New Englanders of his training he was in favor of our entry into the World War on the side of the Allies from the beginning. He thought that the honor of the United States was involved, and said later:

Even if, by a loss of self-respect and by abandoning the rights of citizens upon the sea, we could have kept out of the war, we ought not to have done so; because there is something better in life than selfish ease and material prosperity, better than life itself, and that is the civilization, the moral principles, that make life to us worth living.

The war, he thought, was "between autocratic, pitiless use of military strength on one side, and liberty, justice and humanity on the other." He was for a League of Nations before President Wilson officially came out for it. He thought it was the only agency that could maintain "an enduring peace here and elsewhere." When

the League came up in the Senate he did considerable speaking and writing in its behalf, and once even carried on a public debate on the issue with Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. His chief principle regarding world peace was this: "We must be prepared to join with other great nations of the earth in compelling, by force if necessary, a resort to . . . peaceful methods for the settlement of disputes before a recourse to violence."

The part he played in the Sacco-Vanzetti case is unfortunately only too well known. With the other members of the so-called Lowell Committee, Judge Robert Grant and President Samuel W. Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he held that "the stenographic report of the trial gives the impression that the judge [Thayer] tried to be scrupulously fair. . . . The committee have seen no evidence sufficient to make them believe that the trial was unfair. On the contrary, they are of the opinion that the judge endeavored, and endeavored successfully, to secure for the defendants a fair trial."

This is not the place to rehearse the evidence of the trial, or to discuss the strange manner in which the committee hearings were conducted, or to deal with President Lowell's very unsatisfactory handling of Sacco's alibi. Most fair-minded people now agree that if ever a trial was unfair it was that of Sacco and Vanzetti. That President Lowell found otherwise will do no honor to his good sense.

On the question of Prohibition he has been far more intelligent than Dr. Eliot. The latter, on some points, was strangely intolerant. As late as 1925 he held that "national action is indispensable to successful enforcement," and that "the whole moral strength of the people should be concentrated on the attack on the drink

evil, the venereal disease evil, and the birth-control evil, which in combination are sure to destroy the white race civilization and the white race itself, unless they are resisted and prevented." President Lowell saw clearly in 1929 that "the law is not enforced," and that it was "doubtful whether sumptuary laws can ever be enforced against the resistance of any large minority." "The fact is," he said, "that the public does not regard buying liquor for personal consumption as a crime." He recommended a change, but made no definite suggestions.

V

He has made a considerable reputation for himself as an authority on political theory, but there is room for doubt that his claims here are sound. He is a far better reporter than a philosopher. "The Government of England" is still a good book—not, however, for any shrewdnesses of insight, but rather for its accurate reporting and its clear and simple style. The same is true of "The Governments of France, England and Germany" (1914). In "Public Opinion and Popular Government" (1913) and "Public Opinion in War and Peace" (1923) he attempted to state his principles, but a reading of them leaves one with a poor impression. They are both ably written, but there is nothing resembling profound thinking in them, and they overflow with banalities. Some excerpts:

Man at his best is a moral being, and it is only as a moral being that he is fit for self-government. The great statesman, like the great moral leader, is one who appeals to the higher emotions, to principle, to self-restraint, not to selfishness and appetite.

The people must realize that they cannot administer so directly as in the past. They must find out the limits of what they can do, and learn to commit other matters to

persons or bodies competent to take charge of them, trustworthy and as far as possible free from political motives.

Opinions are adopted sometimes by a conscious choice between alternatives, but more often they are simply accepted on authority.

Changes brought about by a minority are not likely to endure unless the public comes to believe in them before that minority is overthrown.

A radical almost never becomes a conservative, or a liberal a reactionary, without going through one of the other phases as an intermediary stage.

In his latest book, "Conflicts of Principle" (1932), his main point is that abstract principles are not absolutely true or false. The real question, he says, is "how far they are true, to what extent the undoubted truth they contain justifies their extension in circumstances very different from those that gave them birth."

Mr. Harold J. Laski told the truth when he said: "Mr. Lowell's strength . . . lies in his power of accurate description; he is altogether lacking in the speculative fac-

ulty. . . . That measurement of imponderables upon which speculation depends is a quality altogether outside his disposition."

But on the whole his life has been one of much usefulness. He is not a political philosopher of any magnitude, and whenever he has taken sides in public questions he has generally shown himself to be far from wise. The silent majority of misery does not affect him much, as would be expected in one of his background and training. It was primarily as president of Harvard that he distinguished himself. He inherited a skeleton of a university and left it, despite all its defects, a truly great institution of higher learning, one of the greatest in the world.

And by his magnificent stand for academic freedom in wartime as well as in peace he assured for himself an enduring memory in American educational history. Future generations of students and professors will remember him with gratitude.

JACK DEMPSEY

BY JIM TULLY

His forehead slopes. His ears are close to his head. Since the mauling was always too severe "in close to Dempsey," they are not distorted as are the average bruiser's. His eyes are small, vivid, soft, and quick, out of the ring. Inside the ropes, they slant, snake-like, into a steady stare.

His body springs upward as he walks, as though his heels were of highly resilient rubber. His muscles are loose, without bulge. Like the tiger, born the ferocious fighter, he is not muscle-bound.

When he moves quickly, which is often, his feet turn slightly inward and his knees rub together, a habit which he no doubt learned in the ring, to better balance himself under the blows of an adversary.

In conversation he never directly challenges a statement. He says, "You may be right," or, if in some doubt, "I don't know about that."

He never says yes or no with emphasis.

He loves laughter, gayety, noise, the blare of the band, the climax of a melodrama, the touch of women.

Long trained in sinful valleys, he does not classify men and women according to their morals.

He is of Indian, Irish, Scotch, and Jewish blood. He is contented outdoors so long as there are animals around. As a boy, he would gather in all the stray dogs of the neighborhood.

Unlike most primitive men, he is not religious in the midst of overwhelming

forces. Of deep compassion toward all who suffer in the less subtle ways that he can understand, he is without sentimentality. Too honest to pretend, the flattery of fools could never induce him to become a fourth-rate Shakespearean scholar.

He has amused tolerance for the vagaries of others. When writers on sports, who had heard of Shakespeare, spoke of Tunney's love of him, Dempsey smiled and said, "The old boy's all right if he helps Gene's racket."

He has no racial prejudices.

Too intelligent to be a blind patriot, he had no desire to die during the World War for a complicated cause which he did not understand.

He will not talk of death.

When I told him of Ernie Schaaf's end, after the fight with Carnera, he frowned for a second and said quickly, "Too bad—he was a good boy too," and resumed serving drinks to a group of maidens.

His relatives and close friends still call him Champ. He smokes many cigars, and seldom drinks anything intoxicating. His favorite beverage is beer, which he drinks slowly.

He is never without many half-dollar pieces in his pockets. A target for beggars, none are ever refused. A silver coin is flipped casually to all who ask.

Relatives in need have become hesitant about asking for even a small amount of money. Instead of the requested five dollars, he will urge fifty upon them.

If a friend admires a scarf, kerchief, or watch which he wears, he will press it upon him. If he purchases an article for himself, he will do the same for the friend who accompanies him.

Constantly meeting thousands of people, he never forgets a face nor the associations which surround it.

He has earned approximately five million dollars. Of this amount, one woman has, perhaps, received a million, attorneys another million. Neither by word nor manner has he shown any bitterness toward these people.

He is capable of sardonic humor. When, upon being introduced to a judge, I refused to shake hands with him on the ground that he carried a rope, Dempsey did likewise. The legal gentleman, slightly inebriated, appealed to Jack in vain. Roars came from the crowd, all men who had faced judges.

When the judge at last allowed himself to be searched and an amateur magician pulled a rope from his hip pocket, Dempsey was loudest in the laughter.

His mind is the quickest I have ever known among pugilists. Once, at a game of Murder, he was chosen as the prosecutor. His part was to leave the room while a murder was committed.

Upon returning, he was to ask all present to tell what happened and thus find the culprit.

He detected the supposed murderess out of a group of twenty. His questions were so swift and direct that she broke down.

He is able to glance from the ring at an audience and guess within a few hundred dollars how much is in the house.

During his last exhibition tour he signed no contract to appear for less than five thousand dollars. He would count the house at a glance.

II

He is popular with women. A product of a world in which one class of females predominated, he is without illusion concerning the others.

He greets all classes of them with the same friendliness. His habit, unless the lady be too large, or a club woman, is to pat her on the curved portion of her anatomy. The iron fist that battered Willard to oblivion can, at such times, be soft as plush. He addresses them all as Sister.

A habit from the days when food was rare, he has often greeted me with, "Did you eat yet?", the common salutation of road-kids.

He has the gentleness of strength conscious of itself. It would nevertheless be dangerous to place a man of eighty in the ring with him.

When an ancient fighter collapsed under his blows in a training-camp, I said to him, "That's too bad." His retort was, "When you get between the ropes you're supposed to take it."

He went to the battered bruiser and asked, "Are you all right?" The fighter's head hung as if his neck were broken. He mumbled, "Yes, Jack."

"That's the stuff." Dempsey patted his shoulder and left.

I turned to look at the fighter, while Dempsey said:

"I learned my lesson early in the game—against Bill Brennan, a nice fellow and a good fighter. I liked him and wanted to let him stick around a while to give him a break, and the crowd a run for its money. He caught me in the third round with a right to the jaw that made me half unconscious. I didn't know a thing until the twelfth round, when I came to and knocked him out. I made up my mind to finish 'em quick after that."

It is really as difficult for Dempsey to pull a punch as for a panther to refrain from leaping at its prey. But he is always quick to help a beaten adversary to his corner.

He can't be made to discuss his kindness toward others, nor their unkindness toward him.

I was with him once in a fashionable hotel when a woman came to the door of his suite. A prostitute, she had befriended him when both were gayer and younger.

"The clerk looked at me and said you were not in."

Dempsey patted her curved body with, "I am always in to you, Sister."

She told him the usual tale of the bad luck which comes to vice and virtue alike.

She wanted to go home—nine hundred miles away. She needed clothes, a ticket.

Dempsey went on a shopping tour with her, bought her a ticket, and gave her a hundred dollars.

When I said, "That's white of you, Jack," he said, "She'd of done it for me."

His energy is tireless, relentless. Unless in sleep, he never relaxes. He seldom remains seated for more than a few minutes. Even then, his eyes dart about, his hands move constantly.

On first entering a hotel room, he places a deck of cards at his bedside as carefully as a Christian travelling salesman does a Gideon Bible. He plays solitaire until sleep lulls his restless brain.

Except when in deep distress, his temperament is even, cheerful.

He does not like to drive an automobile.

"You can't think at the wheel of the damned thing." A secretary generally drives his car. When alone, Dempsey sits in the front seat, with a cigar in his mouth.

If accompanied by a friend, he huddles in a corner of the rear seat, nervously

chewing, but seldom smoking, his cigar. At such times his eyes are narrow, his forehead heavily wrinkled.

When he gives an order, the secretary says, in a respectful tone, "All right, Champ."

His car was in California in the dead of last Winter. One day he threw his luggage in the rear and said to the secretary, "We're going to New York, Kid." Through snow, slush and zero weather he was there in ten days.

No physical hardship exists for him.

The career of a politician was spoiled when he entered the ring. He has courage without belligerence, and tact without deceit.

He is at his best in fast conversation.

I listened with him to the Schmeling-Stribling fight returns.

As each blow was recorded, his shoulders moved. Reporters crowded about him when the fight was over. Dozens of questions were fired at him. He parried them all.

In a nefarious business, his sense of honor is high.

When I criticized him harshly in a magazine seven years ago, he said, "You were hard on me, Jim; but I wasn't so easy on Willard. We've both got places to go."

Though several of his friends came beligerently to his defense, the article was never again mentioned between us.

He was then married to Estelle Taylor, the cinema actress. His life was a monstrous irony.

His home might have been inhabited by Emily Post.

His bedroom was of silk and lavender. When he caught my eyes roving about he said quickly, "I'd hate to bring the old bunch in here, Jim—afraid they'd want to kiss me."

His wife said: "After all the hardships Jack has endured, I want him to have comfortable and inviting surroundings. He has had enough of the hard side. I love him to have little dogs around . . . it will soften the cruelty strain in him; also, I want him to be versatile, to be able to do many things—Jack can really act—he does very well on the screen."

They are long since divorced.

III

The pugilist's mother, beyond seventy, is the passion of his life. After each of his important fights, all of which were held more than two thousand miles away, he would go to her within a week.

Her son inherits her nervous vitality and energy. He never discusses her.

There is hardly any open sign of affection between them; at most, he will pat her shoulder casually, or kiss, half-bashfully and suddenly, the graying hair on her temple. He plays cards with her when they are alone. On all his transcontinental journeys, which are at least a dozen a year, he stops in Utah to visit her.

When he fought Willard for the championship in Toledo, his young sister played "Beautiful Ohio" on her violin while waiting at home to hear the result.

The telephone rang.

"Well, Mother, I won," said Dempsey's far-away voice. "See you soon."

This brief conversation ended, the mother of the new champion seated herself at an oil-cloth covered table, where she remained, in silence, a long time.

She was disturbed. Jack had been fighting ten years. Her oldest son had also been a pugilist. She had observed fighters who came to the house. In the first hot flush of her son's victory she thought of his possible end.

The millions that followed left her the same. She would not live in a Hollywood mansion. A small ranch, in sight of the Wasatch mountains, is now her home.

So terrible was the punishment given to Willard that even his trainers were horror-stricken.

With eyes nearly closed, and face swollen beyond recognition, he stumbled to his dressing room, moaning, "God! God! Oh, my God, my God!" He fell on his cot, and turned his battered body in agony to the wall.

His seconds looked at him mutely. Finally, one said, "Come on, Jess, it's all over."

The defeated champion sobbed. He had lost a world. It was all he had.

Before he was dressed, Dempsey came into the room.

His cap, road-kid fashion, was pulled low over his eyes. His arm went around his antagonist. "Never mind, Jess," he consoled, "it's all in the game. We couldn't both win."

Willard moaned, without venom, through inch-thick lips, "Thanks, Jack."

Dempsey smiled. "That's the spirit, Jess—there's a lot of good fights left in you yet," and went on his troubled way.

Willard crumpled before an avalanche of blows delivered with thudding accuracy. Kid McCoy commented after the fight, "I couldn't have lasted five rounds in front of Dempsey the way he fought today."

James J. Corbett once told me that Sullivan was a harder puncher than Dempsey. But this was only ego in defense of itself. Corbett had never fought Dempsey. Neither had Sullivan ever knocked out such a man as Carl Morris with one blow under the heart, nor had he ever battered to defeat three such men as Willard, Firpo, and Carpentier, in less than ten rounds each.

But it is true, as Corbett contended, that Sullivan knocked out more men in one tour than Dempsey has in all his life.

The old-time fighters and their managers resorted to many tricks to save the thousand dollars they offered to any man who stayed four rounds. The manager of the touring gladiator always held the watch. If his man tired, the round was shortened, but if the gentleman seeking to earn the thousand became tired, the round was lengthened.

At a certain time in the exhibition he was backed against the curtain of the theatre, and the touring gladiator would knock his head against the curtain at the exact second a mallet struck it from the other side.

Thus the money would be saved, and a knockout would be recorded for the bruiser on tour.

Both Sullivan and Corbett were well aware of such tricks.

Dempsey was promoter and referee of a recent fight in Reno. When the preliminaries were over, celebrities were introduced in the ring. While the announcer boomed their names, Dempsey, thinking of the hundreds of hoboes who waited outside, said quietly to the chief usher, "Throw the gates open."

A horde of begrimed men soon surged into the upper portion of the arena.

During the fight, which was between Max Baer and Paolo Uzcudun, the latter's seconds complained to Dempsey that Baer was butting.

Dempsey looked at the Basque's bleeding forehead. "Butt him back," he snapped. "Butt him back." Baer soon grunted from the impact of a head even harder than his own.

Dempsey circled the bleeding antagonists, saying over and over, "Come on, boys, it's a fight."

For business reasons, he wanted Baer to win. A native of the region, he would draw better in a future fight. But the last round over, he declared Uzcudun the winner.

The men of the press attended a dinner that night. Dempsey and a dozen bruisers waited upon the table.

The late Wilson Mizner presided. The paunch of his two-hundred-and-sixty-pound body resting on the table, he looked at Dempsey and said, "Gentlemen—we are being waited upon by better men than ourselves."

All looked at Dempsey.

"That's according to the way you look at it," he said.

The banquet was attended by a dozen of Uzcudun's countrymen who owned sheep-ranches in Nevada. They carried large canvas bags, heavy with wine. In the midst of Mr. Mizner's sentimental peroration, every Basque lifted his bag at arm's length and squirted wine straight into the orator's mouth with the scientific precision of a policeman shooting an innocent bystander.

When the laughter subsided, Dempsey said solemnly, "Boys, you are not showing Mr. Mizner the proper respect. He has a right to talk, and, as this will be our last chance to be together, we ought to listen to him."

Mizner was soon lost again in his maze of hyperbole.

"We are, gentlemen, the last of a magnificent school that will soon be closed forever. With us will go the days of far-gone glory. We have met here for a fleeting moment to grasp from remorseless time this happy occasion. Though we live in a land where every man is his brother's jailer, we, at least, are a group of thoughtful travellers between the nebulous shores of eternity. For we have learned that—

"Friendship is a golden chain
That binds us all together;
And if that chain we never break,
We shall be friends forever—

And never before have I seen so fine a gathering."

Suddenly he shouted, "My God, is there something burning?"

He looked at his feet.

Uzcudun had crawled along the floor the whole length of the table and built a fire around them.

Mizner grabbed a scorched foot and roared, "You're a bunch of brigands and cut-throats, with dull razors. The only reason your mothers didn't drink poison the day you were born was because there was none in the house."

IV

The dinner served, Dempsey seated himself near me and looked at a picture of Jeffries and Johnson taken in the ring at Reno twenty years before. Dignitaries, dead and gone in the short space of two decades, were photographed with the pugilists.

Jeffries, as if balancing the burden of the white race, stood with his knotty legs wide apart. His partly bald head was slightly bowed—the symbol of a man upon whom defeat was written.

Johnson's head was thrown back. On his dark face was a wide smile.

Dempsey stared at the picture.

"I wish I'd have been there in Jeff's place," he said.

I asked: "Did you ever enjoy beating one fighter more than another?"

"No, I guess not," was the answer. "It's a kind of war. You shoot or get shot." There was a pause.

"Maybe," he went on, "I did get more of a thump than usually out of beating

Carl Morris, the original White Hope. I'd been his sparring partner in Kansas City, and when I left him I was flat broke, with nothing but a cheap blue serge suit, a sweater, and a pair of tights in a paste-board suitcase.

"Before I bummed a ride out of town on a blind baggage, I asked Carl to send the suitcase to me, so I'd have some clean clothes when I landed in Pueblo.

"It was hard riding, but I beat it through in two days. I went after my suitcase and found that Morris hadn't sent it yet. When it came, four days later, the fellow at the express-office told me there was two dollars charge on it. That was a knockout, for I didn't have a dime. I was all day raising the money—a man I knew at a pool hall finally lent it to me.

"I got some fights through Colorado and Utah, and landed in Frisco about a year later. The four-round game was booming, and it wasn't long till they matched me with Morris.

"He slapped me on the back the day before the fight and said, 'Hello there, Jack! You're comin' up in the world. I hate to make you slip!'

"'You won't make me slip, Pardner,' I said to him. 'Remember the time you shipped my suitcase to me in Pueblo, collect?' Before he could answer, I said, 'So do I—and I'll tell you more about it tomorrow night.'"

"What happened?" I asked.

"Plenty," was the answer. "I knocked him out in a minute—nearly drove my fist through his heart."

This is the only time, to my knowledge, that he ever carried animus into the ring. He speaks kindly of all the men he has ever fought, except Sharkey, the present champion, whom he knocked out in seven rounds. "I can whip him when I'm eighty," he says.

The turbulent tide in Dempsey's life turned in 1917, when Jack Kearns became his manager. At that time, after more than seven years in the ring, he was still not an extraordinary performer.

It was agreed between them that Kearns was to receive fifty percent of all the money that Dempsey earned. No papers were signed.

Jack Kearns had been a one-time mediocre welterweight. He had emerged from his many beatings in the ring with a brain as cunning in its sphere as that of Talleyrand.

A typical Irishman, blasé, sentimental, cruel, and kind by turns, he knew every dark winding lane in the most crooked business in the world.

With a kind of perception close to genius, he knew, in his tawdry, punch-drunk world, exactly how to get what he wanted from men less astute than himself. Superior to his environment, this one-time bruiser is worthy of more than passing notice in the dingy realms of the manly art.

The break came when Dempsey married Estelle Taylor. Kearns opposed the marriage. Poor Dempsey soon had two managers, and a maze of trouble. He found excuses to break his verbal agreement with Kearns. A few months before his first fight with Tunney, he said to me, "You see, I'm married now. A fifty-fifty split with Kearns is too much. I must look after my wife."

She was then earning from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars a year as a movie actress.

Within the year, Dempsey was matched with Gene Tunney for the championship. Harassed on all sides by lawyers engaged by Kearns, he was to pay dearly for his one mistake. Even the woman was soon to go.

V

Philadelphia was crowded. Twelve reporters, myself among them, bunked in one hotel room.

Jack McAuliffe, the undefeated lightweight champion of forty years ago, lay on the bed, drinking black coffee heavily blended with whiskey.

A newspaper story was being sent out under his name. It predicted how the fight would end.

McAuliffe, his moon-face wrinkled, paid no attention to the story he was supposed to be writing.

When I poured more liquor in his cup, the cagey old conqueror of young Grippo, the world's greatest boxer, confided, "If you got any money on Dempsey, Jimmy, cover it—he's fightin' things he can't hit today."

"He's lost a great manager," a reporter said.

Another cut in: "For a dame who won't stick."

A man entered the room and handed McAuliffe a ten-dollar bill.

"Is that all you could get for a twenty-seven dollar ticket?" The old fighter crumpled the money and sighed, "Well, it didn't cost me nothin'."

"Aren't you going to the fight, Jack?" a reporter asked.

"No," was the answer. "I've seen a fight."

When a noted Western gambler's name was announced, a reporter said, "If this bird'll tell you how he's betting, you can tell how the fight's going."

Upon entering, he was asked, "How are you betting, Walter?"

"On Tunney," was the quick answer.

"How much?"

"Fifty thousand."

Later in the day an annoying rumor

came that Dempsey had been given a Mickey Finn by a traitor in camp. His body was said to be cramped from the effects of the powerful cathartic.

At five that afternoon we went to the ringside. Loaded with sandwiches, coffee, and a dozen pints of whiskey, we took our seats. Torn clouds drifted above the wide bowl, which, in a few hours, was to be filled with a hundred and thirty thousand people.

Rickard's army of roughnecks, as the New York ushers were called, stood at their posts, courteous to all.

The vast arena was soon filled. Rain-clouds hung low when the first preliminary started at eight-thirty. It was raining when Tunney and Dempsey entered the ring.

We, who had long known the ways of the ring, looked at Dempsey, then from one to the other.

The first round revealed that the spring was gone from his powerful body. His

judgment of distance, that priceless attribute of the pugilist, was no more.

The rain fell harder. It slanted between the lights above the ring, and squished from the gloves when blows were delivered.

Soon the ring was a pool of water.

Between the ninth and tenth rounds a dapper man in a checked suit tried to get into the ring and talk to Dempsey.

He was held in his seat.

When the fight was over, the announcer yelled, "Ladies and gentlemen—a new champion!"

The galleries were stunned. Then, slowly, in the pouring rain, loud cheers came from many thousands.

With a towel over his head, water and blood dripping down his lithe body, the mightiest gladiator of all time stumbled from the ring.

The dapper man in the checked suit looked at him with tear-filled eyes.

He was Jack Kearns.

IT WAS LIKE THIS

BY STANLEY WALKER

JIM BRINCKER's Nepenthe Club (that, of course, was not the real name of either the man or the joint) will be remembered by its habitués, or members, as they were called, with an affection bordering on the maudlin. It was an honest place. While the big racketeers were plotting their strategy at Valley Forge and keeping the lamp of liberty flaming, Jim was attending strictly to the retail business.

The idea of Prohibition, to him, was simply a sociological aberration, a strange, alien nightmare thought up by freaks. He always dreamed of running an open beer-garden, but the club was more practicable. Operating it, he established himself as one of the soundest men in New York. He could be trusted with anything, anywhere, at any time. The man in a corner might not be able to trust his partner, or his favorite cop, or his wife, or even his bishop, but he could always trust Jim Brincker.

The dry blight, coming on in 1920, found him tending bar in a corner saloon in the 40's, a place patronized by Broadway lawyers, opera singers, theatrical men, devotees of the racetrack, press agents, and a few newspaper men. He had been back of bars, then, for more than fifteen years. Of German extraction, he learned patience during the war, and through the long evenings, pouring out drink after drink, he learned a lot about the people of New York.

Once he had batted around the country,

not caring what happened to him. When he decided to settle down in New York he was still distrustful of established institutions, especially banks. So he put his savings into a tin can which he kept hidden, securely, he thought, under one end of the bar. One night he found that his \$800 was gone. A sneaking porter had stolen it. Jim went into a berserk rage, but a detective friend calmed him down and helped him recover the money. Then he put it in a good bank. He added to it regularly, and by 1920 he had a comfortable nest-egg.

The proprietor of the corner saloon where Jim worked was ready to surrender in January, 1920. He was tired, and he believed, with the cloddish school of publicists so common then, that the Prohibitionists had really captured the country. Jim bought the lease from him and told the customers that, for a time anyway, he would keep open as usual. He did. At first there were a few very messy raids. The dry agents, new at the business, were trying to find themselves—and whatever else was lying around.

Jim managed to smooth out these difficulties, for there were always people who, either out of friendship or for a modest fee, were willing to help him. Soon his profits, even counting off the considerable amounts paid out to circumvent the law, were greater than they had ever been before Prohibition. Jim made some English inn improvements and put in some

other gadgets, and the place boomed. He served good food and whatever in reason one wanted to drink.

For four perilous years he stuck it out there. Then he began to see that a corner place really wouldn't do. It was too public, like running a counterfeiting press in Macy's window. The constant shake-downs, the ever-present dread of trouble, began to give the old fellow the fantods. One day (this was at a time when people thought that every good corner was made for a bank) the real estate manager of a bank walked in and bought out the lease. A skyscraper was to go up, with the bank on the first two floors. Jim pocketed his \$60,000 profit on the lease and said he guessed he would have to close up.

Before he moved out, however, he leased the back ground-floor of an ancient, creaky building half a block away. There he installed his fixtures, and presently he moved into what was to become the Nepenthe Club. On the old corner the skyscraper went up, the bank moved in, and Coolidge and Hoover were in Washington. In 1930 the bank closed, and many of the upper floors of the skyscraper became vacant. But Jim and his Nepenthe Club, now in the next block, were doing very well.

There was still another consideration behind the move from the corner to the back room. Soon after 1920 great ravening hordes of women began to discover what their less respectable sisters had known for years—that it was a lot of fun, if you liked it, to get soused. All over New York these up-and-coming females piled out of their hideaways and rang the bells of speakeasies. It was very embarrassing. Jim's corner place, although he tried to keep a reasonable decorum, could not escape the howling, reeling and raging termagants. Sometimes they would merely

fall down. But at other times husband, wife and the other woman would decide to put on an act. There was one lady, no better, the Lord knows, than she should have been, who always wanted to fight when she was in her cups. She was rangy, and tawny-haired, and thewed like Stanley Ketchel. She could slug toe to toe with any man weighing under 200 pounds.

All this foolishness worried Jim. He was, for all the fact that he had once been practically a hobo, a stickler for good form, with a little dignity thrown in if possible. So when he opened the Nepenthe he announced that never, in any circumstances, would a woman be allowed to set foot inside the door. Many other speak-keepers at about this same time—men who cared more for smaller profits and less trouble than for quick, big, dangerous money—came to the same decision. The women said that Jim was a dour old curmudgeon, a heartless woman-hater, and all that, but he kept to his rule.

II

Thus founded on enduring principles, by a man of vision and character, the Nepenthe became a sort of monastery where hag-ridden man, beset by nightmares, tortured by the roar of far-off artillery, could retire to ponder, to smooth out the tangled web of his existence, to conquer his soul with a firm headlock.

The food in the Nepenthe was as sound as could be found in New York for the price, and one could gorge there for a dollar and a half. The stuff was slightly heavy and Germanic, but it tasted good and was filling. The two chefs, though their contract called for enough free rye every day to intoxicate any ten ordinary men, knew their business. There were enough tables for eighty customers, and

sometimes, when business was good, the place was filled at lunch and dinner.

Twenty-four men could belly up to the bar without undue crowding, and in 1927 and for more than two years thereafter the line was sometimes two deep. Jim's profits were staggering. In one year he cleared, after all expenses, bad checks, bribery and charity, almost \$100,000.

The chief bartender was a sterling veteran named Harry. He had everything that makes for success: he was a veteran of the Spanish-American War, a tolerant Republican, a collector of guns, a lover of the open road, a fisherman of great skill, a polished fellow to introduce to one's friends, and an expert on colds, chills and fevers. On analysis, however, it was evident that he had two great faults: (1) he was a Methodist, with the hidebound earnestness and innate suspiciousness of the natural Prohibitionist, and (2) he inclined toward paternalism.

Harry feared liquor, women and care-free drinking men. He took violent dislikes to certain customers. To others he gave too much advice, and yet others he stopped from drinking when they were still far from unconscious. He was a great bartender, but when business began to dwindle he went away mysteriously, took up a lawful business, and turned his job over to an old chap from Alaska who had been drink-pourer to the sourdoughs when Harry was fighting flies in Cuba.

The new bartender, a chap of dignified bearing who got drunk only once a year, was as nearly perfect as a bartender could be. He was, they said, a little hard of hearing, but no one ever could swear that this was true. He never had a fight, never lost his temper, never raised his voice, and when he stopped a customer's drinks he did so firmly but without arousing anybody. He never bored people with his

stories and never handed out gratuitous advice. He didn't care.

Jim Brincker stuck to the plain drinks. He had some wines in his cellar, but he pulled them out only on special occasions. The principal drinks in his place were old-fashioned, Martini, Manhattan and Bacardi cocktails, Canadian ale, and anything the gentlemen would have in the way of gin, rye, Bourbon and Scotch. Ladies' drinks, such as side-cars, Alexanders and pink ladies, were never permitted. Nor would he ever make a Tom and Jerry, or a mint julep, or a Ramos fizz. Too much trouble.

The strength of the Nepenthe, of course, lay in the moral fibre of Jim Brincker the man. Amid all the raffish battalions of gyps, ex-holdup men, clip joint experts, towel-swingers and cheap thugs who handled liquor in New York from 1920 on, Jim and a few others of his sort held to their decent ideals. As one dry year rattled into another Jim really seemed to grow in stature, poise and character. He became more mellow, his judgments were backed by better reasoning, and he took on a certain sheen that made him a distinguished man.

He was a law-abiding citizen at heart. He would no more have swindled any one, or forged a check, or connived at the robbing of a bank, or borne false witness against a neighbor, than he would have shot down babies with a machine-gun or slipped a customer a Mickey Finn. He liked to run a place where gentlemen could come to drink and talk and eat, and that was all there was to it. He would much rather have done it legally, and before he dies he probably will do so.

Naturally, he had to be friendly with the police and the Prohibition agents. Some of these fellows had been his friends long before there was such a thing as

Prohibition. He worked out his own code in dealing with them. The three honest patrolmen who covered the block at various hours got regular retainers, as well as free drinks in moderation—and they were always moderate. The Prohibition agents were harder to deal with. They passed a lot of time in Jim's place, sitting and talking, instead of going out and trying to dry up the town. Most of them, however, were fairly decent fellows, and their demands on Jim were never extortionate.

It was when a new squad of them, or a new administrator, came to town and upset the machinery of Law Enforcement that he had his worries. One day two strange agents came in and announced that they were going to raid the place. Jim talked and talked, and they agreed to lay off for \$1,000. Then, for six hours more, he sat with them in a corner, wheeling, arguing and appealing to their better natures. Finally he went to the cash register, took out \$50, and sent them on their way. They never bothered him again.

One afternoon a squad of policemen burst into the place. They seemed pretty angry. Jim met them, treated them courteously, gave them each a drink, and got down to business. He had no trouble.

"Hell!" said the leader of the squad. "I didn't know it was this sort of a place. I thought we were raiding a pool-room. Just tell the boys not to place any more bets on the horses over the 'phone. We don't mind the regular business."

On another occasion two city detectives, who apparently had been drinking more than usual, broke into the place and, with loud profanity, announced that they were going to arrest Jim along with his bartenders and waiters, as well as wreck the house. Jim at once brought all his conciliatory powers to bear on the problem, but for a time it appeared hopeless. Fi-

nally, from something they let slip, he decided that they had mistaken his place for another.

"Get out of here!" he roared. "Your language is too rough for this place. Clear out or I'll call Captain — and he'll throw you out."

The two raiders then realized their mistake and backed out with apologies.

Jim could nearly always handle them. Only once, so far as old customers remember, was he genuinely perturbed, and in the circumstances no one could blame him. There were only a few men at the bar on that cold night in the Winter of 1927. No one expected trouble.

The doorbell rang, and the waiter admitted three men without questioning. The three strode back to the bar and ordered drinks. Strangers had come into the place before, but these men were different. They were powerfully built fellows, and they exuded a sinister arrogance. All were dressed with exaggerated elegance, and one of them had an Adolphe Menjou mustache. All conversation stopped. Everybody felt uncomfortable. One was sure, without being told, that all three were dangerous and that they carried guns.

They had all the drinks they wanted, without offering to pay for them and without being asked for the money. Then they told Jim they wanted to see him alone. His face set, he took them down in the basement, to a little place back of the kitchen where he sometimes invited friends for card games. They sat down at a little table and spread their paws across the red and white checked tablecloth.

Upstairs, at the bar, a few of the customers decided to leave. The others talked but little. What was happening to Jim? After a time the men came back from the basement. The three strangers went out and Jim came back to the bar. He

volunteered no information. He merely poured himself a drink, stared dazedly about him, and then broke into the most savage line of quiet invective ever heard at that bar. There was something in the quality of his remarks which forbade further questioning, and no one ever mentioned that evening, and the strange visitors, again.

The best guess was that they were the leaders of a mob of big bootleggers operating in Brooklyn, Providence, Boston and Atlantic Highlands, N. J.—specifically, the group which had among its principal brains such men as King Solomon and Al Lillien, both of whom were murdered in 1933. But what did they want? Cash? An interest in the place? To force Jim to buy their booze? To this day no one except Jim knows. All the customers know is that the scene was as coldly terrifying, and as bizarre, as if Alphonse Capone, Jesse James and Gerald Chapman had appeared unexpectedly among the scholarly old gentlemen gathered at the Century Club bar. Those who knew and admired Jim Brincker were aware that his courage was without limit, but this time, and with good reason, he had been shaken to the core of his gizzard.

III

Jim was helpful to everybody. Other speakeasy proprietors, old friends of his, often came to him for advice and aid, especially on matters of policy. When one of these chaps was in hard luck, or dying of some occupational disease such as tuberculosis or cirrhosis of the liver, Jim would take care of him. He paid the bills, arranged the funeral, and saw that a decent obituary got into the papers.

One of his fixed ideas was that a place with both good liquor and good food

should not be too cheap. High prices not only gave tone to a place, but provided the proprietor with a reserve fund for use in case of business difficulties or trouble with the law. One afternoon, on a clear, warm June day, a friend of Jim's put him and two other men in a big automobile and bade them go with him over to a place in the New Jersey hills, where, he said, they would have food and wine and recreate themselves in the open air.

The place in New Jersey was a paradise—an old Colonial house set among the trees and shrubs a half mile from the main road. It was late afternoon when they got there. They had cocktails and then sat down to a long and filling dinner, cooked by a genius among Italians. The man who ran the place raised or made most of his own stuff—applejack, wine, chickens, milk, vegetables and what not. Along about 9 o'clock, when the four guests were surfeited, the waiter brought the check. It was for \$12 for the four.

Jim flew into a dreadful rage, and ordered the waiter to call the manager. Frightened, the waiter went out, found his boss in the garden, and brought him to the table. The manager, thinking Jim was complaining that the bill was too high, began explaining how the expenses of the place, the overhead, the cost of materials and heaven knows what else, forced him to charge the amount on the bill.

"Hell!" snarled Jim. "That's exactly *not* the point. You're crazy, and if you keep on this way you'll go broke. You can't give us a dinner like this, with all the drinks we've had, for \$12. You'll be bankrupt inside of six months. Why, this bill ought to come to at least \$24."

Jim did some figuring on the table cloth to prove his point. The party left the proprietor of the roadhouse shaking his head and wondering at the strange

ideas of this New Yorker who apparently knew more about how to run his business than he did.

Jim did know how to run a speakeasy. I think he could have run a big store, a manufacturing plant or a hotel of 1,000 rooms and 1,000 baths just as well. He was fortunate in his clientèle, which was drawn from widely different professions. In his joint it was possible to attend to all manner of business, and live a pretty full sort of life, without leaving the place at all.

If Jim didn't know, he could put you in touch with some one who did know about almost every human need. At the bar in one evening there might be seen an undertaker, a florist, a family doctor, an eye specialist, a ticket broker, a railroad executive, a lawyer, a banker, the head of a milk company, the boss of a labor union, a manufacturing stationer, a civil engineer, a stage designer, a wholesale tobacconist, a prize-fighter promoter, a theatrical producer, a vaudeville comedian, and various members of national, State and city officialdom who could give sound advice on everything from income-tax returns to automobile license-plates.

Talking to these men through the years gave Jim an amazingly wide range of knowledge. It also made him a bit cocky, especially when he had a few drinks in him, and he would want to bet with argumentative customers. Who was on the ticket with Bryan in 1908? How many square miles in Australia? How much beer was made in the United States in 1912? Which leg did Sarah Bernhardt have amputated, and was it above or below the knee? How many were hanged for the Haymarket riots? How many Jews are there in New York? Such problems agitated the speakeasies during the Prohibition years. Some could be settled

by recourse to the *World Almanac*, others had to be arbitrated, and still others were made the subject of long and painful research by experts.

Jim Brincker, a tolerant paternalist, was in the tradition of the great saloonkeepers of pre-Prohibition America. He granted to every man the right to cook his brains with whatever potion he preferred, but to a confirmed brandy drinker he would always say, "For God's sake, drink something else now and then." Jim regarded Scotch and soda as the best of drinks. He warned his customers away from Manhattan, and would quietly point out the ultimate deadliness of the habit of drinking whiskey sours to settle the stomach.

There were, among the patrons of the place, three or four commuters, who, when left to their own devices, would likely as not end the night in the wrong county, or even the wrong State. To these, when he saw they were beginning to bob and weave, Jim would say firmly, "You're catching the 9:13 for Speonk." If they doubted him, Jim would put on his hat and coat and escort them to the station.

Places like his always have been havens of solace for widowers, for bitter men who were crossed in love in their youth, and for ageing bachelors who would rather drink than waste their time at the annual Lonely Hearts' Ball. (There *was* such a ball, run by Bernarr Macfadden's now dead *Graphic*.) Such men are the best customers a saloon can have. Usually they are solvent, and they have a quiet dignity foreign to men who have women folks to worry about. Jim always had an eye out for their health, and his predictions of deaths among them had a ghoulis accuracy.

"That fellow will be gone in six months," he would say of a customer at the other end of the bar. He could tell by

the pallor around the gills, the droop of the jaw, or the hunch of the shoulders. Being a realist, he knew that drink, certainly in the vast majority of instances, was responsible neither for the disease nor for the final taking off. So he was patient and thoughtful with those old codgers, and with infinite tactful care he would supervise their diets.

One day a regular customer would fail to come in. Another day would pass, and another, and Jim would inquire. Then he would visit the hospital, and come back to mutter gravely about the inevitability of death, to reaffirm the eternal truth that no matter who you are, or what you do, Charon takes you for a ride in the end. He would look at his own graying hair in the mirror, and fondle his flabby colorless cheeks, for he was a vain man at heart. But when the first flush of sadness passed, he would be laying plans for taking a group of children from an orphanage to the circus, or to Coney Island.

The general esteem in which he was held during the Prohibition era was shared by his own employ  s: the great Harry, who quit when the Depression became serious; Fred, the Alaskan veteran who succeeded Harry; Gus, the blond German bus-boy who worked up until he became chief assistant to Fred; Adolph, the baldhead waiter who used to be a wrestler but who turned square because he got tired of having bigger men bang his head on the floor; Franz, the other waiter, who had a remarkable record as an infantryman with the German Army during the war, and whose little body bore a dozen ghastly scars; the two unidentified monsters down in the kitchen, who guzzled and cooked day and night; and little Bill, the Negro porter, who was a deacon in one of the largest churches in Harlem.

Bill had been with Jim for years, swore by him, and in turn Jim sometimes entrusted Bill with as much as \$25,000 to carry from one end of New York to the other. These are the only men he had working for him during the years the Nepenthe Club was in business, except for a few times, when a great uprush of trade made it necessary to call in three or four emergency waiters, usually friends of Adolph or Franz. For all these lives Jim felt a deep responsibility. When, infrequently, one of them got drunk, he would fire the offender with a scarifying torrent of abuse, but in a few days the erring one would be back at work.

Other bars sprang up, made mistakes, had too many raids, and died. Jim's place, and others like it, stayed on and on. In all truth, it was a better place than most of the old time saloons. It was pleasanter, for one thing. Naturally, it could not go on for so long without piling up traditions. Here are some of them, picked from an endless list:

The night Sport Herrmann of Chicago blew into New York, came into Jim's for dinner, and later exhibited his gnarled and broken old hands, with their scars and twisted joints, and told the appalling saga of his boyhood hardships.

The night a professional arranger of big society funerals told the story of the last days of a prominent Newport gentleman, of how he used to read his morning mail while sitting out in the ocean and then tear it up and throw it gleefully to the waves, and the grotesque details of the final obsequies.

The night Jim gave a big dinner for a visiting member of the Department of Justice staff from Washington. He served Dubonnet cocktails, sauterne, Pommard, liqueurs and, later, Scotch highballs. The guests included three Prohibition agents,

two wholesale bootleggers, two proprietors of other speakeasies, and two unidentified dignitaries.

The night a brilliant young man, who had been drinking brandy steadily for five years, was asked by the bartender why he ever started drinking in the first place. "To forget a woman," said the young man. "And now I keep on drinking because I can't think of her name. I'm trying to remember who I was trying to forget."

The annual Spring bet, made by Jim himself, that there would be more white horses than red-headed women on a course from Fifth avenue and Forty-second street down to the Battery and back up the West Side. Six men, including the bettors and the umpires and watchers, would pile into a cab and pass the afternoon counting horses and women. Jim always won, for he knew that along the West Side docks and warehouses there was an enormous number of white horses.

The Night of the Great Embarrassment, when an old fellow of extremely dignified bearing, who had been coming into the place for two years and boring everybody with his views about the innate soundness of the Hoover administration, was recognized as a man who had served a term in Sing Sing for larceny. Everybody felt pretty bad about this.

The night that a Swedish count, attending a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, came to the place during an intermission and was so charmed by the proprietor and his surroundings that he deserted his party and passed most of the next few days and nights discussing life with Jim, with whom he later kept up a correspondence.

The night we became aware of the identity of a silent man of mystery who, for eight years, had been coming into the

place every hour, taking one drink and walking out without speaking to any one. He had averaged at least eight drinks a day for years. No one knew who he was until he died and left a considerable fortune.

IV

On the day in April, 1933, when 3.2% beer became legal Jim Brincker was forced to make one of his great decisions. He knew that many of his customers liked good beer; he knew also that the 3.2% stuff would not be satisfying to the men who had been drinking his Canadian ale and his hard liquor. Moreover, he knew that if he took out a license to sell the weak brew he would be subjected to a system of inspection which would pile one more annoyance upon all his other troubles with dry agents, policemen, building and health inspectors. So he decided to stick to being an outlaw with the hard stuff, and to hope that not all his customers would desert him for the legal beer.

There was, too, another consideration, which was strong with Jim, with many others in his position, and with a vast army of drinking men who demand hard liquor when they want it. His fury against Prohibition was honest. He could not understand why he should be told to sell only 3.2% beer when he knew that he and his customers preferred stronger stuff. So he set his face against compromise, began perfecting his defenses against the new army of inspectors, extortioners, fixers and snoopers, and looked with as dubious an eye as ever on the strange workings of government. He will sell hard liquor until he is dead, or in jail, or we get absolute repeal. For Jim is a patriot, and he fought for the rights of man when man, apparently, had no rights.

BLESSED EVENT IN VIENNA

BY MARTHA FOLEY

Küss die Hand, gnädige Frau," greeted the baby specialist of the Rudolfinerhaus, where the evening before I had given birth to a baby boy. "Your son is in A-1 condition." And he went on to explain that he spoke such excellent American because he had the very great honor to be president of the Rotary Club of Vienna. "A wonderful organization, *gnädige Frau*," the *Herr Doktor* told me every day. "We Viennese are very proud to belong to it."

The daily Rotarian reports on my son were only one of the many diversions of my stay in the little lying-in hospital of the 80's on the edge of the Wienerwald, where sometimes, if the night were quiet, I could hear the Beethoven brook repeating chords of the Pastoral Symphony, and if the night were not, could remember that a few doors away on this same suburban street Schubert had evoked far sweeter cries than those of the newest generation in the nursery below me.

There were five Viennese meals daily, with carpets of veal fried into *Schnitzel* for lunch. There were visits from the Stork Mama, the staff midwife who assists the obstetrician in a Viennese hospital, and visits from the *Oberschwester*, formerly a baroness, who was more smilingly sad each day about the endless distresses of her country. And arguments with the baby's nurse, who declared boy babies in America might wear pink but that any such effeminate color was an in-

sult to a newborn Austrian male, and therefore she would not tolerate pink garments or blankets, which seemed to be the only kind in the layette of my son.

There was, too, the misery of the woman in the next room, who told me, via the hall nurse, how ashamed she was because she had given birth to a second daughter when her husband needed a son so badly, he being from the Balkans, where a man is not a man until he has male offspring and a beard. There were translations of her English lessons for the day nurse, who was learning the *Sprache* with a burr from the Scotsman whose twice-a-week lessons are the most popular radio feature in Vienna. There were orders from the house doctor that I be given innumerable cups of hay-flavored camomile tea—next to beer, Vienna's favorite brew for weak women—and please would the night nurse kindly leave my window open, yes, wide open? And there was the day-long company of my new little son. Maternity in Vienna is *gemütlich* and merry.

The Rudolfinerhaus is a private hospital and, according to Viennese standards stands halfway between a sanatorium and a public hospital. It is not the most fashionable place in Vienna to have a baby, but the high traditions of its nursing staff set it above the public hospitals. Babies of conservative families—families that *bürgerlich* Vienna still speaks of as *die Besten*—are born in the more expensive sanatoria, of which the most famous probably is the

Loew. This has such elaborate equipment as a banqueting-room for the rabbi and the guests at circumcision rites.

Only the destitute go to the great public hospital, the Allgemeine Krankenhaus. This is not only because the rules of the place limit it to people of little means but because autopsies are performed by law on all who die there and because the specialists of the Krankenhaus, much as they may attract American physicians for post-graduate courses, have the reputation, even with their students, of treating patients as cases rather than as human beings. Krankenhaus nurses are graded as servants, and patients complain that only generous tips save them from being neglected. Viennese of any standing whatever—and even in post-war Vienna there is loyalty to class distinctions—spend their last groschen to keep up a front by being nicely ill in a private hospital or sanatorium.

It was to raise the nursing standards of Vienna, as well as to provide a private hospital specializing in the care of surgical cases, that Theodor Billroth, one of the greatest of surgeons, founded, in 1882, the Rudolfinerhaus. Its construction was not completed until 1894 and meantime, in 1889, the Crown Prince Rudolph and his *Liebchen*, the pretty young Baroness Maria Vetsera, were found mysteriously dead in scandalous circumstances in the royal hunting-lodge at Mayerling. To please old Franz Josef, who believed to the day of his death that he had fooled the Austrian public into thinking his son's death natural, the new hospital was named after the dead prince, "solutions" of whose murder or suicide still make page one copy for the Viennese newspapers.

With the opening of the Rudolfinerhaus, women of standing in Austria for the first time took up nursing, many of the nurses

being titled. Titles have gone out since the war, but the nurses at the Rudolfinerhaus continue to be drawn from among upper-class women. Their blue-clad group has a rigid discipline and its members point proudly to signs in every room saying that they are forbidden to accept gratuities. Only an occasional giddy Viennese is amused at the sight of such prim virtue in an institution named after the notorious Rudolph.

The Rudolfinerhaus, for all its fame, consists only of two small buildings, the second stories of which are joined by a bridge. One of the buildings is devoted to maternity cases and the other to surgery. The paint is peeling off the outer walls, the small entrance with its dull green and brown coloring is like the entrance to a cheap American hotel, and the equipment generally is run down, but no more so than in most of the other older Austrian institutions for which the restrictions of the peace treaties have meant decay. Only the Socialists in Vienna, with their new coöperative apartment-houses and kindergartens and children's asylums, have been able to make any sort of flourish, and even theirs is limited.

Like the status of the place as an institution, the cost of lying-in at the Rudolfinerhaus is middling. The daily charge for a first-class room is twenty-six schillings—three and a half dollars—and the entire cost of my two-week stay, including extra charges for medicine, care of the baby, anaesthetics and nursing, totalled but 818 schillings, or approximately \$115. This sum also included a charge of twenty-eight cents a day for heating my room.

The obstetrician's bill for the actual delivery was \$70, perhaps one-fifth of what an obstetrician of the same standing in the United States would have charged. An American physician in Vienna estimated

that for the same care as I received there I would have had to pay at least \$500 in New York.

My obstetrician was one of the best known in Central Europe. Like all Viennese obstetricians, he is hostile toward experiments in the alleviation of parturitional pain. I made the rounds of the plush-parlor waiting-rooms without finding one willing to administer either synergistic analgesia—the Gwathmey technique of intra-muscular injections of magnesium sulphate and morphine during labor—or ether-oil instillations, both of which have become widely used in recent years in the United States. None was even interested in experimenting with these methods on me as a willing victim.

The last obstetrician whom I consulted and finally engaged was the most tender-hearted. He did not try to quote to me, as had one of his colleagues, that chapter of Genesis which declares that “in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children” and which was used also by the founder of Vienna’s Frauenklinik as divine authority for ruling against all experiments in pain-easing obstetrics. No, my obstetrician assured me, he would make things as easy as possible.

“I use the best, the safest method, chloroform *à la reine*,” he said. “Only I don’t use chloroform any more; I use ether. Little whiffs of ether toward the end. It’s called *à la reine* because it was invented to help out Queen Victoria.”

II

“Remember, you are eating for two!” This admonition, which has become anathema to every authority on pre-natal care in America, is still urged upon every expectant mother in Vienna. Not only is she admonished to eat for the next generation, but also to drink for it. Cocktails and

spirituous liquors, which would scarcely occur anyway to a Viennese woman, are *verboten*, but with beer—with the froth of great steins of Gösserbrau—she is free to blow off all fears of her coming ordeal!

The Viennese do not consider beer part of a special diet. It to them is so essential an accompaniment to food that it never occurs to them to forbid it to a pregnant woman. They were only amused, therefore, when a German physician came out with a statement urging a beer diet for expectant mothers and was angrily contradicted by a French doctor who declared that wine might be all right, indeed was splendid as a tonic, but that beer was disastrous. Beer flows in Vienna as calmly and matter-of-factly as the Danube, and the Viennese sings of the one with a glass of the other in his hand.

The beer really has no ill effect, as far as I could determine, on a woman or her child. Certainly it didn’t bother me. But aside from drinking it, I followed the usual pre-natal diet as advised in the United States. That is, I avoided smoking, cocktails, too much meat and certain acid foods. The expectant mother of the middle class in Vienna is not given as close medical attention as is now considered necessary in America. She is examined but twice during her pregnancy, and then only for specific symptoms.

If I had been a native Viennese of the working class, the Socialist municipal government would have taken a much greater interest in me and my child. It deals out patronage to the cradle. Beside free medical advice, every working class mother is provided with a complete layette from blankets to bibs. At all elections red flags wave the reminder, “Not a child is born into rags in Vienna.”

Since, as an *Ausländerin*, I did not merit a Socialist layette, I had to struggle inde-

pendently with the difficult business of outfitting an American baby in Central European garments. It is not so many years since Viennese babies were swaddled, and vestiges still remain in the modern Viennese infant's wardrobe of the habit of strapping hand and foot. One of the most important features of a Vienna baby's equipment is a long, narrow, mattress-like affair, covered with a linen case into which the baby fits. The end of the mattress is folded up over the baby's feet and he is as secure as a mummy in its case. Reposing thus, he is presented for the first time to his father, and the mattress is used generally to convey him from place to place. One Viennese mother was a little supercilious when she heard I had bought a baby carriage to use instead of a mattress. "Oh," she said, "your baby is to be a little English gentleman and go about in his carriage!"

But she was Old Vienna. The new was represented by the nurse attending another American woman's baby. She threatened to quit her job unless a blue and sufficiently elaborate infant's coach was bought to match her blue costume.

III

Mine was the first foreign baby that had been born in the Rudolfinerhaus for some time. Its predecessor was a Japanese, the offspring of a diplomat's wife.

"Pure white it was, *gnädige Frau*," the head nurse told me. "Not one bit yellow for three days. And then, the poor *Bübchen*, it got more and more yellow until it was all Japanese!"

My arrival aroused much curiosity. Apart from my nationality, the staff was interested in me because the obstetrician had told them of my interest in what they considered exotic ways of delivering chil-

dren into the world. The Stork Mama, as his right-hand woman, assured me long before I had any discomfort, "*Schmerz—es muss sein!*" (Pain—it must be!) And she kept up this refrain whenever she saw me, from the time of my admission to the day of my departure two weeks later.

Accommodations in the Rudolfinerhaus are divided, like those in a European railway train, into classes. My first-class room was a large, rather stark, private chamber, furnished with two beds, a couch, a wash-bowl, a mirror and a chest of drawers. The second bed was intended for any member of my family who wished to stay over night with me. Like the rest of the hospital, the room was badly in need of a coat of paint. The bedclothes were the astonishing ones which make sleeping in Vienna so difficult for a foreigner. They consisted of a blanket, hardly wider than a belly-band, and one short, very thick feather bed, about half the length of the bedstead. Under these covers the Viennese, despite their baroque girth, somehow manage to curl up for the night.

Every evening of my stay I had to request the nurse to open the window. Houses where Americans live in Vienna are identified by their open windows at night. All Viennese bedrooms are aired for an hour or so early in the morning and then sealed up until the next morning. Some of the nurses were afraid I would be too cold with the window open, but one said cheerfully, "I open my windows, too, that is, in the Summer; and I think it's really good for the health."

The hospital serves five meals a day; the first breakfast, at seven o'clock, of rolls and coffee (the famous Vienna coffee, which is made of very little coffee and a lot of compressed figs and served with whipped cream); a "fork" break-

fast at 10:30, of Frankfurters (in Vienna they are always called Frankfurters and in Frankfort, Wienerwurst), goulash or eggs; a five-course dinner at one; a *Jause* of rolls and tea or coffee at four-thirty, and at seven a supper of cold meats and salad. Between meals the recumbent patient is beseeched to eat fruit and drink milk. The second day after delivery, when in every other place in the world she would be eating sparingly, the Vienna mother is heartened by the immensity of a *Wienerschnitzel*. There is little hope of her ever regaining a pre-maternal figure.

The average length of stay in the hospital is ten days. Many leave in seven. The Rudolfinerhaus was surprised when I asked for a two-week reservation. And when informed that many women in the United States remain in a hospital for three weeks, the nurses were almost as much amused as at my desire for an easy delivery. It is not that the women of Vienna are sturdier, in fact they are much more self-indulgent than is the American woman, but because in their homes they more often have nurses to care for their babies and maids to wait on them.

European men are fond of scoffing at Americans for pampering their women, but their own women are much more likely to loll on silken cushions while attendants wait on them. When the National Council of Business and Professional Women held its international congress in Vienna, I heard one of the Vienna hostesses ask a school teacher delegate, "But you would never soil those pretty white hands of yours washing dishes, would you?" When the answer in mid-Western American was, "Why I have even scrubbed floors with these hands," the Viennese woman gave the American a smile of benevolent pity.

The actual adventure in my case, I sup-

pose, was no more nor less unpleasant than the average childbirth without benefit of special palliatives. The *Herr Doktor* tried to be kind by holding up a minute bottle of ether and saying, "See this? When it gets too bad I shall give you some of it."

I have heard often that the pains of parturition are obliterated from a woman's memory by a beneficent Nature anxious that she should produce more children. I don't believe it. I can remember exactly the sort and intensity of the agony from the moment, in a desperate effort at self-control, I fastened my eyes on the top branches of the Wienerwald trees, black lace against the setting sun outside my window, until four hours later, when I could hear the *Herr Doktor* telling my husband, "You have a fine boy, I congratulate you."

The baby was not shown to me until late the next day. Then a perfectly placid little person, not at all the red and wrinkled mite a new baby ought to be, was trundled into my room. Babies in the Rudolfinerhaus are bathed and kept at night in a separate nursery, but spend the entire day in their mothers' rooms, unlike in American hospitals, where they are presented to their mothers only to be fed. It is taken for granted that their mothers will nurse them at the breast, although this is a comparatively recent custom among upper-class Viennese women.

Until the war split off Czechoslovakia from Austria, Bohemian wet nurses nourished Vienna's children. Sometimes as many as two or three of these bouncing, beshawled wenches were maintained for one child. Their beer rations ran up into a gallon or so a day. But when Czechoslovakia became independent, they were shipped back home and no more are allowed to reënter Austria. Since then they

have been up against hard times. Recently the wet nurses of the town which once supplied the largest number to Vienna denounced loudly the injustice of a peace treaty which had deprived their profession of a decent livelihood.

The nurses at the Rudolfinerhaus, *Schwestern* they are called, in their blue-and-white checkered uniforms and with the typical Viennese combination of yellow hair and brown eyes, are softly pretty. They are probably the only well-bred women in Vienna who do manual work. They are proud of the ladylike tradition which attaches to their hospital and go about the most odious tasks with the air of very tender duchesses.

These nurses work much longer hours than is now customary in American hospitals, their day beginning at five in the morning and ending at nine at night. Each is assigned four rooms to tend, including the lighter cleaning. In the morning they claim from the nursery the four babies belonging to their rooms and take complete charge of the infants for the day, as well as of the mothers.

The nursery where the babies sleep is a small room in which as many as twenty to twenty-five are kept at a time, identified by numbered tags around their arms. The equipment is limited. A large table in the middle of the room is spread with antiseptics for the dressing of the babies. Two ordinary washbowls at one end serve as bathtubs. Baskets on wheels lined up around the walls are the babies' beds.

Like its Japanese predecessor, my own baby became quite yellow a few days after its birth. It had jaundice. Both the child specialist and the house doctor laughed. Nothing at all to worry about, they said. Didn't 90% of all newborn babies in Vienna get jaundice, so what of it? None ever died. *Nein*, they didn't know the

cause of this infantile jaundice and there was no special treatment for it. It was a nice, *gemütliche* malady. Just let the child sleep and not force him to eat. He would get better. And he did.

Life in a Viennese hospital is just as easy-going as that. Hygiene, of course, is observed—enough so that the mortality rate from puerperal fever in Vienna is far below that of the average American city. And if Viennese hospital equipment is limited and hospital practices are often antiquated, both doctors and nurses make up for it by an extraordinarily warm-hearted concern for their patients. The cold-bloodedness observed by American medical students in the research work at the public Krankenhaus is quite lacking in private obstetrical cases. Since obstetrics in Vienna is traditional, obstetricians are gentle, which is traditionally Viennese. Typically, the major discomfort is ameliorated with the minor amenities.

IV

The pediatrics of Vienna's Rotary Club president was not as American as his social affiliations. He refused to consider the pamphlet on infant care put out by the Children's Bureau at Washington, and which, after a series of disagreements with him and other doctors, had to be my final guide in caring for the baby.

Except in omitting night feedings to an even greater extent than is urged in this pamphlet, the Viennese child specialists are away behind the times. One thing alone proves this. When a child cries at night, they suggest that he be given a soother, one of those adenoid-breeding rubber nipples on a celluloid base tied to a string around the neck. On these the Viennese babies, high and low, suck constantly. It was in the most matter-of-fact

way that both child specialists I first consulted urged this advice, which is violently detested by American physicians.

In fact, it was only after I had consulted three different specialists that I found one who was tolerant of the programme outlined for infant care in the American government brochure. And this was a woman physician. But even she sometimes took the attitude that she was indulging a foreigner in curious ways. The pamphlet, for instance, insists that "cod-liver oil should begin before the end of the first month of the baby's life, preferably by the end of the second week." But the Viennese do not administer cod-liver oil generally to healthy infants, although, in their long, gray Winters, Vitamin D is hidden with the sun, and it was only on my own initiative that my baby finally got the oil when he was two months old. Likewise, it was only by my giving it to him myself that he got the orange juice which the American schedule calls for at the age of one month, and which he might never have been given if I had not dared to supersede the doctor's orders.

An infant's diet, as outlined by these Vienna specialists, is wholly milk and water the first few months. Then the baby is given, in addition, at the age of about four months, cream of wheat cooked for two hours in broth made of veal bones. Various patented milk preparations, some of which are in disrepute in America, are also fed him. As he grows older the baby's diet, like that of his rotund elders, becomes rich in starch and sugar. Where an American baby would be given hard, unsweetened crusts or rusks to chew upon, a Vienna infant munches soft, sweet cakes. The variety known in America as lady-fingers was especially recommended by one physician.

All the paraphernalia of the modern

American nursery, play pens, toidy-seats, "scientific" toys, tissue diapers, etc., are missing in Vienna. But the mother in average circumstances is more able to afford a good-natured but well-trained nurse, who will relieve her of much of the baby's care and leave her freer for her own activities, than is possible for such a mother of a young baby in New York. For the sum of \$15 a month I had the full services of a nurse who was a hospital graduate and whose attachment to my baby was hardly less than mine.

To assure the child born of American parents in Austria American citizenship, it is necessary to register its birth within twenty-four hours at the United States consulate. Payment of \$2 in United States currency is also required. Since the importation and use of foreign currency in Austria is proscribed, a new American father has to hustle in and out of black bourses, where dollars are bootlegged, to make his son an American citizen. Instead of providing an infant with an American passport, his picture, name and the date of his birth are inserted in the passport of one of the parents.

The Viennese like children, and Vienna which, despite an occasional comic opera *Putsch*, is now the quietest as well as the dullest of all large European cities, with its many parks, its worship of sunlight, its good milk and water, is an excellent place in which to bring them up. Viennese children are indulged in more ways and urged to be childlike to a greater extent, perhaps, than are children anywhere else in the world. Even the poorest family seems able to equip its young with many and elaborate sports outfits, from leathern alpinine breeches to velvet skating skirts. Religious and political organizations are proud of their child members and with the slightest excuse will march

them around the Ring in long, triumphant parades.

The Viennese still weep as they recall the wartime hardships of their children, when mothers forced milk from their breasts to feed children of two and three years of age and other agonized parents shipped off youngsters by the thousands to foster-homes in Holland and the Scandinavian countries. They are still grateful out of all proportion to the American relief committee which fed their children at the close of the war, and there is a Hooverstrasse in Vienna to commemorate a man who now is more popular in Austria than he is in his own country.

Viennese enthusiasm for children simplifies many of her difficulties for an American mother. She finds a greater and more general concern for her child than she would in New York. If she house-hunts, she will not be turned away from so many apartments because she has a child. Servants will not object to working in a home where there is one. There will be no danger of kidnapping; the crime is unknown in Vienna. She may even tell stories of her child's unprecedented cleverness, for her Viennese friends really will be interested.

Best of all, in Vienna there is no Mother's Day to embarrass her.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

FROM the *Examiner* of Los Angeles, that perpetual fountain of the marvelous:

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE *Congressional Record* on the labors of statesmen:

MR. HOWARD OF NEBRASKA—Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that at 12.30 I may address the House for fourteen minutes.

MR. SNELL OF NEW YORK—Mr. Speaker, reserving the right to object, what is going to happen between now and 12.30?

MR. HOWARD—Mr. Speaker, I will explain that a lady wishes to see me at the door, and I cannot get back before that time.

THE HON. JOHN E. RANKIN, LL.B., member of the lower House from Mississippi, makes a contribution to the American language:

I introduce the Norris bill verbatim, spelatim, punctuatim.

THE sublime process of legislation in the same House:

MR. EATON OF NEW JERSEY—What size shoe does the gentleman wear?

MR. ZIONCHECK OF WASHINGTON—No. 9, and I am proud of it. It is a plain answer. I do not try to evade any question. What size do you wear?

MR. EATON—No. 10, and I am proud of it. If the gentleman's head was as big as his feet he would amount to something.

GEORGIA

THE copy-desk of the eminent Atlanta *Constitution* converts Hebrew into a Spanish dialect:

Jesus never went before the San Hedrin to fuss about laws and their enforcement.

ONE of the last reflections of the late Editor Townsend of the *Dahlonaga Nugget*:

The Lord will bless those who subscribe for the *Nugget*, His home paper. But we cannot say for those who borrow it.

ILLINOIS

IN a time of cutthroat competition the Right Rev. William D. O'Brien, D.D., editor of *Extension Magazine*, Chicago, puts one over all his heathen rivals among magazine editors:

Monsignor O'Brien expects to obtain the general Blessing of our Holy Father on all *Extension* subscribers, and will obtain particular Blessings for each individual family or person who renews their subscription to the *Extension Magazine* this month with a payment of \$3 in cash. If you accept this offer you will receive by mail from Rome the Holy Father's Blessing on you, or your family, on a beautiful placard about 14 inches long by 8 inches wide, decorated in colors with a picture of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, which you may have framed suitably to serve as a memorial of this Holy Year—the Nineteenth Centenary of the Redemption of Mankind.

Never before has an offer like this been made by any Catholic publication! If you wish to take advantage of it you must do so before the end of this month, and hand-print your name or the name of your family on one line in the coupon below and send it in to the *Extension Magazine*, 360 North Michigan ave., Chicago, Ill., right away.

FROM the Peoria *Journal-Transcript*:

MR. W. E. GODEL says:

Prayer is the value of steady church attendance. It is nourishment to our souls; through prayer you receive. If you fail to pray in your home or other places, you must pray and hear prayers in the church. If you cannot succeed the value of your first church attendance, try, try again—with your prayers through God, you will succeed and learn the value of steady church attendance.

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INDIANA

THE Sheridan *News* discovers a nascent immortal:

Marcus, the small son of Mr. and Mrs. Giles McKinney, who drank a quantity of coal oil and ate raisins last week, is improved and the attending physician states he will recover.

IOWA

FROM the Keokuk correspondent of the eminent *Variety*:

As the road show has departed from the hinterlands, so has the pulpit-thumping evangelist who yearly toured the sowbelly and sorghum circuit comprising Kansas, Arkansas, Missouri and Iowa. Formerly those four States were good for a thirty-week season.

Today the bawl pilots are lucky if they can get two full weeks out of the territory. They blame the radio for the fall of their profession.

In the past season not one name evangelist has been in the West. Topnotcher, Billy Sunday, now 62, played a few key cities to small grosses, and spent most of the year at his home in Winona Lake, Ind. Aimée MacPherson toured in far-away places for her health.

Paul Rader started a new tabernacle in Los Angeles, taking advantage of Sister Aimée's indisposition.

Outlanders who were once impressed by the holy-rolling singles now sit at home and listen to their radios. Young backlanders have become emancipated through the automobiles, radio and talkies, and are no longer impressed by the Hell's fire and brimstone routine.

Small community ministers are satisfied to have the pay-or-play evangelists remain out of their territory. Average salary of the small-town divines is around \$400 per year. They administer to the spiritual welfare of their flocks for years at starvation wages, as a rule finishing up in a home for indigent reverends.

When the touring psalm-singer hit their town, with his fast sales talk, he usually took out money that would rightly find its way to the established churches of the community.

When the touring evangelist hits town these days his reception is a near chill. Most of them, in days passed, Anne Oakley'd their way along. Now they have to pay for everything. Their take is extremely small. One shouter played this town for three days, grossed \$127. Not enough to pay for his actual overhead.

KENTUCKY

THE workings of the Holy Spirit near the Christian town of London, as recorded by the *Sentinel-Echo*, the pride and joy thereof:

Thousands of people during the past week, have made the pilgrimage to the unpretentious farm home of Henry Jones at Top-ton in the southwest section of Laurel county about ten miles from London, to witness the strange manifestations of a mysterious malady in his half-sister, Mrs. Linda Jones Wells, and to read from recorded phenomena what they hope might be a divination of the future, according to reports of many reliable persons who have made the journey.

For two weeks Mrs. Wells has been ill, and several days ago began to experience periodical spasms of varying severity, as many as twenty-seven in one night, and immediately following each of these fits there appears on her left forearm, as if by a needle racing under her skin, signs and letters of evident serious import.

Among these was an American flag, with the correct number of stripes and stars clearly and sharply drawn; a Biblical reference, "Mark:1-15"; Christ nailed to the cross; the letters MOW followed by a cross; two babies with the words, "Mother I'll go"; and a horse's head with many blood spots.

Though only thirty-six years old, Mrs. Wells has married four times, and each of her husbands is dead. One of the signs recorded by members of the family and friends who are constantly attending her, and which now fill a large tablet, is the picture of a little girl standing beside a tombstone on which are the initials of her last husband.

Another strange feature is that between these attacks Mrs. Wells seems to be in normal health, eats heartily and gets enough rest for her needs. The whole countryside is aroused, and many firmly believe that a proper translation of the messages received by Mrs. Wells will be the means of solving all our present industrial and social problems.

MISSOURI

BUSINESS card of a St. Louis worthy:

U. S. GRANT TAYES
THE POET-ARTIST-MUSICIAN-BARBER
325 Pine Street
Ladies' and Children's Work a Specialty
Outside Work by Appointment
Shoe Shining Manicuring

MONTANA

THE progress of art in Missoula, as reported by the *County Times* thereof:

Antonio D'Orazi, talented young Missoula artist, has painted his version of the creation of Adam in a panel 8 x 11 feet on the wall of his D'Orazi beer parlor on Woody street.

Mr. D'Orazi has painted many sacred pictures and has been highly complimented by critics on his unusual talent. His latest creation depicts Adam coming down from Heaven in the hands of God. Many animals and birds are in the background of the picture, making the scene complete.

Those who have viewed the picture have been awed by its splendor. Mr. D'Orazi was twenty hours completing the creation.

NEW YORK

FROM the Syracuse *Post-Standard* (and if you don't believe it, get a copy of the issue for May 24, 1933, and look at the bottom of Column 2, Page 8):

A colored toilet seat will be the attendance prize at the weekly luncheon and meeting of the Optimist Club in the Hotel Syracuse at noon today. The prize was donated by E. T. Rowe, manager of the Crane Company.

THE spiritual life in Utica, as reported by the *Press* thereof:

Communion will be observed at the Bartlett Baptist Church Sunday, when the Rev. Kermit Lawton will speak on "Elements of a Model Love Letter."

PUBLIC notice in the New York *Daily News*:

WHAT CHURCH DOES GOD GO TO?

Manhattan: Get this, Jewess. We Christians' God is not a Jew. The Lord was baptized by St. John the Baptist in the year 30 A. D., and it was then that the Roman Catholic Church was born, and so our God is a Catholic. Think it over before you show your ignorance again.

GOOD CATHOLIC.

NORTH CAROLINA

FROM the Greensboro correspondent of the *Winston-Salem Journal*:

Some thirty or more citizens of Hamtown have had protest meetings the last two nights to consider a petition to Judge A. M. Stack, of Monroe, presiding over the Superior Court here, to ask him to retract alleged derogatory remarks about their neighborhood of about 100 families north of Greensboro.

In at least two instances the judge is claimed to have remarked, in sentencing Hamtown men, that he would take their place of residence into consideration in lightening sentence. Citizens of Hamtown took his remarks to mean that to live there was somewhat like being in custody. He advised a defendant from Hamtown on Wednesday to leave that village.

The Hamtown folks claim they are just like everybody else. Some 75% of them are law-abiding home owners. They have an active church, they believe in schools, and are good citizens.

THE progress of criminological science in Wilmington, as reported by the correspondent of the Associated Press:

C. T. Hargrove, deputy sheriff of Columbus county, today announced that he had solved a murder by photographing the eyes of the victim, and finding the image of the slayer in enlarged reproductions of the photograph. He displayed photographs in support of his claim. The officer said he obtained the idea from a detective story he read several years ago. Richard Lacewell, a Negro employé of Hargrove's, was the

victim. He was found shot to death April 10, with few clues to indicate his slayer.

Hargrove, Deputy S. W. Phillips and William Smeeden, a retired New Jersey police officer, decided to try the photographic experiment. Hargrove said the enlarged pictures showed plainly the image of Tyman Graham, also a Negro.

Graham and Lewis Blanks, another Negro, were arrested. Hargrove said both confessed participation in the slaying of Lacewell as the result of a dispute over the affections of a woman.

THE Southern Pines *Pilot* announces a marvel:

On the first programme of this series will appear Elena Whiley, a young American pianist whose message is brought out of a fiery furnace that would have consumed the average child. At the age of nine she, together with her father, an officer in the U. S. Navy, her mother and baby sister, were returning to America from the Orient. The war broke and they were caught in France, unable to cross the submarine infested ocean. They were detained for the period of the war. Out of this turn of events a great talent was discovered. This little child's genius was so phenomenal that she was admitted to the Conservatoire of Marseilles, at this astounding age. She was there at the age of thirteen.

Without lights, without heat, with barely enough food to sustain life this child of America worked undauntedly in her music. She returned to America with a ton of music, the exact weight at the American Custom House of her printed pieces mastered during those four years in France. Is it any wonder that her playing today shakes the souls of her listeners?

OHIO

THE academic enlightenment in Cleveland, as reported by the *Plain Dealer*:

"The greatest insult Europe ever offered to America was when the Nobel Prize was conferred upon Sinclair Lewis," Miss Clara Louise Myers, professor emeritus of English, said to 300 persons who attended Western Reserve University's free course in

the Amasa Stone Chapel yesterday morning. She spoke on modern literature.

"How this man Lewis came to get his degree from Yale I cannot fathom," she said. "He cannot write a grammatical English sentence."

OKLAHOMA

FROM the correspondent of the United Press at Oklahoma City:

State Senator Paul Stewart revealed today how the small, Depression-harried bootleggers of the Kiamichi Mountains conduct a profitable business in the famed mountain dew of that region.

"The little fellows get a pocket full of shot, go into the woods and sow the shot like they were sowing oats," Senator Stewart explained. "When a shot hits glass, the boys dig up a quart and sell it. It saves the trouble of making it themselves."

PENNSYLVANIA

EDUCATIONAL item from the Lansford *Evening Record*:

The beer-pump stolen from the Hauto schoolhouse during a recent party sponsored by the Hauto baseball club was returned last night. As a result, the Hauto boys waived prosecution of the guilty party. An uneasy conscience or an attack of fright brought on by a formidable appearing ad in the classified columns of the *Evening Record* induced the light-fingered gent to return the pump.

THE Associated Press on the progress of Christianity in Philadelphia:

Cardinal Dougherty was closely guarded by police today at a South Philadelphia confirmation service on his first visit to the section since the revolt of parishioners of Our Lady of Good Counsel Church. The siege of the church, begun last week to prevent entrance of secular priests to replace the Augustinian Fathers, continued while more than 1,000 parishioners paraded in its vicinity with crosses and banners. No masses were said other than the daily private mass of Father Simpliciano Gatt, who is a prisoner of the members.

THERE IS A LAND

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

THERE is a land where never sets the sun
Though fast with thickets to enlase the night,
And on its strand a hero would outrun
His shadow cast by limbs so fleecy bright.

O serene isle in green and winey sea
Where golden tribute spills along the shore,
You must concile the white hostility
Of bolden waves advancing with a roar.

Up flings the fountain in a jet of hope
And glistens ere it squanders in the pool.
Gay rings the jester with the world his scope
And listens weeping as he plays the fool.

My heart, you are this land of tireless strife
And there's no rod to beat the pain apart.
The savage briar gives the rose its life.
Can God root out the thorn that bore my heart?

SECRET SAINT

BY ALICE MULHERN

THERE was an Autumn nip in the air. Josephine's nose felt it when she woke up to the monotonous dong of the six o'clock rising bell. She shivered from it when, still half asleep, she ran over to shut the north windows in the convent dormitory.

Soon the steam would come puffing up through the radiators and the mysterious knocking in the pipes would make her heart beat with fear in the study-hall. For she would remember the servants' talk: about the plumber's son down in the town who had been so possessed by devils that he shrieked and yowled like the demons in Doré's picture of Hell in the parlor where parents sat; about the young woman on Sutter's Hill who had tried to tempt a priest she had known all her life.

This priest had had to exorcise his temptress with candles and salt and chantings and two acolytes swinging a censer. There had been terrible rumblings under the house while he prayed, so the servants said, and the gap on the slope back of the pasture that the nuns had told the children was an abandoned mine shaft was not one at all. It was where the earth had opened to take the fiends back to Hell, once they had howled their way out of the body of the woman.

Soon a black woman would lie in the ditches at dead of night, frightening late wanderers on the roads. The servants were always glad they lived at the convent at black-woman-time, but they whispered her

latest depredations at every chance. Josephine wanted to hear too, even though she trembled at thought of the long wiry fingers, the bristling hair. She knew she would shake in bed when she remembered the black woman, but she also knew that if she put her mind upon contemplation of Christ's insults and beating and humiliations she would soon go off to sleep.

It was the season to choose her Saint, who would protect her through the eerie twilight, and walk before her down the dusky corridors when she went to get a book she had forgotten in the classroom. He would stand before her alcove all night long so no spike-tailed devil could get in. He would keep the ghosts down in the graveyard where they belonged. She could lean on him for courage when November winds lashed the trees low, when gusts from the North Pole rattled the convent windows.

With her Saint in tow she would not be afraid to pass the cupboard where Norah, the stairs polisher, said she had seen the ghost of Lazarus. "In a peaked cap he was", shuddered Norah between chattering teeth, "and all wrapped round like with bandages". Of course the "bandages" were what the Manual of Prayers called "cerements of the dead" but Josephine did not bother to explain. She gladly listened to a repetition of the story whenever Norah had a moment. They held on to each other as they shook from head to toe.

High time for her Saint. The old standbys, of course, would be taken at once by their usual choosers. All the children knew that beforehand, as, squatting on the boulders edging the icepond, they told their pick. It was no news that Edna chose St. Jude the Forgotten; that Nell took the Venerable Bede; that Georgia's choice was good St. Roch; that Pansy took St. Stephen the First Martyr; that Caroline put renewed faith in St. Michael the Archangel. As for herself, Josephine wanted to take St. Jude because she loved the name and because scarcely anyone ever prayed to him any more. But she felt it would not have been fair to Edna.

One by one she turned the Litany's roll over in her mind: "All ye holy orders of Blessed Spirits"—St. John the Baptist who made ready the way of the Lord; St. Joseph, pious Spouse of Our Lady. "All ye holy Apostles and Evangelists"—St. Peter, St. Mark, St. Simon, St. Luke. "All ye holy Virgins and Widows"—St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, St. Lucy, St. Anastasia.

St. Jude was the loneliest, but he was Edna's. He had to be given up. St. Cecilia played the organ and had her veins opened in sanctified martyrdom. St. Agnes was the Lamb of God. St. Ursula had led rows on rows of sacred Virgins on a pilgrimage that became steeped in their blood. St. Theresa in ecstasies was lifted off her feet on to a cloud. Any one of them would have safeguarded her through the coming ominous days of quick twilights and bleak dawns. But she wanted a real choice, one from her heart.

So she waited for a sign to direct her way, to steer her choosing. Head bowed, she walked slowly up and down the playground, kicking pebbles, scuffing her shoes. The other girls let her alone. They knew the importance of making up one's mind about one's Saint. What they had

no inkling of was that she loved St. Jude because he was so lonely; that he moved her to a tenderness no other Saint could touch. Edna would have given him to her as a self-denial had she asked for him. But Edna had found him in a holy book. He was her own.

As far as she herself was concerned, Josephine thought that St. Jude liked her too. She had a pleasant feeling after praying to him. It was a sort of tryst. He gave her an ear almost at once in chapel, and helped her with French verbs. She knew what he looked like although she had never seen his picture.

Since he had so much time on his hands, his solicitors being few, he thought a good bit and was very gay, to make the other Saints fancy he did not mind being forgotten. She pretended he was amused when she stole his attention away from Edna. He belonged to Edna, that much he admitted, but it did not mean he could not bend down to somebody else once in a while. It was beautiful to love him terribly but it was wrong to break in too often upon Edna's devotions.

So she scuffed her shoes a few more times along the gravel, let out a war whoop which was the signal to resume the interrupted game of hare-and-hounds, and then, since it was her turn to be hare, set off in a secret place to hide and think.

II

The hounds bayed around her all afternoon. She could tell Nell's bays—they were so deep—and Georgia's because hers were like regular barks. They came close to where she crouched, hunched up in a concealed space back of Our Lady's Grotto. One of the boulders had loosened in the cement and had rolled off down hill, but the thick barberry hedge was wide and

high. It was nice squatting there, a thin wall alone separating her from the Blessed Virgin. Contentedly she let the hounds bay as much as they wanted. For she had found her Saint—the Grotto hiding place had been the sign.

He was more an angel really than a saint, for he was Lucifer, Bearer of Light before the Fall. What if he did turn into the Devil after the fight with Michael? As Lucifer, God had loved him very much, and had left much of the ruling of Heaven to him. Lovely as the day he had been, and he was still so in spirit, if only one could turn his heart back to God.

Being powerful for evil was not so very much different from being powerful for good if one took pains about it. Besides, lonely as St. Jude was, who could be lonelier than Lucifer? Who ever thought about being fair to him? Surrounded by legions of foul fiends, snatched from the scented meadows of Heaven, he was lonelier than any Saint. They at least spoke sweetly to one another. They saw Jesus face to face. She thought God would understand if she set out to net Lucifer for Him. He would know she was only trying to do His holy will. He would be the last to mind if she thought pleasant thoughts about one who had tumbled from the heights, especially if she was bent upon converting him.

All the Saints had been saved. They were Catholics. Together with the cherubim and seraphim they sang hallelujahs before the throne of God. Lucifer alone among his shameless hordes was shut out. No wonder that, as Satan, he tempted the good! It was what the best dog might do in desperate straits. Lucifer was at odds with the world because no one remembered his day of light.

It was not wholly new for her to ponder upon the Devil's woes. Every now and then for a long time she had felt sorry for

him. He made her think of other great ones who had known glory and defeat: Napoleon on St. Helena; Washington praying in the snow at Valley Forge; the picture of Frederick Waiting for Dawn that hung in the study hall; Jesus Himself at Gethsemane, and again when, hanging on the Cross, He asked the Father why He had forgotten Him. That was it—Lucifer had been forgotten, all the good parts of his character had been lost sight of in his disgrace.

But she would not hold up his shame before his eyes. She would lay herself out to win his confidence as one did with a puppy that had been whipped too much.

She kept on thinking lovely sad things like these until the cry, "We give up! We give up!" sent her tumbling out of the hole. It was an achievement to have found a hiding place no one had ferreted out. The children guessed and guessed, but she did not tell where she had been sheltered. She might need the hole another time. Nor did she mention Lucifer, for the Saints were thrust aside in the mad scramble for the bread and molasses of collation.

Up to this time she had had no experience in winning the confidence of anything except a few stray dogs and a cat or two. So she treated Lucifer as gently, as carefully as she would have treated a hurt lost pup. She tried to get him accustomed to her attention without his notice. While she sought him out deliberately her casualness might have led him to think they had always been good friends. Imaginatively she spoke to him in a low voice so as not to alarm him—not about his conversion to the Faith, of course, but about anything else.

Little by little he became her confidant—over what to give the bantam that got gulps after an unseasonable warm shower; about how to do arithmetic examples in

carpeting; about whether to sharpen ice-skates before or after larding the leather straps. He went around with her everywhere: to pick tea leaves on the shale slopes that ran into the pasture; to snow-ball town boys who shinnied up the convent wall; to peek into the milkhouse where high pails stood shining.

She was sure that he was on her side—that because she was friendly toward him he was friendly toward her; that as the Devil he would not let his imps get at her; that he would keep away two awful dreams—one when she fancied she had got bats into her hair, the other that she had neglected to feed the pets whose monitor she was.

This last was the worst dream in the world. It haunted her for days after she had had it. She would wake up suddenly, sitting bolt upright in bed, cold perspiration dripping from her forehead, tortured by the supposed hunger of the small animals entrusted to her care. It took several minutes to remember that she had been as careful as ever with each adored pet—that each had had if anything too much to eat; that the water pans had been well washed and filled.

Once Lucifer became her friend, that dreadful dream vanished. She slept serenely, calm in the belief that he kept her safe from the demons who brought nightmares. She was not afraid of the dark any more. Gone were the qualms that darkness held: lurking deeper blacknesses that sprang at one's throat or sucked one's breath out—the way the servants said cats sometimes did when left alone with babies. She forgot even to ask God to keep her untouched by "blackhands and mafias and maniacs and drunkards", a dreaded quarantine that until then had ended her night prayers. With the Devil on her side those evil emissaries dared not come near.

All through the Winter he stayed by her. She got Perfect in deportment every month. She tried not to be bad because if she disturbed Sister Beatrice by whispering during study hour, it would be setting a bad example to her proselyte. She thought up ways of being polite that must have been new to Superior. For self-denial she learned obscure French irregular verbs. The children wondered if she had a vocation, if she were beginning to think of taking the vows in seven years. But when they pinched her and she pinched them back they doubted her allegiance to the religious life.

Lucifer helping, the woodchuck under the potato-house ate corn-meal mush out of a tin, like a real pet. Nor did he run away when she stood still close by. She added a half dozen field mice to the menagerie and tamed a rabbit that had broken its leg in a 'coon trap. A fox walked beside her once in the snowy fields. More deer came to the deerlick than ever before in the memory of the oldest nun. She and Lucifer used to lie for hours beside the runways waiting to watch them lope swiftly past.

III

It made her important to have a Secret Saint. That was brand new. So recreation time on stormy days often turned into Twenty Questions as the Younger School tried to guess who he was. Sister Beatrice herself was curious. Once, when a chance question had revealed that the mysterious patron was an angel, Sister Beatrice ran off a list of seraphs that left the children gasping: Israfel, Azrael, Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael. But there it stopped. He was her own, untold, remote to all, but hers until the end. She lost him in the Spring.

He was gone when she turned to point

out the first robin perched on the snowy branches of a forsythia bush that had thought it was about to bloom. She shook herself with surprise upon not seeing him. Lucifer was hiding for fun, so she tried to tell him how annoyed the robin looked when a wind gust tossed snow upon his perky tail. But she could not find her friend. No amount of pretence, deep contemplative pretence, brought him back. She looked for him all Spring—in the cedar grove where they had often gone in Winter to think; in the meadow where under the snow they had picked ground pine for Christmas wreaths; along Silver creek where small geysers bubbled up in the iciest weather; among the heather where in November grouse had wheeled off in affright. But he was gone.

Orphaned, she sought him where first she had found him, in the hole back of Our Lady's Grotto. It was lonely to be suddenly alone. So she wrote him notes after the fashion among the children. They always wrote notes to their Saints about their wishes when they felt chary about them, or when they felt they had waited long enough without getting them. They were posted overnight in some sacred place—at the foot of the high altar in a prayer-book; behind the frame of St. Thomas Aquinas's picture; under the carpet at the communion rail—so that the patron might read them when the convent slept. In the morning each holy missive was burned without a rereading. Tradition was that if one peeked into the note after its all night vigil among the Blessed, one's patron turned away his head in shame and wept at one's impatience.

She wrote Lucifer a note every day and posted it in a laurel nest in the hole back of the Grotto. She asked him where he had gone, what he was angry at her for. He could not have been very angry because

they had always had such good times together. They had never naggingly talked about conversion.

But it was hard to be unhappy when the sun shone, when soft earth smells came springing up out of the ground, when fields were blue and white and yellow with violets, when the peewees and robins and wrens edged each other off the swinging feed trays. Besides, so gay was it out of doors that Saints were left to walk their thoughtful ways alone in Heaven, undisturbed except for frantic calls at examination time.

But Lucifer was in her mind. So quite often she pretended when in the woods that she had him back again. It was as good as the truth; she even heard the hoof beats, the illusion was so perfect. Her heart laughed with secret pleasure all day long and her eyes became so quick at finding out woodland mysteries, her nose so quick at telling one shrub or flower smell from another, that Sister Beatrice did not say much at sight of her muddy shoes and torn uniforms. Sister Beatrice picked the burrs out of her hair, gave her fresh pumice for her fingers, laughed with her at her bull-thorn scratched legs.

She stopped writing notes to Lucifer after a while. It was more fun hunting for him in the woods. The sudden crack of a branch, the fall of a leaf upon her shoulder, the sharp ping of a hoof beat seemed to assure her he was not far off. She could not give up thinking she was about to find him. The search was so thrilling she forgot to care she had not turned him into a good Catholic. But when Sister Léocaddie gave her a wounded wild duck with a torn wing, she named him Sate. And as soon as he was well, in honor of Lucifer's winged days, she set Sate free on a high windy afternoon when another flock flew over.

ON THE CAUSES OF CRIME

BY SHELDON GLUECK

“THE cause of crime is feeble-mindedness. . . . The cause of crime is poverty.” These and similar dogmatisms are not infrequently expressed when people, even very intelligent people, pontificate about crime. Newspapers print summaries of statistical compilations about certain characteristics of prisoners, and editorial writers proceed to draw a moral and adorn a tale, without always taking into consideration indispensable fundamentals as to the very concept of criminality or the notion of causation. To call attention to some of these fundamentals as a basis for future interpretations of crime statistics by the intelligent lay public is the chief aim of this article.

First of all, are we always quite clear as to the meaning of crime itself? From a legal point of view, a crime is any act or failure to act that is prohibited by law for the protection or supposed welfare of the public, and punishable by politically organized society in a formal judicial proceeding initiated in the name of the state. But when we say that the act is prohibited by law, that is an imperfect description. This law, it must be pointed out, is only the legislation of a *particular time and place*. In other words, crime is a *relative* concept—relative to the society in which the act is prohibited and relative to the time at which it is prohibited.

Certain acts that in some civilized countries are designated by the laws of those societies as criminal, may not be such in

other regions. Certain acts that at some periods in any particular country are designated as crimes may not be criminal at other periods. Infanticide and patricide have not been regarded as criminal among certain primitive peoples. The prohibition of the manufacture, sale or transportation of liquor of a specified alcoholic content rendered certain acts criminal in our own country at one time and not at another. Gold hoarding was lawful only a short time ago; today it is punishable.

This relativity of crime to place and time makes it difficult to indulge in sound generalizations about it. But despite that inherent obstacle to the analysis of criminality, some useful description of it is still possible. For there are certain acts which have been quite generally condemned and punished by all developed societies through their laws and other repressive instrumentalities. Treason, a very uncommon crime, is one of these; murder, a much more frequent offense, is another. In most modern civilized communities, also, certain takings of property without the consent of the owner are stigmatized as criminal.

These illustrations lead to the important clue that, as Parmelee puts it, there are probably “certain types of individuals who are very likely to become criminal under *any* social system.” They are so organized innately as to find it very difficult to conform their behavior to even the minimal requirements of orderly, peaceful living

together in any modern society. "In every community are to be found intractable, rebellious, and unadaptable persons who are sure to react against any form of social control. . . . Consequently, while the personnel of the criminal class at any time and place is determined in part . . . by the kinds of acts which are criminal, it is also determined in part . . . by the traits" which enter into the composition of those persons who find it difficult, sometimes impossible, to become "socialized."

Hence, if we can determine the characteristic traits of modern American criminals who commit offenses which have long been prohibited as criminal, our findings will require but little qualification on the score of variations in acts deemed criminal at different times and places.

II

But no sooner have we dealt with this difficulty than another and more serious one arises. *A completely valid sample of criminals cannot be obtained.* The human beings we can subject to study are not the criminal class in general, but only a selected group of that class; as a rule only those incarcerated in prisons or jails.

This difficulty is too often ignored even in official reports, yet it is inherent in practically all criminologic research. For example, it is impossible to know exactly how many of the New York City population commit crimes at any time. For much that is violative of the law is done secretly and does not come to the attention of the authorities; and other crimes are winked at by public opinion and the police. No matter how far back we reach into the rake's progress, we cannot unwind the whole story.

Shall we begin with the first available record, crimes reported to the police? This

will not give us a complete picture, because it is impossible to say what fraction of crimes is never reported to the police. And who can describe the characteristics of those offenders whose crimes are not reported? Shall we take, then, statistics of arrests as our point of departure? This is still worse, for a high percentage of the crimes reported to the police do not result in arrests.

Shall we turn, then, to statistics of convictions? It is difficult to say how many persons who have certainly committed crimes are not brought to trial or are acquitted on trial. How can we know their characteristics, unless they are willing to subject themselves to study? And if we take persons actually convicted as our point of departure, we run into still another difficulty. For most of our existing research materials on the mental and social factors in criminality deal with persons sent to prison; and among convicts only a fraction are thus dealt with.

So at best we can have only an imperfect picture of the make-up of offenders, even when we gather together the most reliable evidence thus far thrown up in the researches. Moreover, it is conceivable that our picture, however painstakingly we draw it, will be biased; particularly when we realize the power of political influence and money in keeping many higher-ups out of the toils of the law and allowing many lower-downs to "take the rap."

But our troubles do not end there by any means. Let us assume that we can obtain a valid sample of offenders and that we can subject them to painstaking study, case by case. If our objective be to throw light on crime *causation*, we shall soon run into even greater involvements than those I have rehearsed. They arise from the fact of the puzzling complexity of

crime causation. In order to appreciate the difference in the task of the modern criminalist and that of criminologists of the past, it will be helpful to look backward upon some of the chief crime-causation notions of the days gone by.

Medieval and early modern theories of crime causation were characterized by a simplicity as naïve as it was brutal. In the Middle Ages it was simply assumed that crime was the handiwork of the Devil, operating on the inborn depravity of the individual. That view accounted, in large measure, for the fierce, sadistic brutality with which criminals were treated in the olden times. Not only hanging, but hanging, drawing and quartering were freely indulged in. Boiling, pressing, breaking on a wheel were other methods of expiation and deterrence.

Moreover, many more offenses (some of them relatively insignificant) were punishable capitally in the past than are so treated today. Pike, the historian of crime, describes conditions at the end of the Middle Ages by passages like the following:

The gibbet, with a robber hanging in chains, was one of the objects most frequently presented to the eye. A petty thief in the pillory, a scold on the cucking-stool, a murderer drawn to the gallows on a hurdle, were spectacles as familiar when Henry VII ascended the throne as a messenger from the telegraph office is to ourselves.

It was in protest against this brutality and the arbitrariness and irresponsibility of judges that, in 1764, Beccaria, an Italian humanitarian, published his epoch-making essay, "Crimes and Punishments." This little book took Europe by storm, coming as it did when the great humanitarian movement of the Eighteenth Century was swiftly gathering momentum. The essay soon passed into numerous editions and

languages. Among other reforms, Beccaria recommended that judges should be strictly confined to presiding at trials and to imposing the exact punishments prescribed in advance by the legislature to fit crimes of various degrees of severity. The crime-causation theory back of this so-called Classical system (and basically it is still in force) is the dogma that every person is able to exercise a completely free will, that this inborn capacity makes him a free moral agent, and that therefore he is responsible and punishable for acts which the law prohibits.

The rigor of the Classical School soon had to be relaxed somewhat in the case of two types of persons whose patent condition ran contrary to the initial dogma of absolute freedom of will; namely, the extremely insane or feeble-minded, and children of tender years. Hence, exceptions to the general concept of responsibility grew up for these two classes of cases, in the form of legal rules or standards which (with certain modifications) are still with us.

But this invasion of absolute freedom of will did not suggest to the law-makers that, having opened the door a few inches on the basis of evidence patently contrary to their dogma, they might be asked to open it still farther in the light of further evidence. In other words, it does not seem to have occurred to them that there is a multiplicity of influences—organic and social—involved in human behavior and its motivations. Who can say with any claim to precision that irresponsible conduct, in any rational sense, is more due to mental disorder than to the pulls and pressures of socio-economic forces?

It was not until the Nineteenth Century that there was anything more than a flank attack on the simple free-will theory of crime causation. It came through the de-

velopment of the positive, scientific method in the physical and biologic disciplines. In the field of criminology, this movement had its first fruits in the publication of a series of books by Cesare Lombroso, beginning in 1878 and running to the end of the century, based on clinical investigations into the anthropologic and psychiatric (and later, also, the sociologic) factors in criminality. The Lombrosian School will always be credited with one very important contribution: instead of speculating about human freedom versus determinism and spinning out theories of crime causation and criminal responsibility in the abstract, the Lombrosians went to the prisoner for the evidence.

Lombroso contended that the criminal "reproduces in civilized times characteristics not only of primitive savages but of still lower types." His hypothesis, too enthusiastically promoted, was that the biologic process of atavism, or throw-back to a distant ancestral type, accounts for the existence of what he called the "criminal type." Toward the end of his career, he concluded that not all offenders are born criminals, but only a fourth or a third; and that offenders "form a graduated scale leading from the born criminal to the normal individual." Among the latter ranks social and cultural influences predominate in the complex of causative forces.

III

Though the modern approach to the study of crime stresses the complexity of causation, there still exist pronounced biases in favor of the social factors in crime causation on the one hand, and the organic (largely psychiatric and psychologic) on the other. The difficulties involved may be illustrated by taking up the question from several typical points of view.

In many recent sociologic researches, for example, it has been emphasized that the rate of delinquency in a city varies with the type of area involved. This concept is by no means a new one. It was carefully worked out at least as far back as 1897 in Alfredo Niceforo's monograph on "Delinquency in Sardinia," but it has received more refined statistical treatment in recent years. It is demonstrated by the sociologists that the highest incidence of delinquency is customarily found in so-called "interstitial" areas. These are regions usually characterized by a transition from a residential to a business or manufacturing use, and by such unwholesome social conditions as crowded, unattractive housing, vice, desertion, anti-social cultural traditions handed down from group to group, gang life, and the like. Frequently, as one proceeds from such regions outward, the rate of delinquency becomes less and less.

This is a very useful concept. But let us examine its implications, which the sociologists do not as yet seem to have taken sufficiently into account. Suppose it is found that in delinquency areas as high a proportion as, say, 15% of all children are arrested for delinquencies, whereas in other areas, where the enumerated bad conditions prevail to a lesser degree, only 2% of the children are so treated. Granting, for the sake of argument, that policing and other necessary conditions in the two areas are quite similar, how can we account for the correlative and equally significant fact that even in such "interstitial" areas 85% of the children are *not* delinquent? The most we can assume, from researches of the type mentioned, is that in delinquency areas there is a complex of unhealthy social and cultural conditions which probably operate, to some degree, in a criminogenic way. But even this assumption must be greatly qualified. Standing alone, it does not explain

why it is that these same adverse socio-economic and cultural conditions apparently did not "cause" the delinquency in the far larger proportion of cases.

But the psychiatrist and psychologist also indulge in methodologic and logical fallacies. They naturally have tended to stress the biologic elements in the complex situation that is crime. Suppose a psychiatrist should find that in New York City 15% of the psychotic, psychopathic, psychoneurotic and feeble-minded population are criminal, whereas only 2% of the mentally sound population indulge in crime. Could he thereby conclude that mental abnormality is "the cause" or even the principal cause of crime in New York? How could he have a rounded conception of the truth if, staring him in the face, was the tough fact that 85% of the mentally ill do *not* commit crimes?

Thus far we have considered this matter by taking offenders in the mass and treating them statistically. Let us now look at an illustration or two of individual cases. X and Y are neighbors. Both were reared in the worst possible delinquency area. The entire "kingdom of evils" was their realm in childhood, and adolescence. I met X in prison, where he finally landed with a stiff sentence after numerous exploits of burglary, robbery, shooting at cops, and the like. The social and cultural factors in his career were so markedly unwholesome that any reasonable student of the case history would conclude, without more ado, that of course X turned out to be a bad man because of the woefully unfavorable environmental conditions. But unfortunately for the comprehensiveness and conclusiveness of this assumption, Y, who was subjected to practically the same conditions, has turned out to be a sober, law-abiding and successful citizen.

Take another case. A is in prison for

burglary. On examination, the psychiatrist triumphantly informs us that A is not only a long-standing burglar, but what is more important, a "psychopathic personality," and, in addition, a chronic alcoholic already showing signs of nervous and mental deterioration. The psychiatrist points out that his diagnosis is well supported by the developmental history of A. From very early childhood, he was regarded by teachers and parents as a problem child. He was very difficult to manage; he constantly revolted against all forms of authority. The history shows, further, that these patterns of temperament and behavior were systematically operative in A's later social relationships,—in the various places where he was employed and discharged for heatedly resenting orders of the foremen, in his relations with his wife and children, in his other companionships. Such is the psychiatrist's diagnosis. But the sociologist triumphantly insists that A is the person we know him to be today because since earliest childhood he and his family have lived in the direst poverty, and resided in the vilest tenements of the most marked delinquency area; that A has eagerly imbibed the "anti-social cultural traditions" of corner gangs for the past twenty years.

The psychiatrist and sociologist now desire to synthesize their information and obtain a more rounded and convincing account of the etiology of A's criminalism. But they soon find themselves enmeshed in a series of vicious circles and spirals, arguing over what is the cart and what the horse, and whether the cart always goes after the horse or sometimes, as supposedly in this case, precedes. Has A's criminality been caused by his drunkenness, or have both his alcoholism and his misconduct been caused by his psychopathic personality? Did A become a drunkard because he could not stand his family's miserable

situation, or was its economic insufficiency the result of A's alcoholism? Or have both the alcoholism and criminality been caused by A's supposedly innate constitutional inferiority?

These sequences, and many more, may have occurred at different stages in the career of A, in a series of vicious action-reaction mechanisms. But even by the closest scrutiny of his developmental history with the means thus far available to criminologists it would be found difficult to assign *primacy* to any of the factors involved. Naturally, one would be inclined to place the constitutional or innate inadequacy first; but often it cannot be said conclusively that any particular factor or condition is innate; and even if it could be done it is conceivable that an innate defect, such as psychopathic personality or mental deficiency, standing alone, would not have brought about the anti-social conduct.

IV

The illustrations given suggest a number of fruitful ideas about crime causation that are too often ignored. First, whether considered in the mass, statistically, or in the individual case, criminalistic etiology is extremely complex. That is why it is so easy for special pleaders to seize upon one element or group of factors that happens to interest them and assign to it exclusive or at any rate primary causative force.

Secondly, it is very difficult, even by the use of refined mathematical statistics, to assign relative weights to different elements in the causation complex. And this is true even when we study the individual case with great thoroughness. The most we can talk about is probabilities.

Thirdly, it is very difficult to assign primacy to any of the arcs in the series of

vicious circles so often found in the careers of criminals.

Fourthly, just because we find a biologic or social condition existing in the career of one criminal that has been reasonably proved to be criminogenic in another, is no reason for jumping to the conclusion that it was also causative of the misconduct in the first, or if causative, that it operated to the same degree of intensity. To state the matter differently, we must not ignore the fact that individuals differ in the degree of *permeability* to the social and cultural milieu in which they find themselves, and that social factors vary in the degree to which they affect people as a whole. As Dr. Bernard Glueck puts it, "a factor, whether personal or situational, does not become a cause unless and until it first becomes a motive." Some unfavorable social conditions are thrown off by certain people like water off a duck's back; other unfavorable social conditions, far from dragging particular individuals down, serve as an added stimulus to effort and ambition. In brief, the actual interplay of personal and social factors in the individual case is the bridge one must try to cross before arriving at conclusions regarding the causation of crime.

Finally, it should be clear from what has gone before that in criminal conduct, as in most other forms of human expression, every person has his individual resistance-point or, if you will, breaking-point. It is difficult for *all* members of any society at any one time to lead a socially acceptable existence, involving a subordination of the natural impulses to the alleged general welfare. But *most* persons are able (natively and through elaborate education) to meet the ordinary requirements of the legal standard of the age and place wherein they live.

If that society raises its demands, or

through social stress such as long-standing unemployment makes it more difficult to adhere to the rules of the game, it thereby taps a deeper layer of persons who will violate the law; because it has in this way brought further pressure to bear on those whose resistance-capacity is at present stretched almost to the breaking-point. Thus the criminal act occurring at any given time is the outcome of constitutional and acquired, personal and social forces, and shows only that the individual's power of resistance has been over-balanced by the strength of the other circumstances.¹

Despite the researches of the past decade, it is in my opinion as yet premature to make any well-grounded statement as to the relative participation of these social and biologic factors in crime causation. This does not mean, however, that a reasonable knowledge of the mental and physical

characteristics, as well as social background, of prisoners is as yet unavailable. It means only that the transition from a description of the *traits* of existing delinquents and criminals to conclusions as to *causation* should not too readily be made.

A study of the traits of offenders is extremely useful for the practical correctional purposes of classification, education, trade instruction, mental therapy and the like. Having ascertained them, we shall in part be engaged in a symptom therapy, in part in a causal therapy. For the welfare of society, inasmuch as the vast majority of offenders are sooner or later to be returned to freedom, all measures looking to improvements in their mental and physical health, their educational and industrial equipment, their deep-rooted attitudes, may be regarded as a sound investment of the public funds. Moreover, intensive pre-occupation with programmes of control and therapy will most likely lead us nearer and nearer to the secret citadel of crime causation.

¹I have developed these views in detail in pages 13-19 of the chapter on "Housing and Delinquency," written by a committee under the chairmanship of Clifford Shaw, in "Housing and the Community," edited by John M. Gries and James Ford.

THE PEDAGOGUES HUNT INDIANS

BY FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR

A SUMMER or two ago the country was momentarily shocked by the disappearance of a young woman ethnologist who had been pursuing her studies on an Indian reservation in Eastern Arizona. The discovery of her disfigured and decaying body soon afterward indicated plainly that her researches into the sex life of the male Apache had been followed not wisely but all too well. She had not reckoned with the fact that these people are but a generation removed from an existence in which their needs were met simply by rapine and plunder.

The tragedy took place not far from a large cluster of substantial and attractive buildings, erected and maintained by the government for Apache youth. Here the young man who is now serving a sentence for this murder, as well as other youths of his tribe, had had educational opportunities pressed upon him. Only a few miles away another great group of buildings provides, at the taxpayers' expense, housing, food, clothing and tuition to some hundreds of other Indian boys and girls.

At this second school some of the pupils are also Apaches, but the greater number are from the vast Navajo reservation which covers much of the northern part of the State, stretching over into New Mexico and Utah. Although within the same State as the homes of its pupils, this Fort Apache boarding-school, set high among the pines where the White river

dashes along between the hills, is as different as can well be imagined from anything to be seen in the sandy desert country where the Navajo rove and tend their flocks.

Despite the current demands for retrenchment and budget balancing, despite even the announced intention of the latest régime in the Indian Service to discard Indian boarding-schools, an ambitious building programme has been in progress at this last institution. About a year ago there was completed a dormitory for the older girls that is the last word in comfort, not to say luxury, and now a similar building for boys has just been put into service.

Each of these buildings cost about \$100,000 for materials and labor. The cost of the building site, of the architectural work and of the services of a supervisor of construction were met from other sources and are not included. Thus the pupils for whom these dormitories were built are housed in a fashion possible to only a fortunate few in this country.

The contrast between these massive edifices and the homes from which their occupants come is fantastic. The typical Apache dwelling is a thatched hut which presents the appearance of a round haystack with a piece of canvas stretched over one side. The Navajo dwells in a *hogan*, a circular lodge of earth and brush. Both dwellings are windowless. Both make their single concession to ventilation with a hole in the roof through which some of

the smoke may escape. Whenever the temperature permits—there is practically no danger of rainfall in that country—life is carried on in the open.

The Navajo child is born to the semi-nomadic existence of the shepherd. It is the daughter, more often than not, who is actively engaged in tending the sheep. She spends her days under the blazing desert sun, following the slow meanderings of the herd, companioned by the browsing sheep, a contingent of goats, some yapping curs, and her pony. From such surroundings as these she comes to the government school. If she has much aptitude for herding, her parents are reluctant to have her go.

At home she has slept on the hard earth, wrapped about with an old sheepskin. Cooking has been over an open fire and of the simplest character. The flesh of goat or sheep, beans and black coffee have been the staples of her diet. Such washing as has been done has been with water brought from a distance at a serious expenditure of time and labor. For either body or clothing, immersion has never become a habit.

During the typhus epidemic which followed the World War, it was deemed advisable to dip the natives of that wild country in an immunity bath of sulphur and other strong ingredients. The vats used for dipping the sheep were carried from place to place, and the greater number of the Navajos, men, women and children, were given the unaccustomed luxury of a bath. To many it was a surprising revelation to learn that the body could be free from vermin. A substantial number profited by this lesson to remain rid of such parasites, but the conditions of Navajo life make this a difficult undertaking.

Our Navajo pupil has seen her elders

wearing the same clothing day in and day out, even season in and season out. She has seen a woman's new dress superimposed upon the old one, the latter to remain as an undergarment until it falls away from age and attrition. Of the appearance and use of those undergarments that would commonly be worn by white women in such a climate as that of Northern Arizona she is probably totally ignorant.

It is scarcely possible to realize the change which comes to her upon her transfer to light, airy rooms with soft beds, electric lights, central heating, and hot and cold water at will. At one Navajo school it used to be necessary for children new to the institution to have the mattresses removed at first from the beds. They had to become accustomed to the softness before they could tolerate it.

Neither this nor any other of the comforts which he finds at school can bear any relation in the child's mind to his *hogan* home. So long as the Navajo people continue in their present location and their present means of livelihood, there is no way in which these modern conveniences can be introduced into more than a very few of their dwellings. In so far as the Navajo pupil learns to like such luxuries and to depend upon them for his daily comfort, just so far is he incapacitated for the life he will have to lead when school days are over and he returns to the desert and the sheep.

Yet for the majority of the tribe return is inevitable. A few, but only a few, find some place outside. Up to the present time there has been but a bare beginning of the long-urged employment service for those who wish to make use of their school training. But even if such a service were in full operation its greatest endeavors would not result in placing all

Navajos at work away from their barren homeland.

It is obvious that for those who must remain the work of the school should be directed, not at removing them so far from the normal Navajo mode of life that it will thereafter always be hard and unpleasant for them, but at showing them how by reasonable and proper effort they can improve that life and ameliorate its difficulties. An education which unfits them for being shepherds and offers no alternative is scarcely to be termed a service to them.

To recognize this fact is not to advocate discomfort for these Indian children. Undue softness and luxury during the school years, however, merely serve to accentuate the hardship and discomfort that are sure to be met with later. A form of school existence based on some reference to Navajo life as it must be lived would be a far greater kindness than the present undesired coddling. A \$100,000 dormitory is a sentimentally generous gesture, but it is far from an intelligent contribution to the training of the young Navajo.

II

Similar reflections are induced by the larger and more distant non-reservation boarding-schools. At Phoenix and at Riverside—the latter in California—are two large institutions which are among the show places of the Indian Service. Children from many Southwestern tribes are collected at these schools and carried through a term of years in which they are supposed to receive the equivalent of a high-school education.

There are provided, likewise, all the modern substitutes for mental activity—a bewildering round of sports and games and athletic contests, a succession of pag-

eants and dramatic performances, social activities of many sorts and great frequency. There are school papers, handsomely produced and franked out to subscribers. There are bands and orchestras composed of students. There are societies and clubs in amazing number. Judging from the imposing and elaborate year-books, each student is a member of five or six of these organizations. Modern, "progressive" education, it appears, proceeds by means of "activities." Surely the young Red Man has a sufficient number of these to engage his attention! If he emerges from school with the expectation that the world will continue to provide lavishly for him without any effort on his part, that result is no more than can be reasonably expected.

Yet these schools are presumed to be preparing Indian pupils for the life before them. Great stress is laid upon the supposedly practical training given. A hundred years ago the missionaries were apt to call their institutions "manual labor schools." Later emphasis was placed upon "industrial education." Today the programmes revel in "vocational guidance." Indian education thus proceeds from one catchword to another.

The courses in cooking and sewing introduced a generation ago under their common or garden names were later scheduled in more dignified fashion as domestic science and domestic art, and now they are presented under the imposing title of Home Economics. One may take the building at Phoenix devoted to this branch of endeavor as an example of the refinements to which the new science has been subjected. It is a handsome structure with a shoal of teachers. It contains all the appliances that an energetic salesman could press upon the most susceptible housewife. There is every convenience

for developing expert makers of fancy salads and sandwiches. Life here is lived in faithful accord with the maxims of Fanny Farmer and Emily Post.

The girls who go through the exhaustive courses in the preparation of bridge luncheons and the serving of afternoon teas may be from any of the Southwestern tribes, but are chiefly Apache, Navajo, Pima or Papago. Girls from the latter two tribes may sometimes put to practical use the less fanciful part of the training they receive, for Indian women are often employed as domestic servants in the households of Phoenix and Tucson, but not many households in these towns, and still fewer in the villages, can be equipped with even a small part of the gadgets and dohickeys to which school has accustomed the girls.

But the majority of them go from school, not into domestic service but back to the reservation life they have known. It is a life so far removed from the sphere of Emily Post that it would tax the most brilliant and most experienced to find any relation between the two. Being as a rule neither brilliant nor experienced, the Indian girl makes not the slightest attempt to reconcile them. Instead, she simply relapses into the old ways.

At the San Carlos reservation was encountered a young woman graduate of the Phoenix school who may be cited as an example. A year before she had received her diploma, which may have recorded that she majored in Home Economics or in nursing or possibly in a stenographic course. At school she had worn modish frocks which made frequent trips to the laundry or the cleaner. Her glossy locks had been surmounted by a not unattractive cap or hat. She slept on a comfortable bed between clean sheets. She was served at regular hours, three

times daily, with meals planned according to the latest rules of diet and prepared in a great kitchen equipped with all the latest labor-saving machinery.

But on her return home this young Apache girl instantly resumed the native dress—in reality, a garb adapted by the Apache women sixty or seventy years ago from the fashions of the officers' wives who came to the Army posts of the region. Not native life, but the hoopskirt day of our grandmothers, is brought to mind by these long full calico skirts, sweeping up the dust as they swirl about the toes of the wearer. Indian taste finds its expression in the gay reds and greens which are chosen when the Apache woman makes her purchases at the trader's store.

In such a dress, its brilliant colors somewhat obscured by long exposure to dust and sweat, our high-school graduate now sits on the ground as her mother and grandmother did before her. If a stranger approaches she may draw a gaudy shawl over her unkempt hair. The thatched round hut in which she dwells affords little wall space for the exhibition of her diploma. She does her cooking over an open fire, which serves her amply for the simple stewing of beef and beans, and the browning of tortillas.

Gladly enough she has relinquished the variety of vegetables and sweets that were on her school menu. As for the delicacies prepared in her pursuit of Home Economics, they are as remote to her as Greenland. Her elders would ridicule her without mercy if she were to try to put into practice the things she learned at school. And not unjustly so. Even a teacher of Home Economics should see the comedy of trying to reconcile the two schemes of life, Apache and American.

Common enough is the old complaint

that the educated Indian goes back to the blanket. But it is difficult to see how this girl could do anything else. The fault lies with the type of training that bears no relation to her blanket and offers her no alternative to a return to it. If she must go back to it, why not try to improve the blanket, or at least encourage her to keep it clean?

III

In its long history the Indian Service has struggled with many a handicap. One of the greatest is the change of plan and method which it commonly undergoes with each new administration. Of a series of such changes extending over the past half century, none has been more drastic than that which has taken place during the past few years. New pedagogical methods and theories are being imposed by a great influx of new employes whose strings of college degrees are matched only by their exquisite ignorance of the Indian and his ways.

Until about 1880 the work of educating Indian children was left to the missionaries. Yearly the government appropriated a few thousand dollars which were turned over to the schools established under church auspices. But with the beginning of Carlisle Indian School a new scheme was adopted, and soon boarding-schools operated entirely by the government sprang up all over the country. Before the century was at an end the few thousands appropriated annually had come to the million mark and gone beyond. The present century has seen a steady increase. Said Senator King of Utah last March:

I believe that Congress has intended during the past few years to reduce the extravagant expenditures of the Indian Bureau, but the fact is that its expenses have

doubled during the preceding seven fiscal years, and this enormous increase has been incurred largely in paying higher salaries and in the compensation of an increased number of employes. These expenditures, exclusive of payments to the Indians from their own funds, in the fiscal year 1926 were \$13,991,470. But in 1932 they amounted to more than \$27,000,000 in addition to *per capita* disbursed by the bureau from tribal funds and from indefinite appropriations.

While not all of this appropriation goes for schools, the greater portion of it is spent, in one way or another, for their erection and maintenance. And it is the schools more than any other feature of the Indian Service that have rejoiced in the doubled appropriations of the past few years. There are many more employes with vastly advanced salaries; there are swarms of supervisors and administrators; there are new high-sounding titles for old positions, all in the name of "progressive" education. Where there were once matrons there are now Girls' Advisors. Instead of courses of study there is now a series of "activities." And when the Apache child craves his beloved *frijoles* he gets a salad.

Many of these changes have grown out of a well-meaning project of several years ago. Constant attacks on the Indian Service made it seem desirable to have a survey made of the situation. The need was presented to the Rockefeller Foundation and the result was a donation of \$125,000. This amount was placed in the hands of the Institute for Government Research, which at the request of the Secretary of the Interior selected a committee of ten "experts" to study the Indian situation.

Strangely enough, the expertness of these experts was assured by taking care that no one should be chosen who had any previous knowledge of Indian affairs. One of the members had for a year or so

been a teacher in an Indian school, but this offense was condoned because it was twenty years in the past. Thus carefully insulated from previous experience and information, the members of the committee spent a few months in a rapid whirl from one Indian jurisdiction to another. A period about thrice as long was consumed in writing their conclusions, which were promulgated in a large book bearing the title of "The Problem of Indian Administration." It was a grand slam.

That the more than 800 pages of this volume revealed to those acquainted with Indian matters how superficial the survey had been need scarcely be stated. There were many observations such as any intelligent visitor might make, but they were based on no knowledge of Indian history, and still less on any understanding of the complicated legal and economic factors involved. They were unenlightened by a knowledge of the Indian character and attitude.

The gist of these conclusions was that the Indian Service was a piece of governmental machinery in need of immensely increased appropriations. There must be higher educational standards, and doubled salaries for all employes. Those teachers without college degrees—if possible, all without the higher degrees—must be eliminated as rapidly as might be, whatever their experience and devotion.

With the Hoover administration in 1929 came the appointment as Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs of two Philadelphia Friends of the highest character and ideals, men who were all but literally drafted into the work, men whose sole purpose has been the bettering of Indian conditions. That they were totally unacquainted with the problems they were to solve was felt to be an insignificant matter.

These men took the huge Survey report as the Holy Writ of their endeavors. The voices of the ten "experts" were no more to be questioned than Saint Joan's heavenly mentors. Is it surprising that more than one of the ten has now found his way into the Indian Service as a highly paid administrator? Under such auspices the transformation of the Indian schools has gone on merrily.

With a Director of Education, an Assistant Director of Education, a Supervisor of Indian Education, a Supervisor of Elementary Education, a Supervisor and Assistant Supervisors in the fields of Home Economics and Industrial Education, it might be supposed that there was sufficient oversight over the training of 70,000 children, more than half of whom were enrolled, not in Indian schools, but in the public schools of their own localities. Not so. This was far from enough to meet the New Idea. A flock of regional supervisors must be added, and lest they seem superfluous in the eyes of the law a new title was evolved for them, and they became known as Demonstration Teachers.

Their new rule is now in full swing, particularly in the Southwest. "If there really is a new way in education," writes the new director, "certain Indian groups offer the best possible place to apply it." Premising that "a mere three R's type of education is sufficiently absurd anywhere," the professed purpose is "to make use of the marvelous resources that exist in the Indian environment."

One thing quickly noted by the visitors to these new-type schools is the frequent absence of the pupils from the schoolroom. At a given time possibly one-third of the rooms will be vacated, save for the teacher who may be dozing there in the absence of her charges. They are elsewhere. They are indulging in recreation periods, or in

voluntary activities, presumably of a scholastic bearing, though not always demonstrably so. They are perhaps enjoying games too expansive for the confines of a classroom, although nearly everything that goes on within the room is presented in the nature of a game.

Everywhere is emphasized the protest against order, regularity, system. Wherever possible, desks are abolished. The substitutes are chairs with a little shelf in front of the pupil. These must be placed irregularly here and there over the room; straight rows are anathema. Underneath the seat of each chair is a drawer which moves back and forth with a mechanical shriek of protest recalling the sudden use of a rusty brake. Within such a compartment are stored the crayons used for the art work that seems to form the *pièce de résistance* of this feast of progressivism.

The drawer may even contain a book; but books are frowned upon by the exponents of the New Method. From the child's own deep font of wisdom and experience must be drawn the content of the lessons and their development.

IV

Even the infant and primitive mind sometimes questions these arcana. After a day spent in health games and sand-pile activities and crayon work on the family coat-of-arms, one pueblo youngster remarked in evident disgust: "Gee! we haven't had a bit of reading all day!" Apparently he had wearied of Creative Work and was willing to accept instruction from some other source than his own subconscious.

On another occasion a group of elders remonstrated against a command that their children should no longer speak up in greeting to a visitor. The demonstration teacher whom they had saluted had

hastily, roughly and publicly reprimanded the teacher for permitting her pupils to do such a thing in concert. News of this occurrence was carried home by the children, and their elders came to inquire about the matter. The teacher endeavored to explain the nature of the offense for which she had been blamed.

"You see," she said, "that was the older fashion, to say Good-morning. Now there is a new fashion, and they want the children to learn the new way."

"But no," the parents made earnest objection, "to say Good-morning is the new way. The old way, the children hid their heads behind their mother or made faces at visitors. We want them to learn to be polite and say Good-morning!"

Everything in the nature of a day's programme in the elementary schools has been abandoned. If the child acquires any knowledge about the sum of three and four he must get it through the medium of a game. Instead of rows of figures he has his addition presented in the guise of a clock or a fruit-basket. The rules of hygiene presumably gain some special potency by having the children stand around in a circle and count out after the fashion of hide-and-seek. The one indicated mumbles "Take a bath" or "Eat vegetables" or "Brush your teeth" in time to be absolved from the necessity of becoming "it."

The utter planlessness of the elementary schools must of course undergo some modification when the children reach high-school age. Boys and girls in their teens do not respond quite so fervently as do their juniors to the injunction to "Hop up, little children, and let's play we are happy little butterflies." In fact, at the Albuquerque school the pupils are reported to show a preference for subjects that are given only as electives—algebra, physics and the like. Thereby they run

the danger of missing the purpose of the New Education, which is to create aptitudes, not merely to impart facts. But even with this avowed design it is often difficult to keep a fact or two from seeping into their receptive minds.

History, for example, is re-created—never taught—by the medium of having the pupils ask their parents about the earlier days of the tribe. The assumption that every adult Indian is a reservoir of history is certainly a somewhat violent one. If the schools of New York or Chicago are sending Nick home to ask his father the candy-peddler about the glories of ancient Greece, or requiring Antonio to haunt his father's bootblackening emporium for information about the Caesars, or even about Garibaldi, then they are certainly more imbecile than the taxpayers who support them would like to believe.

Recently in an Indian school magazine an interview was reported with an old woman of the Delaware tribe. This octogenarian declared that the Delawares were part of the Iroquois nation. The fact known to any student beginner in Indian history is that they were conquered dependents of the Iroquoian League, and that their progress westward was an effort to escape from a domination they disliked. Yet this erroneous statement, unchallenged, was made in an Indian school paper by government employés whose concern, officially, is the education of Indian youth.

An even more striking instance was a brief account written by an Oklahoma lad of a trophy deposited in the school library. It was said to be a weapon used by Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, whose celebrated retreat is still within the memories of living men. In the space of a brief paragraph the youthful commentator located the Nez Percés in Oklahoma in-

stead of Idaho, made Joseph victor of several battles fought on British soil, and apparently raised General Miles to a commission in the Canadian Army. Other misapprehensions and misstatements appeared, almost incredibly many for so brief a narrative. That a pupil in the ninth grade should make such errors is not entirely inexplicable, but that the teacher for whom he produced this remarkable theme should have been unaware of its deviation from fact, or unwilling to hamper the boy's Creative Self-Expression by correcting him, is another matter.

V

For final determination of the year's accomplishment the Stanford tests are used. In general these consist of questions so worded that the pupil whose ability is being assayed chooses between one word and another, making a check mark opposite the preferred one. The system makes the correction of the papers an easy matter for the teacher, particularly as she has an answer sheet to guide her in case her own knowledge is not equal to the strain. That it is almost equally easy for the pupil is obvious. From the laws of chance it may be deduced that a person unable to read at all would have a fifty-fifty chance at the examination. Indeed, passing the test with the questions entirely hidden from view would be by no means impossible.

Yet these papers are used to show not only the ability of the pupil to advance from one grade to another, but the actual month, as well as year, he is supposed to have attained in his progress. The accomplishment in each different subject is plotted out in an attractive graph, an average struck, and the result duly recorded. Josefita, having attained in Eng-

lish a result corresponding to four years and eight months, in arithmetic five years and three months, in history six years and two months, is properly reduced to a diagram and thus proved to belong to the fourth month of the fifth year of school. Nothing could be plainer.

The closing problem of one of these tests required the pupil to decide whether it was more desirable to say "Do not *pursue*" or "Do not *cherish* an idle fancy." Temporarily the check sheet had been mislaid, and the teachers who were marking the test felt unequal to the decision. They appealed to the supervising demonstration teacher; she too was unable to decide. Correctness, apparently, lay in determining whether the Stanford instructor who set forth the enigma had already pursued and captured his idle fancy and might proceed to cherish it, or was to be deterred *ab initio* from its pursuit. Yet it was fifth-grade pupils who were supposed to read the mind of the testmaker, and whose standing was in part to be determined by the accuracy of their telepathic powers.

The purpose of the pedagogues is no longer to teach, but to "condition skill outcomes." Native Navajo rug weavers are employed to teach the girls their art, just as they would do on the desert in any case. Without their salary from the school funds, however, they might not be "conditioning skill outcomes"; they might merely be producing rugs.

This fostering of the Indian arts and crafts is a great feature of the New Education. Silverwork and beadwork, handwoven materials, furniture embodying native designs, are among the products of the government schools. Such sources of light as the Anthropological Museum at Santa Fé are diligently consulted, and the services of nearby artists are often called

into requisition. All this is represented as a restoration of the ancient culture of the Indians. Historically, however, of all these so-called native arts, only basket making and pottery antedated the coming of the white man. Spanish sheep and Spanish looms made possible the development of the Navajo rug, the working of silver was unknown in the coinless pre-Columbian days, furniture was non-existent in any form known today, and beads have always been the product of the white man.

As for the pottery, that too has suffered a sea change from the golden age before the arrival of the white man. Mrs. Mary Austin testified before a Senate committee that twelve years ago she found the Pueblo art of jar making quite extinct, and that she herself taught Marie of San Ildefonso all she knows. So the art of which Marie is admittedly the leading exponent today is certainly not native.

Unfortunately, the American public has so far demonstrated no avid taste for Indian art. Still less is there any general ability to distinguish between the real and the imitation. Just as he accepts the Chicago-made warbonnet as a symbol of any tribe from the Micmacs of Nova Scotia to the Yaquis of Sonora, so the average tourist will complacently purchase a factory-made moccasin or a red-faced doll wrapped in a scrap of Pendleton blanket, and fancy that he has an authentic piece.

So one comes to the basic fact that the Indian school system has never fairly faced the problem of following up its work. As with educators elsewhere, its pedagogues seem to regard the school as an end in itself. The idea that it exists for its usefulness to the individual or to society in the years to follow is lost sight of in handsome buildings, elaborate plans, imposing technical jargon, and myriad "activities."

CADET EDGAR ALLAN POE, U.S.A.

BY CARLISLE ALLAN

IF THE visitor to West Point enters the Library of the Military Academy by the seldom-used east corridor, he passes through a doorway over which there is a tablet inscribed with the words:

IN MEMORIAM EDGAR ALLAN POE
BORN MDCCCIX—DIED MDCCCXLIX
How dark a woe! Yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! Yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love!

Below this inscription the architect has cut into the lintel a quotation from Francis Bacon:

There is no exquisite beauty without
some strangeness in the proportion.

This doorway, with its tablet, is the sole memento at West Point to Poe's military career, and it is fitting, perhaps, that close beside it is another tablet, dedicated to a cadet whose Army service was even less distinguished—James McNeill Whistler, whose adventure in the profession of arms was abruptly terminated by his insistence before an examination board in chemistry that silicon was a gas.

Cullum Hall, a short distance from the Library, is crowded with the portraits of distinguished soldiers in full dress uniforms, the contemporaries of Poe and Whistler in their cadet days. These portraits show the successful sons of West Point, the graduated cadets who achieved the rank of general officer in the Armies of the Republic, and it is to Cullum Hall

that the cadet takes his visitors, to show the portraits of Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan, and the others whose likenesses adorn the walls. Few indeed visit the obscure corner of the Library, and many cadets spend four years at the Academy without knowing that the two men whose names are preëminent in our literature and our art wore the grey uniform of the Corps of Cadets a century ago. Nor do they know that for two years before he entered West Point Poe served as an enlisted man in the Regular Army.

Poe's biographers have long disagreed as to the dates of his enlisted service and as to the motives which prompted him to go for a soldier. Poe himself told so many conflicting stories about his two years in the Army that it is safer to rely on official records and on his own correspondence than on any of the second-hand reminiscences of his contemporaries. For he is reported by them to have been in St. Petersburg in 1829; to have fought for the Greeks in 1830; and to have enlisted after leaving West Point, instead of before he became a cadet. These are simply versions of the stories he told to his friends. Most of his earlier biographers were misled by them, and several recent biographies still contain errors concerning his military service.

The true record of his career in the Army is to be found in his own letters, now in the Valentine Museum in Richmond, and in the brief records of service

of Edgar A. Perry, and Edgar A. Poe in the Adjutant-General's Office in Washington. These latter state simply that

Edgar Allan Poe was enlisted under the name of Edgar A. Perry, on May 26, 1827, and was assigned to Battery H, 1st U. S. Artillery. He was appointed artificer May 1, 1828, and sergeant-major January 1, 1829, and was discharged the service April 15, 1829, upon furnishing a substitute. During the period of his service he was stationed at Fort Moultrie, S. C.; Fort Independence, Mass., and Fortress Monroe, Va. Age, at enlistment, 22 years; eyes, grey; hair, brown; complexion, fair; height, 5 ft. 8 in.; birthplace, Boston, Mass.; occupation, clerk. He was also a cadet at the U. S. Military Academy from July 1, 1830, to March 6, 1831.

Poe arrived in Boston from Richmond early in April, 1827, after his year at the University of Virginia, which was followed by a few days of agony in the offices of his patron, John Allan, of Richmond. It is most unlikely that he enlisted because of any liking for the Army. Just as Samuel Taylor Coleridge became Silas Tomkyn Comberbacke, 15th Light Dragoons, so Edgar Allan Poe, because he was hungry and penniless, became on May 26, 1827, Edgar A. Perry, 1st Artillery. When one considers the enlisted personnel of the Regular Army of a hundred years ago it becomes evident that his need must have been dire. As Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Ganoe says in his "History of the United States Army":

Small pay, little recreation, hard duty, and scant opportunity for advancement were not appealing to the well-bred young men of the country. The failure, the foreigner, and the adventurer made up to too great a degree the rank and file of the Army of 1827.

With such comrades, Recruit Poe, educated in an excellent English preparatory school, and in the best academy of an

aristocratic Southern city, and but lately come from the foremost university of the South, must indeed have been an impossible soldier, had he not obtained promotion quickly. Lieutenant Joshua Howard, who was commanding Company H, 1st Artillery, when he enlisted, was probably not long in discovering that his education was exceptional. And the young recruit, after the rigorous period of recruit instruction, was probably not averse to an early detail to easier duties. Thus he became company clerk.

As such it was his duty to prepare the routine papers of his organization and to serve as messenger between his company orderly-room and regimental headquarters. He wrote letters at the dictation of Lieutenant Howard. He prepared the payrolls and muster-rolls of his company, and these documents, from July 1827, to April 1828, now on file in the Old Records Division of the Adjutant-General's Office, are probably in his handwriting.

Because of this clerical work he was excused from the normal garrison duties of his comrades. He probably never served more than one tour of guard duty during the entire period of his Army service; he was not required to serve as a waiter or scullion in his company mess; and he did not attend drill. He had more leisure than any other man in his company. In his contacts with regimental headquarters, he undoubtedly impressed the headquarters staff with the superiority of his education, and so his choice as regimental sergeant-major after but slightly more than a year's service, though unusual, was not unnatural.

Poe's first promotion, however, was not to the grade of sergeant-major, but to that of artificer. The three battery artificers prepared the bombs and shells used by the battery, and, under the battery com-

mander, exercised general supervision over its ammunition supply. By his promotion Poe was not required to perform any of the routine duties that he had avoided as a clerk; moreover, his monthly pay was doubled. As a private he had received \$5 a month; his pay as artificer became \$10 a month, with "one ration of whiskey or rum per day, issued in kind."

He was now a soldier of comparative importance in his regiment. He was higher in rank than the sergeants of his company, but junior to the regimental staff sergeants—the regimental sergeant-major, and the regimental quartermaster sergeant. Again his superior qualifications made him a candidate for promotion and when Sergeant-Major R. L. Glenndening was discharged in December, 1828, Artificer Perry was brought from Company H, and after a month's preparation in his new duties, was promoted on January 1, 1829, to the grade of regimental sergeant-major. This promotion brought him under the eye of his commanding officer.

II

Colonel James House, who commanded the 1st Artillery during Poe's service in the regiment, is described by the regimental historian as "an old fogey." He had no military education, and before adopting the military profession he had been an artist. As a company officer he had been known as a very lax disciplinarian, and as he grew older he became even less exacting. It is safe to say that his discipline was not of the type best suited to "failures, foreigners, and adventurers." Despite the question that many of Poe's biographers have raised as to his aptitude for the military profession, because of his habitual disregard of discipline, it is quite probable that the discipline to which he was sub-

jected in the 1st Artillery was of a kind that could not have been irksome even to his free spirit. Nevertheless, even with security against hunger and poverty and with "one ration of whiskey or rum per day," he was ready after eighteen months in barracks to let Mr. Allan know of his desire to leave the Army.

On December 1, 1828, he addressed his first letter to his patron. This letter supplemented a communication that Lieutenant Howard had sent to Mr. Allan by Mr. H. O. Lay, of Richmond, some days before, informing Mr. Allan for the first time of his enlistment; it replied to Mr. Allan's acknowledgment of that communication. Poe wrote:

I can readily see & forgive the suggestion which prompted you to write "he had better remain as he is until the termination of his enlistment;" . . . but at no period of my life, have I regarded myself with a deeper satisfaction, or did my heart swell with more honorable pride. I have been in the American Army as long as suits my ends or my inclination, and it is now time that I should leave it. To this effect I made known my circumstances to Lieut. Howard, who promised me my discharge solely upon a reconciliation with yourself. . . .

P.S. We are now under orders to sail for Old Point Comfort and will arrive there before your answer can be received.

Receiving no reply to this letter, Poe again wrote to Mr. Allan, on December 22, from Fortress Monroe, where his battery had arrived. He begged ardently that Mr. Allan forgive him, and asked that his guardian bring pressure to obtain his discharge. Mr. Allan, however, still thought the Army an excellent place for him and again made no reply to his letter.

With his promotion to the grade of sergeant-major, Poe's desire to leave the Army seems to have vanished, at least transiently, and on February 4, 1829, he

again wrote Mr. Allan from Fortress Monroe, in part as follows:

I wrote to John McKenzie desiring him to see you personally & desire for me, of you, that you would interest yourself in procuring me a cadet's appointment at the Military Academy.

You can have no idea of the immense advantages which my present station in the Army would give me in the appointment of a cadet—it would be an unprecedented case in the American Army, & having already passed thro' the practical part even of the higher portion of the Artillery arm, my cadetship would only be considered as a necessary form which I am positive I could run thro' in six months.

Three weeks after this letter was written Mrs. Allan died and Poe was granted a week's furlough to visit Richmond. During this furlough he effected a reconciliation with Mr. Allan, and it was agreed that he should apply for discharge from the Army with the prospect of obtaining an appointment to the Corps of Cadets. Poe accordingly returned to his station and began the arrangements for his "discharge by substitute."

On March 30 Colonel House wrote the General commanding the Eastern Department of the Army, at New York, recommending his sergeant-major's discharge "on procuring a substitute," and by an order dated New York, April 4, 1829, Sergeant-Major Edgar A. Perry of the 1st Regiment of Artillery was ordered discharged the service "on furnishing an acceptable substitute without expense to the government." By authority of this order he was discharged under his own name on April 25.

For several days he remained at Fortress Monroe soliciting letters of recommendation for his appointment to West Point. Lieutenant Howard wrote that his habits were "good and entirely free from drink-

ing"; and Captain H. W. Griswold, the regimental adjutant, added that he was "worthy of confidence." Colonel Worth, who had but lately joined the regiment after a tour of duty as Commandant of Cadets at the Military Academy, said that he believed Poe would acquit himself of the responsibilities of a cadet "studiously and faithfully." Colonel Worth, as the principal assistant of Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, the Father of the Military Academy, had been charged with the military reorganization of the Corps of Cadets under Colonel Thayer, and it was he more than any other officer who made soldiers and gentlemen of the cadets from 1820 to 1830. His letter, therefore, was the most helpful one that Poe carried with him from Fortress Monroe.

The practice of "discharge by substitute" has now fortunately disappeared from the Army. Under the old regulations a soldier desiring to be separated from the service might, with the approval of his commanding officer, pay a bounty of \$12 to the first man who enlisted after the request for discharge had been filed, or he might make arrangements for a larger bounty with some other person acceptable to the commanding officer. When Sergeant-Major Poe made application for discharge his friend Lieutenant Howard was away on leave and Colonel House was in Washington, where he had gone to congratulate the new President, Andrew Jackson, upon his inauguration. In consequence, instead of the \$12 bounty, Poe was forced to pay a purchase price of \$75. Twenty-five dollars of the amount he paid in cash, giving his note for the remainder. As he had not told Mr. Allan of this arrangement, but had led him to believe that \$12 was all that was required, he was later compelled to take up the note with money which Mr. Allan had sent him for

other purposes. The eventual discovery of the deception was the most important cause of the final quarrel between Edgar and his guardian. One Peter D. Stewart became sergeant-major of the 1st Artillery upon Poe's discharge, but there is no evidence to show that he was the substitute.

Poe left Fortress Monroe in April, 1829, and tried unsuccessfully to obtain an appointment to West Point in the class entering in July of that year. Failing in this, he visited his father's family in Baltimore for the first time, and there proudly confirmed the stories he had heard that his grandfather, David Poe, had been the Quartermaster-General of Washington's Army. With equal pride he wrote to Mr. Allan of a secret which he said he had just learned and which he wished to hide from the War Department—to wit, that he was the grandson of Benedict Arnold also. This "secret" he was wont to divulge later on to gaping cadets at West Point, but aside from the fact that his mother's maiden name was Arnold there was apparently nothing in it. In the Spring of 1830 he returned to Richmond and there received notification that Andrew Jackson had appointed him to the Academy.

III

About the middle of May he left Richmond and early in June he arrived at West Point, where on June 28 he qualified for admission to the Corps of Cadets by passing the entrance examinations. He is borne on the rolls of the Academy as from July 1, 1830. On that date he was mustered into the service with 101 other successful candidates, seventeen of whom were from Virginia. He gave his age as nineteen years and five months, although he was really twenty-one years and six months old. He was one of the older men in his

class and evidently appeared to be even older than he really was. His classmates jokingly said that he had received an appointment for his son, but the son having died, he had taken the appointment himself.

With his new classmates he joined the Corps of Cadets at Camp Eaton, its Summer encampment near the ruins of the Revolutionary Fort Clinton, overlooking the Hudson, on July 1, 1830. His tent-mates were Cadets Read, Stockton and Henderson, the latter being the nephew of the Secretary of War, Major John Eaton. In Camp Eaton, for the first time in his military service, Poe now experienced the more uncomfortable side of military life. Only the officers had wall tents, or floors in their tents; the cadets lived four to a shelter tent. They slept on the ground on a canvas rug, though the more fortunate ones had also an oilcloth sheet. They kept the ground inside their tents dry by surrounding it with a shallow ditch.

The discipline in camp was as strict as it would have been had the Corps been a regiment in hostile country. The duties of sentinels had to be performed with the utmost attention to detail. A sentinel found sleeping on post was certain of dismissal, with no chance of restoration. As the cadets of the First Class were excused from guard duty, all guard was performed by the three junior classes, and principally by the Fourth Class. Poe probably walked post as a sentinel at least once a week from July 1 to August 30.

In his time, as now, the period of the Summer camp was the period of the most intensive military instruction. Drill began at 5.30 in the morning and lasted until 6.30 at night. At artillery drill Poe took his turn at wearing harness and pulling the guns, for no horses were provided at the Academy until after his dismissal.

If this routine was distasteful to him he gave no evidence of it by his actions. In the original copies of the cadet orders for the Summer of 1830, which show almost every day the arrests of classmates for infractions of regulations, his name does not appear. If he was discontented his discontent was not yet strong enough to make him violate the regulations openly, as he did some months later. If, as cadet tradition asserts, he spent much of his time off-limits, at the tavern of the genial Benny Havens, south of the town of Highland Falls, he was very careful not to be caught.

On August 30 the Corps broke camp and marched to barracks. Poe drew his text-books from the storekeeper, turned in his knapsack to the quartermaster, and moved into Room 28, South Barracks. His roommates were Thomas W. Gibson of Indiana, and probably Timothy Pickering Jones of Tennessee, although there is a possibility that his second roommate was John E. Henderson of Tennessee. Both Gibson and Jones, after Poe had become famous, claimed him as roommate, but the statements of both are so inaccurate in many particulars that not much credence can be given to them. Henderson, alone of the four, remained in the Academy for more than two years. He died in Washington in 1836, before Poe had become a celebrity, and before either had reached the age of reminiscence.

The cadet service of Jones was even shorter than Poe's. He was tried before a General Court Martial on November 15, 1830, for gross neglect of his academic and military duties, found guilty, and dismissed on December 31, 1830. Years later he gave a very lurid description of Poe's drunkenness as a cadet. He said that Poe was a brilliant student, but had an aversion to mathematics, and that his inability to do well in that subject made him de-

cide to leave West Point. He recalled seeing Poe in the Cadet Light Prison on numerous occasions, uncontrollable under the effects of intoxicants.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Jones terminated his cadet service some three months before Poe, and the charge of drunkenness did not enter into the trial which ended Poe's own Army career. Instead of being low in his class in mathematics, as Jones asserted, Poe stood near the top after both of his examinations. The record of cadets confined in the Light Prison at West Point does not at any time show his name. As drunkenness was a very serious offense against the regulations, and as cadets were being court-martialled almost weekly throughout the Fall of 1830 for merely having liquor in their possession, it is not at all likely that Poe ever appeared at West Point "roaring drunk," as Jones describes him, or that he ever attempted, in a drunken passion, to throw his company tactical officer, Lieutenant Locke, over a cliff.

The other roommate, Gibson, in refutation of Jones' assertions, said that never at West Point had he seen Poe drunk. Gibson was court-martialled himself at the same time that Poe was tried, and subsequently court-martialled four times for major offenses, before he was finally dismissed for "drinking or otherwise partaking of intoxicating liquors."

Both Jones and Gibson recalled Poe as a brilliant student. Gibson said that Poe never prepared his lessons during the study hours, but mastered them in the section-room while the other members of the section were reciting. Poe was "worn, weary and discontented," but popular among his fellow cadets, according to Gibson, and "very moody," according to Jones. Both mentioned Poe's literary reputation in the Corps, and Jones declared

that on several occasions Poe dictated verses to him, lampooning the officers of the Academy, and had him post them about the barracks. Gibson commented on Poe's exceptional memory, and on his extensive and accurate knowledge of English literature, and said:

The whole bent of his mind at that time seems to have been toward criticism—or more properly speaking, caviling; whether it was Shakespeare or Byron, Addison or Johnson—the acknowledged classic or the latest poetaster—all came in alike for his critical censure. I never heard him speak in praise of any English writer, living or dead.

IV

Life at West Point a century ago was even less inspiring to one of Poe's temperament than it is today. Every hour of the cadet's day, during his first year, was taken up by academic or military duties. He rose at dawn from the cold floor on which he had slept, rolled his bedding, swept his floor, and then at seven marched to breakfast. From eight until one and from two until four he studied or attended recitations in mathematics and French. At four he donned his shako, shouldered his musket, and attended infantry drill until sunset. After supper he studied until nine-thirty, and at ten an officer visited his room to make sure that he was in bed.

Only on Saturdays was he allowed to visit the library, and then only to select one book "calculated to assist him in his class studies." He was not permitted to examine the books in the stacks, nor was he, without the permission of the Superintendent, allowed to "keep in his room any novel, poem, or other book not related to his studies." These regulations must have been exceedingly irksome to the undisciplined genius who in less than

a year was to publish "To Helen" and "Israfel." Ten years later another cadet who was the antithesis of Poe in every mental characteristic was rejoicing at the rumor that Congress was to abolish the Military Academy: even Ulysses Grant found Colonel Thayer's prohibitions irksome.

Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, who was the superintendent at West Point in 1830, had reorganized the military and academic departments of the Academy upon assuming command in 1817, and had followed closely the organization and curriculum of the French École Polytechnique in his changes. By the time that Poe entered the Thayer system was well established. The cadets were divided into small sections; the sections were arranged according to merit; and frequent transfers between sections kept up a keen spirit of competition among the cadets. The study of mathematics, then as now, was the keystone of the West Point academic structure.

But the study of French was almost as important, for Colonel Thayer believed that a reading knowledge of that language was essential to the properly educated soldier. In class no effort was made to give the cadets more than an understanding of French grammar, a working knowledge of the verbs, and an ability to translate correctly from the texts used, "Gil Blas" and "L'Histoire de Charles XII." But they received additional French instruction in a most practical way, for all the mathematical text-books used under Colonel Thayer were written in French. The French now claim Poe as their own but it is hard to find much French inspiration in his West Point reading. Surely the binomial theorem is not inspiring in any language.

Poe commenced his academic duties on

September 1, 1830. As a result of his standing in his entrance examinations he was assigned to the first section both in mathematics and in French. September passed uneventfully for the new cadet, but on October 5 Mr. Allan was married in Richmond to a second wife, Miss Louise Gabrielle Patterson of New Jersey. It was to this marriage that Poe later ascribed his decision to leave West Point. However, a month after the event he wrote to his guardian:

I have an excellent standing in my class—in the first section in everything and have great hopes of doing well. I have spent my time very pleasantly hitherto—but the study requisite is incessant, and the discipline exceedingly rigid. I am very pleased with Colonel Thayer, and indeed with everything at the institution.

During the months of November and December Poe was not on the delinquency lists, indicating that his attention to duty was still satisfactory. On November 19, the Inspector of the Military Academy, Brigadier-General Charles Gratiot, noted in an order published to the Corps of Cadets "that with much regret the Secretary of War perceives that some of the young gentlemen of the Military Academy are regardless of correct deportment and of their own interests," and warned these young gentlemen that those among them who did not pass the coming examinations would be irretrievably "thrown back into the world and upon their own resources."

The promised examination was held on January 3, 1831. Poe attended on that date and passed creditably, standing three in French and seventeen in mathematics in a class of eighty-five successful examinees. On the same day he wrote his foster-father in answer to a most unpleasant letter which he had just received from him. It appeared that Sergeant Bully Graves, at

Fortress Monroe, to whom Poe owed money, had sent Mr. Allan a letter which he had received from Poe during the previous Summer. This letter castigated Mr. Allan as a drunkard and a miser—and Mr. Allan, shocked at the ingratitude of his ward, wrote to Poe that he was finished with him.

Poe's reply was filled with bitter upbraiding. He recited all the grievances, real and fancied, that he had received at Mr. Allan's hands, dwelling at length upon his financial difficulties at the University of Virginia and his similar embarrassment at West Point. He concluded:

It is my intention to resign. . . . From the time of writing this I shall neglect my studies and duties at the institution—if I do not receive your answer in 10 days—I will leave the Point without—for otherwise I should subject myself to dismissal.

On this letter the business-like Allan made a note before he filed it:

I received this on the 10th and did not from its conclusion deem it necessary to reply. . . . I do not think the Boy has one good quality. He may do or act as he pleases.

On January 8, Poe was absent from reveille and from evening parade; on January 9 he was again absent from evening parade; from January 15 to January 27 he was absent from all class formations. On January 23, the first record of any disciplinary action against him was issued; he was placed in arrest "for absenting himself from his academic duties."

He remained in arrest until February 8, when he was summoned to appear for trial before a General Court-Martial, of which Lieutenant Thomas J. Leslie, then paymaster of the Military Academy, was president. Lieutenant Charles F. Smith, the adjutant, as the trial judge-advocate, prosecuted. Apparently Poe was not rep-

resented by counsel, for none is mentioned in the record of the proceedings. The two charges under which he was tried alleged gross neglect of duty and disobedience of orders. Under the first he was accused of absences from various academic and military duties between January 7 and January 27; and under the second of failing to obey the orders of the Officer of the Day to attend church on January 23, and recitations on January 25. He was found guilty under both charges and sentenced to be dismissed from the service of the United States, effective March 6, 1831.

Cadet Henderson alone testified in his defense, but Henderson's testimony seems to have been valueless as affecting the issues in the case. The prosecution introduced witnesses to establish Poe's absences as alleged. Lieutenant Smith did not mention either drinking or gambling.

Poe was released from arrest on February 18. On this day he had twenty-four cents to his credit with the treasurer of the Academy. The next day he left West Point for New York, and on February 20 was dropped from the rolls of the Academy, effective March 6. On February 21 he wrote to Mr. Allan from New York:

I have been dismissed—when a single line from you would have saved it. The whole Academy have interested themselves in my behalf because my only crime was being sick. . . . I shall never rise from my bed. . . . Please send me a little money—quickly—and forget what I said about you.

Mr. Allan's only reply was recorded over two years later, on the back of Poe's letter, and consigned to the Allan files:

April 12, 1833, it is now upwards of 2 years since I received the above precious relic of the Blackest Heart and deepest

ingratitude. . . . His Talents are of an order that can never prove a comfort to their possessor.

Seventy-three years later, in 1904, the aged Timothy Pickering Jones gave a touching picture of Poe's departure from West Point. "We were in our room together," said Mr. Jones, "and he told me that I was one of the few true friends he had ever known, and as we talked the tears ran down his cheeks . . . Poe told me that for two years he let his kindred and friends believe that he was fighting with the Greeks, but all the while he was wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam's soldiers and leading a sober and moral life." Mr. Jones left West Point in December, 1830. It is charitable to say that the memory of a man of ninety, as he was in 1904, is not always perfect.

Poe planned to offer his services to the Poles, who had begun an insurrection against Russia in November, 1830. On March 10, 1831, he wrote from New York to Colonel Thayer, asking for a letter to the Marquis de La Fayette in order that he might obtain through La Fayette a commission in the Polish Army. Colonel Thayer's reply, if he made one, has not been preserved.

V

This is the last official contact that Poe had with West Point. He had one good reason, at least, for not returning there. Before leaving the Academy he had solicited subscriptions for a new volume of poems. A number of his classmates had agreed to purchase copies of the book at seventy-five cents each. Shortly after his arrival in New York the volume appeared. It ran to 124 pages, and was dedicated to the Corps of Cadets.

General George W. Cullum, then a cor-

poral in Poe's company, and later Superintendent of the Military Academy, said that the cadets called the verses "ridiculous doggerel" and felt themselves victimized. Among the "doggerel" were "To Helen," "Israfel," "Leonore," "The Sleeper," and revisions of "Tamerlane" and "Al Aaraaf." A copy of "Tamerlane" sold some years ago for \$11,000 but Poe's classmates wanted none of it. They had expected songs ridiculing Colonel Thayer and Lieutenant Locke. Since the treasurer of the Academy had taken payment for the book from their pay it was impossible to get it back, but they could get the author if he ever came back to West Point. He never did.

With the exception of Henderson, none of Poe's intimate friends was ever commissioned in the Army. He soon lost contact with his classmates. But when he read of the heroic death of his former French instructor, the brilliant young Henry Clay, who was lanced while gallantly leading his regiment to the attack at Buena Vista; or of Jefferson Davis' noble effort to rescue Clay; or of the brevet promotions of Captain R. E. Lee of the Engineers and Lieutenant Grant of the Dragoons, he must have felt a tinge of bitterness in that heart from which adversity never drove romance.

Poe is still remembered in cadet tradition at West Point. One story recounts that, being informed that the uniform for parade was cross-belts, and not the single

waist-belt sometimes worn at drill, he appeared at the assembly of his company attired in cross-belts—and nothing else. Another tale, equally dubious, tells how he became bored at parade on one occasion, and calmly stepped out of the ranks, fitted his bayonet to his musket, stuck the bayonet into the ground, hung his belts, his cartridge-box, and his dress coat on the butt of his musket, and nonchalantly returned to barracks, leaving his amazed comrades to their drill. The actual occurrence of either of these apocryphal acts would have resulted in Poe's immediate arrest and trial; and there are no records of his arrest for anything of the sort.

The promise made by Governor James P. Preston of Virginia to the Secretary of War when requesting Poe's appointment to the Academy, that Poe would "remunerate the government at some future day, by his services and talents," has been fulfilled; but not as Colonel Preston expected it to be. Obviously, the little world of West Point was not the sphere for Poe. His military service was certainly of no practical use to him, but might not just a little longer exposure to Colonel Thayer's discipline have adjusted his balance and strengthened his character for the struggle against a world in which he was always baffled and misunderstood? Or would a longer submission to the military life have stifled the spark of genius that burst into full flame so shortly after he left West Point?

TWILIGHT OF A GOLDEN AGE

BY ERNEST L. MEYER

WHEN my father came to Milwaukee in 1887 there were five daily German newspapers and only two in English. The grocery and apothecary shops of the town, especially on the North and West Sides, had signs stuck in their windows reading: "English Spoken Here." Things had changed a good bit by 1910, what with the new generation forgetting their *Muttersprache*, the Poles coming closer and closer from the South Side, and the Jews buying up the once palatial homes of the burghers in Walnut street, but the old flavor still permeated the city.

We live in a double flat, nicknamed the Germania. This is because the five men who dwell in it, whether as householders or as boarders, all work in the editorial rooms of the *Germania*, the German evening newspaper. My father is the editorial writer, and with us room Kurt Pabst, a reporter, and Dr. Guido Schmidt, the telegraph editor. Pabst is short and skinny, with flaxen whiskers, and he spends almost every night of his life playing solitaire for vast, imaginary sums in his room. He takes the game very seriously. Sometimes he comes rushing in all excited. "*Herrgott!* I owe the bank \$2,600! Has anybody ever seen such luck?"

Dr. Schmidt, who holds a Berlin Ph.D., has an enormous red Kaiser Wilhelm mustache which he ties up each night in a *Bartbinde*. He wears a choker collar and clicks his heels when he greets you. He is a Prussian, and the other Germans in the

house make fun of him, for they are from Bavaria or Hanover, and don't take life so seriously. They hope he will lose his stance some day and trip on the tails of his cutaway, but he never does.

Upstairs lives the life of the house. He is Dolfee Doellinger, police reporter. He has a bullet head of close-cropped red hair, and a tooth-brush mustache, and is a man of extraordinary inventions. Once he found a muddy chemise under a bush in Juneau Park, and with nothing else to work on constructed a murder mystery so amazing, so crammed with dark surmises that readers of the *Germania* gasped for a week and reporters for the other newspapers cried: "Fakel!" Now and then we are alarmed late at night by a fusillade of shots upstairs. It is only Dolfee shooting mice in the hallway. Then he comes down, dressed in a nightgown and top-hat, sits gravely at our piano, and plays with stubby, fat but masterful fingers.

He keeps a birthday book, and in it has the name and birthday of every city official, ward-heeler, policeman, and saloonkeeper in town. It is a slim day, indeed, in which he does not find four or five entries. So he makes the rounds, slaps Schultz, Schmidt, Sullivan and Blenski on the back and congratulates them boisterously on the great occasion. Schmidt, Schultz, Sullivan and Blenski, pleased that someone has remembered their birthday, promptly invite him to drink, and he comes home at night full of conscious rectitude and lager.

This is Monday night, and the men are at *Skat* in the kitchen. I am cramming for a high-school exam in an adjoining room, and the sound of their voices reaches me in a quiet monotone: "*Nulla . . . Passe . . . Passe . . . Null ouvert . . . Schippen Solo . . . Passe . . . Schneider. . .*"

During a pause, my father's voice calls my name. I go into the kitchen. Nobody looks up at me; they are scowling soberly at their cards—even Dolfée, with a Turkish fez perched rakishly on his red thatch. There is a bucket on the table, and next to it a dime. I pick up the bucket and dime and steal out. I walk over to Gustav Ziegenstein's saloon, which, ironically enough, is on Cold Spring avenue. There is nobody at the bar, but Gustav and an old crony are playing chess at a corner table. They glance at me briefly, and continue with their problem. I do not dare disturb Gustav, for he has a short temper when he is bothered at chess, especially by children. I pluck a large pretzel from the bowl on the bar and munch it, while I admire for the hundredth time the enormous painting of Custer's Last Fight which covers half of the end wall.

At length Gustav moves his bishop, snorts "*Guardé!*" and rises to wait on me. He rinses the bucket, then holds it under the spurting tap, and Gettelman's Dark Brew makes a pleasing, drumming sound as it hits the bottom of the pail.

"Ten cents worth please. And father says, *bitte gut messen.*"

"Hm. *Skat* tonight, I suppose?"

"Yes. Every Monday night."

"Who is playing by your house?"

I name the players. At the mention of Dolfée, Gustav looks up angrily from under his white, tufty eyebrows.

"Dot loafer!" he cries. "Dot *Halunke!* I haf a goot mind to put in der beer some paprika!"

Gustav doesn't like Dolfée. Gustav, indeed, hasn't forgiven Dolfée since the time of Halley's comet. The papers were naturally full of the comet, and a cracked scientist prophesied that the earth would pass through its tail, and we might all be gassed. Everybody was uneasy, and especially Gustav. Dolfée learned of his tremors, and decided to have some fun. He read him imaginary extracts from newspapers telling the exact time of doom. He pointed out that he could not take his stock with him to Heaven, and Gustav, pale, shaking, agreed that was so. On the night before the Great Doom, scared out of his wits, poor Gustav gave away all his stock. The whole neighborhood was there, led by Dolfée in a monk's cassock and carrying a hymnal. . . . The next day Gustav still lived, though not so happily.

I take my pail and return home. The four are in the midst of a difficult play. My father nods his thanks, and I place the bucket next to the row of steins. I return to my chemistry book, and the monotone of *Nulla . . . Passe . . . Tournée* mingles till bedtime with the symbols for sulphuric acid and sodium chloride.

II

Tuesday there's always the *Männerchor*. There are nearly a hundred *Gesangvereine* in the city, and every Milwaukeean who makes pretensions to the Higher Life must belong to one, whether he can sing or not. As for me, I can't sing, but on Tuesday night I leave home with my brother-in-law, and we pick up Willie Eckhardt in the next block and take a trolley car to North avenue and Twenty-ninth street. There is a saloon there run by a man named August, and on the second floor is a meeting hall that our *Männerchor* rents from August for a dollar a night.

It is pretty well crowded when we arrive. There are forty men, young and old. Most of the basses are enormously stout, though the fellow with the deepest voice is Weizenpfeffer, who is a skinny string-bean with a great, bobbing Adam's apple. He can boom like a bull fiddle and everybody envies him, for there is a tradition that a bull-fiddle voice indicates masculine virility. The first tenors always look a little bit sheepish, though they're strapping fellows enough.

Our director is already there, fussily waiting for the late-comers. If rehearsals fail to start on time the top of his bald head grows beet-red. He is a choleric man, with a black mustache and bright eyes that bore right through one when he is enraged. His name is Schildkrot, and in his home he is a martinet. He works himself and his family furiously; he directs three singing societies, two orchestras and a string quartette, and he's always dashing from one to the other with a worn brief-case spilling with scores. He boasts that his son, fifteen years old, can play the 'cello, trombone, fiddle and xylophone, and that his daughter, eighteen, can play the bass viol, harp, piano and violin.

I went to their home once and found that it was true that Rudy and Helga could really play all these instruments, very excellently, too, but I had never met such unhappy children. Rudy's lower lip was pulled down in a perpetual pout, and Helga, who was beautiful, with long black braids coiled at the nape of her neck, had the restless eyes of a caged lynx. They practised five hours a day, and on a good many nights each week were called out to give public or private concerts, for they were famous as child prodigies.

While Schildkrot was still our director, Rudy ran away to Texas and played the trombone for a medicine show, and not

a month later Helga eloped with a dashing Hungarian who happened at the time to be directing a band in a Chestnut street palm-garden. Herr Direktor Schildkrot was laid low by the double blow, but soon recovered, and with awful imprecations swore that the children should never enter his house again. During this time he was more bristly and beet-headed than ever, and he rarely laughed. But when, a year or so later, Helga bobbed up with a boy baby, he forgave her in a really noble speech. Helga was rarely seen in public after that; she preferred sitting home, playing the 'cello, and the Herr Direktor was late at a good many rehearsals because he lingered so long in the nursery tooting a toy horn for the baby. He was no longer so choleric as he had been in the past, so we were all very glad for Helga's baby.

But these things happened later. Tonight Herr Schildkrot is in a dour mood. We are ten minutes late in getting started, and he launches a torrent of abuse at poor Kranzel, the youngest second tenor, who slinks downcast to his place. The scores have been passed out, and Schildkrot taps smartly with his baton on the metal music stand. We are singing "Hans und Liesel," and launch forth with a booming

*Und der Hans schleicht umher,
Truebe Augen, blasse Wangen. . . .*

but we are interrupted by a sharp crack of the baton, and find the Herr Direktor clawing the air with his hands.

"Miserable!" he roars. "*Takt falsch!* And it should be *moderato*, not *crescendo*. *Himmel!* You are singing about a love-sick boy with pale cheeks, and you roar like a pack of lions in mating time. *Dummköpfe!* Now, begin again, please."

He gives us the pitch, and we're off once more. We struggle through the stanza

again and again, lashed by the Herr Direktor's caustic tongue. We are close-packed in the little hall. It is growing very hot, even though it is Winter and the windows are open. At last we sing the song to his satisfaction, and the Herr Direktor allows us five minutes' pause while we tumble down the stairs to August's bar and lap up beer with thirsty throats. The Herr Direktor does not come with us: it would not be dignified for a man in his position. But August's bartender fetches him a stein upstairs, and it leaves him a bit milder.

Then we fight our way through "Gebet vor der Schlacht," and when the last solemn verse is ended we visit August again. We sing—or think we sing—with more spirit, more abandonment as the evening wears on, and when the two hours are up and the Herr Direktor collects his scores and goes home, we adjourn to August's for good—and then we really sing. Such singing! It brings tears to our eyes; it makes our bosoms swell with the sense of high accomplishment; we feel that we are serving Art with noble passion.

"*Ach*," booms Weizenpfeffer, "that last song was perfect! There is no other *Männerchor* in Milwaukee that can sing it with such feeling."

We believe him. He is lank as a string-bean, but he has the deepest basso in town, and such men speak the truth.

III

On Wednesday night there is always a performance at the Pabst Theater. To miss it is unthinkable. We buy season tickets, and from October to May go each Wednesday to sink in red plush and weep and laugh. There is no better stock company anywhere in America; the players come direct from the Berlin Stadttheater, and are renewed each year with fresh talent. On Sat-

urday and Sunday nights they put on frothy stuff—light operas, comedies, farces and such—but on Wednesdays they don their buskins and tread the stage in graver measures. Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Strindberg, Ibsen, von Hoffmansthal, Hebbel, Schnitzler, Molnar,—what a roster of great names, great plays, what nights to be remembered!

Tonight everyone feels especially expectant. We are going to see the first part of the "König Heinrich" trilogy. It is ponderous, it is slow-moving, but it is heroic and soul-filling—a dramatic joint of beef. It begins with the young prince, and it ends with the pilgrimage of the beaten King to Canossa to hunger three days in the cold and beg his boon of the Pope. It has fifteen acts, and will take three nights.

Later on we will hear of an upstart modernist named O'Neil whose plays run into two performances, crammed into a matinée and evening, and we will remember the three fat nights of "König Heinrich" and chuckle to ourselves. What has the English stage to offer that can match it? *Himmel*, don't you know that Shaw's "Pygmalion" was produced for the first time in America, not in English but in German—and in this same red-plush old Pabst Theater? Yes, that is so, even though it is difficult, to say the least, for a German heroine to speak London cockney.

So we settle in our seats in the balcony amid a buzz of chatter. Everyone knows everyone else, for this is subscriber's night. Every Wednesday we know exactly who will sit to our right, to our left, and behind and in front of us. Yet each Wednesday we shake hands solemnly with our neighbors and launch a cannonade of small talk as if we had not seen them in seven years.

"*Ach*, Frau Braunschweig. It is so good to see you again. I really must come and call on you one day."

"On my next *Kaffeeklatsch*, Frau Beyer, I shall most certainly call you on the telephone. You have never tried my *Blitzkuchen*. And how is your Waldemar's rheumatism?"

There is a running about, as people flit up and down the aisles to shake hands with old cronies, former sweethearts, business friends. Only Old Hermann Suelze doesn't budge. Hermann weighs perhaps 300 pounds. He bulks prodigiously on an aisle seat. He subscribes each year to two seats, to take care of the overflow.

There is a certain constraint, or self-consciousness, in the lower boxes. Here sit the élite, the great ones, who are patrons of the theater and yearly contribute large sums to it so that Milwaukee may have a playhouse of which one can boast. That fine dame in white satin, for instance—well, she inherited her wealth from a man who came to Milwaukee half a century ago and laid the foundation of his fortune by brewing each day three barrels of lager beer and peddling them himself in a wheelbarrow. Too bad the poor barrow-pusher isn't here tonight to see the grand theater which his money helps support, and to feast his eyes on the dame in white satin. But no man lives forever.

The curtain rises. Everybody is glad that Konrad Bolton and Berthold Sprotte are cast in major rôles. They are favorites, but every member of the company is well-loved. They are all great actors, but there is nothing high-tighty about them. They make friends everywhere; they have often been to our house, where they sang and joked, while I stood goggle-eyed in admiration at the chesty Berthold, who only a week before I had seen murdered in "Macbeth." There he was, eating a Bismarck herring as lively as you please.

In the long intermission, all the men arise and file downstairs to the buffet,

while the women and children remain behind and fill the theater with their shrill voices. In the buffet there is Pabst on tap, and an excellent free lunch. Two minutes before the curtain rises a bell clangs, and the men file upstairs again, wiping their mustaches.

After the performance it is the women's turn. The men must go with them then to Martini's, a block from the theater. It is a confectioner's shop, specializing in *Schaumtorte*, *Apfelkuchen*, *Marzipan*, thick chocolate with whipped cream, and strong coffee. During the day old men play chess at the little tables, but they clear out for the Wednesday night invasion. After a bit, some of the actors come in, and the groups at the tables fight for the honor of claiming them. The long, narrow room throbs with talk; little screams of laughter cut through the haze of cigar-smoke.

And there, of all people, is the giant Berthold. Not a moment ago he had paced the stage in ermine, heaping regal wrath on the head of the prince, and here he is booming his big laugh while he plucks a fragile pastry from a tray carried by a red-cheeked waitress. I stare in amazement. He is winking at her. The King is flirting with a commoner!

IV

On Thursday when I return from high-school Mother says: "Go into the cellar, child, and find a sack. Then take a car to Steinmeyer's and see if you can buy some red cabbage. I need about eight large, firm heads. If Steinmeyer has none, go to all the stores in State and Chestnut streets until you have your eight heads."

"Eight heads of cabbage is an awful lot," I say.

"Fritz von Pagel is coming," she replies simply. "He has just come to town, and he

telephoned me he would like to have supper with us. He is bringing everything else, but he was unable to find red cabbage. And that, you know, is his *Leibgericht*."

Fritz von Pagel! What a feast there will be tonight, then. The thought lends agility to my heels, and I dash for the sack, thinking of that great and mysterious man. He is enormous, with a shaved head and keen eyes behind his glasses. While he was still in Germany he and his three brothers inherited a great landed estate. What luxury after the stern discipline of *Gymnasium*! The four brothers lived like feudal barons. They entertained often and lavishly. They bought blooded horses. They bought regal furnishings. Money flowed like sand through their fingers. Soon they had spent everything, down to the last copper. They pawned what remained of their property and sailed for America. In the next twenty years one of the brothers became an affluent public official. Another committed suicide. A third ended as a shepherd in Montana. And Fritz —

Well, Fritz was sometimes up and sometimes down. He was a promoter of great enterprises. Sometimes they failed, and he lived on a crust; sometimes they succeeded, and he regained his lost flesh. At such times he bought gifts. Once he gave my mother a huge, gold-plated, filigree four-poster bed, much too fine for any of us, though it was a thing to show off to the neighbors. Another time he brought a set of Haviland China, exquisitely hand-decorated with the von Pagel crest.

Just now he was up high, and talked in millions. With Chicago and Milwaukee capital he was promoting a huge irrigation enterprise in the Western desert. He made flying visits to Milwaukee, and always came to eat with us, bringing loads of edibles, for he hated the stuff they served in hotels. And such small portions!

So I find my sack and joyfully take the trolley car to Steinmeyer's. But they have no red cabbage. It is just out of season. I go to Schultz's. Schultz has two precious heads, and he takes a personal interest in my quest. He realizes it is most important.

"Eight heads! Hm! Well, I'll give you these two, and I'll call up Braun and Zwilling and Ebers. You just wait."

He comes back from the telephone triumphant. Braun has three heads and Zwilling has three more. I dash off at top speed and collect them. At length I have my eight heads, round and firm and shining, and board the trolley again with the sack over my shoulder.

When I reach home, there is Fritz von Pagel. He has just driven up in a cab, and mother is helping him unload a heap of things. I help. A whole baked ham, fresh from Dernehl's ovens. A great frosted potato-cake. Cans of caviar, *Sardellen*, anchovies and smoked goose-breast. A Liederkranz cheese, very fragrant. A wooden box of *fromage de Brie*, more so. A straw-covered flask of chianti. A bottle of port. A large pumpernickel.

Enough for an army, I think. But mother knows better. Once Fritz, in one of his Milwaukee ventures, boarded with us.

"And the *Rotkraut*!" he asks anxiously when we have carried everything into the house.

"I got it downtown," I say proudly. "Eight heads. I went to three stores."

Fritz beams at me, rubbing his hands. His shaved head, set atop his great shoulders and paunch, looks like an egg balanced on a pumpkin.

"Now, that is fine," he says. "You have done well. For months out West I have dreamed of your mother's red cabbage. So, then, here is something for you."

He fishes into his coat pocket and hands me a package. There is a necktie in it.

Made from a real rattlesnake skin. I thank him and dash out to show it to Willie Eckhardt, who has nothing half so astonishing.

When I return, supper is ready. It lasts all evening. Now and then there is a pause, then everybody starts again. Father, the two boarders and Fritz von Pagel shine with bliss; and I and my two sisters wait impatiently for the potato-cake. Mother has cooked the eight red cabbages in two big iron pots, flavoring them with apples, a bit of bacon, and the right dash of vinegar. The bowls of long, glistening shreds vanish one after the other; the cabbage melts in your mouth. The ham is almost gone. The caviar, *Sardellen*, anchovies and smoked goose-breast were mere palate-ticklers before the meal really started. It is incredible, but the platters are at last all clean, and Fritz von Pagel is still alive, and almost purring. Then the cake goes, too, and mother brings pots of coffee and the cheese and pumpernickel.

Fritz von Pagel leans back, lights a cigar and ruminates aloud.

"When such meals are no more, men will be no more," he says. "What women our modern men are already becoming! Who were the biggest and bravest men? The Vikings! And such eaters! Ah, when I read of their feasts my eyes go dim with sadness and my mouth puckers with desire. America is becoming a race of *Waschweiber*. Look, I have seen with my own eyes what is happening. In the big cities they are starting something new—cafeterias, they call them; maybe you have one of these horrors even in Milwaukee. You run in a line, like a machine, and pick food hastily from the shelves. And what food! Colored salads, a little leaf of lettuce with a *Happchen* of potato-salad on it. Or maybe a dozen peas. Imagine! A real man can eat half a head of lettuce and a pint of

vinegar just as an entrée, a mere mouthful. I tell you, the thing is serious. It may well be fatal. On twelve peas you cannot raise even a race of rabbits. *Abscheulich!*"

He stares moodily into his glass of chianti, then brightens.

"*Nu*—let us drink a toast to cabbages—and Kings!"

The men clink glasses. Mother comes in to clear the debris from the great table. She gathers the empty bowls and platters. A little mournfully, I think. Perhaps she had thought there would be a little warmed-over cabbage for tomorrow's lunch.

V

On Sunday afternoon the whole family goes to hear Christian Bach's orchestra at the West Side Turnerhalle. It is not proper to miss it; besides, it costs only fifteen cents on a season ticket, and the music fits in with the slumbrous Sabbath feeling that follows a dinner of *Knödel* and *Sauerbraten*. It is that kind of music, soothing and sensible—and not the type of Gershwin *staccato* that never helped a man digest an honest meal.

Also, the setting is meant for relaxation. There are tables and chairs on the floor, and when we come in the hall is already misty with cigar smoke that drifts in layers in the shafts of light from the high windows. A door off to one end leads into the long barroom, and from it bustle waiters laden with steins, while from a kitchen in the rear waitresses bring trays of coffee and cakes for the women and children.

The air is comforting with the fragrance of hops, coffee and tobacco. Combined with the music of Suppé and Strauss it induces a benign expansiveness in which one feels like taking the world to one's bosom, even including Old Petrus Grimm, who sits alone at a table with his dour

eyes fastened on his beer-mug. Petrus is the neighborhood bear, and everybody blames his bitterness on a blighted romance in the Old Country, though it is more likely due to liver and gout.

Up on the stage, Christian Bach does well with his thirty-five men. Direktor Bach is old and very short, but agile, which is a bad thing when the tempo is swift or he works to coax the woodwinds into nobler effort. At such times his wig turns half way around on his head and protrudes at such a curious angle that few can blame the children for tittering, even though such levity is sternly rebuked. The musicians have learned not to smile at these crises, for Herr Bach has a peppery temper. Beside, they are fond of him. He has been teaching them music since they were in knee-pants, and his son, Hugo, a splendid 'cellist, will carry on after him, and so on and on, world without end.

This thought is at the back of our minds: the thought of continuity, of tradition, of certain tomorrows bringing their certain, well-savored joys. But during the intermission Old Petrus brings his beer-mug and his melancholy slanting eyebrows over to our table and sits with us, and then we are no longer sure of anything. My parents and my sisters and I stir a little uneasily, for Petrus makes us feel somehow insecure.

"Look," he says, waving his hand to the balcony above us. "Once more it is empty."

We look, and sure enough there are only half a dozen people sitting up there. We remember when the benches were well filled, mostly with young couples who liked to sit in the shadows listening to the dreamy music and holding hands.

"That is what we're coming to," mourns Old Petrus, stroking his beard. "Where are the young people this afternoon? Are they here, listening to decent music? No. They are in the nickel-shows. *Ach*, im-

agine such trash-heaps! And now, I am told, they are building one even on our North Side. Our children will forget our language, our music, our art; these concerts are dying already, and soon they will close the German Theater and our turner-halls, and all because we let our young people go to the nickel-shows just to see one funny fellow hit another funny fellow with a pie in the face."

We laugh, but when the music begins again we grow thoughtful. Can it be that Old Petrus is right? Who are upholding the traditions; who are the leaders in the old ways? We think of Christian Bach, Brosius, our venerable gymnastics teacher; Heine, the artist who gives me lessons Saturdays, and a dozen others. All old men, creaking a bit. Already the new generation is walking strange paths; yearly the theater deficit grows larger; the loud, brassy cabarets with their barbaric cocktails are drawing young patrons from the Widow Heiser's mellow tavern. And in the rooms of the Deutscher Club one hears, alack, more and more a tongue that should be alien to its corridors. Maybe Old Petrus is right.

But *Teufel!* That is only the gossip of old women, male and female. This glorious life will endure; it is built too solidly to be destroyed by innovation. Thus we think when, on Sunday night, we gather at the tables of Mamma Memmler's *Gasthaus* in Sherman street. It is across the street from Schlitz Park, where, in Summertime, music flows from the bandstand and an old blind horse drags the carousel round and round and round. Tonight the snow lies deep on the pavilion tops, and the park gates are locked, but in Mamma Memmler's place everything is laughter and light. The walls are gaily painted with troubadours, fat monks, and mottoes: *Gut Heil! . . . Es Lebe das Leben! . . . Wer*

nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang. . . . And in a prominent place is hung the framed original copy of a poem by Eugene Field, written in that very place when the rascal tarried in Milwaukee years ago. The poem is about Mamma Memmler's two daughters, who were beautiful children then. They are young women now, and still beautiful, and I adore them, Clara and Meta.

The tables are crowded. I know every-one; each has a *Stammtisch*, and they are here every Sunday. There is the artists' table, where Heine, Lorenz and Peters call for their Riesling. There is the musicians' group, with our *Männerchor* director resting for the first time in a week, and near it is the actors' table, where Berthold Sprotte hoists a stein and sings a comic song, while his wife, the contralto, hums an accompaniment. And there is the newspaper men's table, with Dolfée Doellingen

wearing his Turkish fez, and the severe Prussian frown of Dr. Guido Schmidt melted into a laugh that shakes the tips of his Kaiser mustache.

All are here; all fit into the pattern of the good week. Here is where the loose laurels are gathered into a crown to fit Bacchus. The taps at the little bar fizz; Mamma Memmler brings on the lunch—a whole roast porker tonight—and the platter is saluted by a salvo of *hochs*. I sit at the table with Clara and Meta, playing dominoes badly, for the sisters are distractingly beautiful. The air grows heavy with smoke. Some one throws open a window.

I look out at the frozen trees and pavilion tops in the park across the street. The dome of the bandstand looks like a white helmet sticking above the fence. There is snow everywhere, heavy and glittering under the corner lamps, and strangely friendly.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Cookery

THE MEXICAN CUISINE

BY MARION LAY

NORTH AMERICANS who go to the City of Mexico to live, whether as consulate do-nothings, commercial cat'spaws, artists, scholars, or wives, always find one conversational theorem on which they can all agree, and that is to the effect that since arriving in the vale of the Aztecs, eating has become for them a more interesting pastime than it ever was at home.

They discover very quickly that the fiery *chile* (pepper), brimstone and grease that represent Mexican cooking north of the Border are regarded with horror by the present occupants of Moctezuma's city-on-the-lakes. If they are both tenaciously inquisitive and fortunate too, and stay there long enough to penetrate to some of the old Mexican households, they may discover the truly Mexican cuisine. Then comes the most amazing of all their discoveries, to wit, that the foodstuffs used in the preparation of Mexico's choicest dishes are precisely those to be found in any well-stocked kitchen in the United States. With the exception of a few of the more perishable tropical fruits the resources of the cook are the same today in New York, Chicago, Seattle and Mexico City. The Mexican capital, indeed, with a high-altitude mountain climate, has more in common with the northern cities than with the nearby *tierra caliente*, the lush tropical lowlands sloping on either side to the Atlantic and the Pacific. Yet it is from the old stone-paved kitchens

of Mexico City that come the most distinguished dishes in the Republic, the dishes that give a North American an entirely fresh outlook upon the simple ingredients he has always known.

From Canada to Guatemala corn is planted with beans to climb upon the cornstalk and squash vines to run along the ground and choke the weeds. But only in Mexico is one offered a relish made from the blossom of the squash, the stemmed flowers chopped and fried with chopped onions and tomatoes, and then simmered in a little water until tender. At the table, one pours cream over it.

The bean is almost entirely neglected in the States, where one may live a full life and experience only hard little white beans in "Boston baked" and big red kidney beans in a bastard dish, *chile con carne*, which is quite unknown to Mexicans. Of the fifteen varieties of black, blue, red, yellow, green and white beans grown so easily on American soil, Mexicans claim a special virtue for each, but prefer the small black *frijole*, richest in flavor, and, a typically Mexican circumstance, cheapest to buy.

I found these best prepared in Vera Cruz. The beans are soaked overnight, then boiled for six hours with a little fresh lard and onion. When soft, they are pressed through a sieve with their own liquor, and the paste is then fried with a little garlic, onion and brown sugar until dry, patted into a loaf on a platter, and adorned with onion slices, radishes, olives and lettuce leaves, the red, white

and green of Mexico's national colors. With it to the table comes a pitcher of fresh cream and a boat of Tinga sauce which is almost precisely like Worcestershire. One pours both cream and Tinga sauce on the *frijole* loaf and the result is novel and delicious.

Although bakeries have flourished in Mexico ever since the Spaniards came with their hard wheat-flour buns, the bread of the people is today, as it was among the Aztecs, the corn pancake *tortilla*. The hard white corn is treated with lime to shell it, washed, ground fine and made into a paste. In Cuautemoc pudding, layers of this paste are alternated in a casserole with layers of a mincemeat made from chopped almonds, raisins, veal, pork, tomatoes and onions, and layers of thick fresh cream and red chile gravy. The whole is then baked for seven minutes in a hot oven.

The festival bird of the Pilgrim Fathers is marvelously prepared in Mexico in *guajolote mole*, a dish which Cortez and his soldiers found Moctezuma enjoying and were quick to adopt. Although neither red *mole* (sauce) nor green *mole* are met with north of the Rio Grande, there is no reason why they should not be brought in to relieve the turkey-and-cranberry monotony of our holiday dinners. The red *mole* illustrates three important principles of Mexican cookery—the pounding of nuts to cream for sauces and gravies, the use of chocolate in salt, instead of sweet dishes, and the frying of all raw ingredients *before* boiling.

Mexican cooks abhor our over-refrigeration which destroys flavor, and one is warned to hang the turkey "until ripe". Broken up into individual servings, it is then fried with a little lean pork and later put to simmer until tender in the *mole* sauce. The red *mole* calls for three

kinds of dried red chiles in judicious amount, ground almonds, peanuts, sesame seed, cloves, cinnamon, bitter chocolate, a little sugar, fresh lard and rich turkey broth. The dish is eaten with black *frijoles à la Veracruzana*.

In green *mole* the turkey receives slightly different treatment. Cut up, it is placed immediately to boil with the giblets and some chicken broth. The green *mole* sauce calls for pounded small green chiles, green tomatoes, large green lettuce leaves, ground squash seeds, almonds, and of course, turkey broth.

From the Xochimilco canals the Indians get a small whitefish that is prepared in Mexico with chestnut balls that would be as perfect an accompaniment for any of our Northern trout, bass or grayling. Chestnuts, boiled and mashed, are rolled with breadcrumbs and egg into small balls. The whitefish, fried in fresh lard and lemon juice, are placed on a platter, encircled with the balls, and sprinkled with finely chopped olives and peanuts.

A strange but thoroughly palatable variation of *potpourri* is in Mexico the *puchero*. Veal shin-bone, lean beef, mutton, chicken and country sausage are boiled together until well cooked, and then removed to a platter. In the same broth are then cooked turnips, carrots, celery, leeks, cabbage, potatoes, green peas, string beans and small young squashes. When these are done, fruits are added—pears, apples, bananas—and sweet potatoes. Some cooks serve meats, vegetables and fruits together and others serve the fruits in a separate dish.

Two sauce boats accompany the *puchero*. The first sauce is made of tomatoes, onions, green chile and a pinch of coriander. The second, which may serve as either a salad or a sauce, is the *guacamole*, made by beating ripe avocado pear

meat to a paste, with chopped sweet pimientos and chopped onion, olive oil and lemon juice to taste. The avocado pear is never so distinguished as in *guacamole*. The broth from the *puchero* may be served separately as a soup course, in which case each guest is provided with a little dish of chopped green chile and a fresh banana, so that he may slice the banana into his *caldo* and sprinkle it with chile just before drinking.

The Mexican pink rice which comes to the table dry, fluffy and thoroughly cooked remains a mystery until one has watched its preparation. First soaked in water, it is then not boiled, but fried in hot lard until the grains are a delicate brown. With a little chopped onion, peeled and mashed tomatoes are added to color it, and chicken stock for it to simmer in. The rice is never stirred during the simmering and this is said to give it its fluffy appearance, although cooking the rice entirely dry is greatly facilitated by the earthen dishes used in Mexican kitchens. Things scarcely ever burn in them, and the pottery, which the Indians make in a most careless manner, almost never breaks, although placed over the hottest flames.

For the dish called *chiles en nogada* the Mexicans use the long, green, shiny, rather biting *chile poblano*. But just as effective is the green bell-pepper which grows abundantly everywhere. A mince meat is made with chopped lean beef, raisins, onions, tomatoes and finely chopped almonds. The peppers, toasted and peeled, are stuffed with the mince meat. A delicate white sauce for them is made with walnuts and almonds (peeled and ground to a cream), bread dipped in water, olive oil, and salt to taste. The peppers are covered with the sauce and sprinkled with pomegranate seeds.

Cook-books in the States have not kept pace with transport and refrigeration, with the result that tropical fruits do not lend the variety they might to the nation's diet. In the yellow and white *cocadas* of Mexico, for example, the cocoanut seems a new discovery. For yellow *cocada*, the milk is drawn from a large fresh cocoanut and boiled with sugar to make a thin syrup. The nut meat, finely grated, is added to the syrup and cooked until transparent. Egg yolks are beaten with the mixture, and the whole is cooked a few minutes longer and poured into a flat dish to cool. Just before serving, powdered sugar is sprinkled over the top and scorched to a delicate brown with a hot iron. For white *cocada*, fresh cream is used for the syrup instead of cocoanut milk, and only the whites of the eggs are added in a sweet meringue on top.

The fruit cheeses or *ates* from the hot country are a distinct surprise. Gelatinous, they are like neither our strained jellies nor our gelatines. Fruit mash, sugar and nut paste are the only ingredients, and although the tropical *mamey* and *guayaba* are sometimes used, most successful for the purpose are quince, apple, apricot and peach.

Like the Greeks, the Aztecs tended bees instead of cane, and the Indian use of honey survives in most Mexican *dulces*. *Turron*, a ceremonial dish resembling a *bombe glacée*, begins and ends with beaten honey and white of egg.

Although class distinctions are still rather sharply drawn in Mexico, and *moles* and *dulces* of this sort are not expected to reach the peon's table, the goodness of his daily diet of black beans, pink rice and *tortillas* is best proved by his own invariable refusal, when he comes to the city to work, to exchange it for any strange flummeries or sillabubs.

Pharmacology

NEW ANTIDOTES FOR SOME
OLD POISONS

BY CRESTON COLLINS

IT is almost impossible to distinguish between drugs and poisons; nearly all the common remedies, given in excess, cause dangerous or even fatal symptoms, and many poisons may be valuable remedies in small doses. Numerous substances may be either foods, remedies, or poisons, depending upon the quantity taken and the method of their introduction into the body.

This last is true, at least for the second two of the three uses, of strychnine. It is essentially a tonic and in the ordinary therapeutic dose of one-sixtieth to one-twelfth of a grain there is an improvement of the appetite and the general sense of well-being, and the special senses are intensified. Hearing and touch are more acute, the field of vision is widened, and color differences can be recognized that normally appear identical. When, however, strychnine is ingested in lethal dosage the powerful action upon the central nervous system causes this acuity to become so pathological that a slight touch causes a convulsion and bright light is intolerable.

The ensuing dreadful agony makes dramatic the course of strychnine poisoning, and the picture presented is one that is easily recognized. Twenty to thirty minutes after the drug has been swallowed there is a severe convulsion (due to the stimulating action), followed by agonized fighting for air as the respiration fails (due to the metabolism being so accelerated by the enormous muscular activity that the consumption of oxygen and output of carbonic acid are greatly increased).

A few cases were saved with the older methods of treatment, but not many. The inhalation of chloroform served to subdue the spasms, but it did not neutralize the poison. The hypodermic administration of apomorphine hydrochlorate produced a non-irritating vomiting, but removed only that part of the strychnine which had not been absorbed; and the introduction of a stomach tube only increased the severity of the convulsions.

Now, however, medicine appears to be in possession of a really ideal treatment, and when it can be administered with reasonable promptness there is immediate and spectacular relief from the agonizing symptoms and nearly all fatalities can be prevented. This treatment depends principally upon the use of the derivatives of barbituric acid (malonyl urea), which are synthetic drugs built upon the amide of carbonic acid.

They are soporifics which, in the ordinary therapeutic dose of five to ten grains, exercise a hypnotic action upon the central nervous system, inducing a natural quietude without other organic depression. Late in 1929 two American physicians, L. G. Zervas and J. T. C. McCallum, described their use in combating the effects of strychnine, and now one of them, sodium isoamylethyl barbiturate, is generally recognized as a specific for that purpose.

In November last, Dr. M. C. Wheelock, a practitioner of Sioux City, Iowa, described in a published report the effects of treatment in the case of a girl who had attempted suicide by taking strychnine sulphate. He first saw her twenty minutes after her convulsions began. Her lips were blue, her respiration was failing, and she was in the throes of characteristic spasms,

with heels and head bent backward and arms rigid over her chest. But in four minutes after administration of the antidote (a five-grain solution given directly into a vein by hypodermic syringe) she was resting comfortably, and eventually she made a complete recovery.

The minimum lethal dose of strychnine for a toddling child is one-fifth of a grain, which implies that a three-year-old would be in a serious condition after swallowing a dozen laxative pills each containing the usual dose of one-sixtieth of a grain of the sulphate. One and one-half grains is considered the dose which, without treatment, means death for the adult. But it seems now quite definitely established that the intravenous administration of a five-grain dose of phenobarbital sodium (which may be repeated if necessary) admits of recovery after the absorption of as much as four to five times the lethal dose, and that sodium amytal is effective up to two and one-half times that dose.

This antagonism is reversible, so that when any of the barbiturates have been ingested in lethal quantity, the effects may be counteracted with strychnine. Hitherto strychnine has caused the deaths of about 200 persons in the United States every year. Approximately half of these cases have been accidental poisonings of small children, and the remainder intentionally administered poisonings of adults. Now most of the victims can be saved.

Another interesting group of compounds responsible for many accidental and intentional poisonings is that of cyanogen. Minute amounts of certain of these compounds are found in plants, but they are rarely used as medicinals. However, the cyanide salts are much used commercially (e.g., sodium and potassium cyanide by jewelers and photographers), and some are dangerous poisons.

When they are taken into the body the central nervous system is immediately stimulated and then promptly paralyzed. This general depressant action renders the tissues unable to absorb oxygen and the oxyhemoglobin of the blood is not reduced; thus the venous blood has the same bright red color as the arterial. The rapid loss of motor power, collapse, and subsequent death may or may not be accompanied by convulsive seizures.

The old treatment consisted of artificial respiration, the inhalation of ammonia, and the administration of one one-hundredth of a grain of atropine sulphate hypodermically (for the stimulant effect), with a gastric lavage of water containing small amounts of iron sulphate, iron chloride and magnesium carbonate (in an attempt to render the unabsorbed cyanide insoluble). But these theoretical measures were notoriously ineffectual.

Now a new and better antidote has been found in methylene blue (methylthionine chloride), one of the aniline dyes. Its action appears to have been first reported in 1926 in *Skandinavian Archives of Physiology*. When it comes into contact with potassium or sodium cyanide a direct chemical action occurs, the end-products of which are non-toxic.

Of course, recovery from cyanide poisoning can be expected only under favorable circumstances, including a small dosage and immediate aid. A seventy-five grain dose has been known to cause death within twenty minutes, and a dose of one-hundred-and-fifty grains is followed by unconsciousness in a few seconds and by death in about three minutes. The pure hydrocyanic (prussic) acid exhibits an even more rapid lethal action. It is very volatile and when inhaled produces death in a few seconds; one volume in two thousand of air is fatal.

An interesting case was reported last September from Park Hospital in San Francisco, by Drs. J. C. Geiger and R. J. Millzner. A young man had swallowed approximately fifteen grains of potassium cyanide in half a glass of water, and was brought to the hospital in a coma and with failing respiration. Within five minutes he was given two ounces of a one per cent aqueous solution of methylene blue, injected directly into the blood stream, and his recovery was complete within fifteen minutes. The patient later said:

There wasn't any sensation other than a numbness starting at the extremities and gradually, without pain, spreading. The sensation was really quite pleasant—no pain and no muscular rigidity in going under. After the intravenous injection [of the antidote] there was just a sensation of floating.

There is evidence that methylene blue may also be useful in poisoning by carbon monoxide. Ordinary illuminating gas is about one-fourth carbon monoxide, and automotive exhaust gases have a much higher content. The atmosphere need contain only one-half of one percent to produce unconsciousness in a few minutes (generally without warning symptoms), and death ensues very quickly. The lethal effect of the gas is due to its peculiar ability to form a compound with the blood that prevents the further absorption of oxygen.

The best immediate treatment, of course, is the long-used one of artificial respiration, preferably augmented with oxygen. But it is now considered advisable to supplement this with methylene blue, or with sodium thiosulphate, or both. The latter is seemingly effective in both the acute and the chronic stages of carbon monoxide absorption.

This last fact is important, for Drs.

Henderson and Haggard of Yale have shown that for years after apparent recovery from poisoning by the gas, where only the usual resuscitation method has been used, there persist certain structural degenerations of the lungs, the heart, and the nervous system. These changes, often accompanied by severe symptoms, are thought to be due to an accumulation of injurious metabolic substances produced when the combination of carbon monoxide and hemoglobin is broken. Intravenous injections of sodium thiosulphate seem definitely to prevent such insidious sequelæ. The exact mechanism by which the cell distoxication is accomplished is not definitely understood, but it is logical to assume that the virtue of the thiosulphate depends upon its chemical affinity for the poison and its products being greater than that of the animal protein first absorbing the toxic material.

Sodium thiosulphate has also been proved to be spectacularly effective in cases of poisoning due to the salts of arsenic and mercury, which are sometimes taken by accident but probably as often with suicidal intent. Mercury, in particular, is a powerful poison, especially in the form of the familiar bichloride. This salt, because of its active affinity for the simple proteins of microscopic life, has been much used in the past as a general antiseptic. Poisoning by it, or by any other salt of mercury, is characterized by a severe general inflammation, with bloody vomitus, and kidney, heart and respiratory failure, which may become manifest in from one to twenty-four hours. The less marked chronic condition (mercurialism) is seen even oftener than the acute, and may follow either the abusive use of any medicinal form of mercury or prolonged contact with it or its fumes (as happens in the case of workmen in cinna-

bar mines). Here the symptoms of mouth gangrene, skin lesions, and kidney degeneration are due to tissue fixation of the mercury ion.

Formerly, when any of the arsenicals or mercurials had been taken in quantities sufficient to cause alarming symptoms, the case was considered hopeless. There was little to be done save institute purgings and gastric lavage (with an aqueous solution of sodium carbonate and iron chloride for arsenic, and with white of egg for mercury) followed by stimulants. Recoveries occurred, but they were not common.

Sodium thiosulphate depends for its therapeutic action in this situation upon its compatibility with the human tissues and its ability to rapidly precipitate metals. Chemists have long used non-metallic sulphur as a precipitant for heavy metals; however, toxicologists seem to have overlooked the possibility of a sulphur compound as a therapeutic agent in this capacity until the initial report of Dr. P. Ravaut of Paris in 1920.

Since then, there has been increasing evidence that the chemically pure thiosulphate of sodium extracts the ions of arsenic and mercury from the human protein in the same manner and with the same facility that the commercial grade, or "hypo," precipitates the unused silver in the gelatin of a photographic film. If, in addition to this action of converting the fixed, toxic metal into a harmless soluble, the salt also functions as a somewhat mysterious blood-stream "broom," sweeping out the poisonous by-products (as it obviously does in delayed carbon monoxide poisoning), then the rapid results may be more easily accounted for.

A recently published report of the Maine General Hospital of Portland told of ten cases of mercurial poisoning treated with this new antidote, with complete recoveries. Similar reports may be repeatedly found in current medical literature. It appears that even the delayed use of sodium thiosulphate in heavy metals poisoning relieves all painful symptoms and generally admits of a pleasing convalescence.

NORTH STAR

BY BERNICE KENYON

THESE then have failed us, for that they pass and change:
The land with varying seasons; the sea with tides;
The wind that is recourse for us, and drops
And dies, or turns inconstant; even the fire
Threading the lips of mountains, leaping in clouds,
Seemingly never distant, which will not come
At times, for all we scratch its steel and stone
To conjure it. . . . And beasts about us are fickle
And go in their own ways, not comprehending
Our search for understanding of certainty. . . .
And God, whatever He be, and when, and where,
Has not for His most favorable attribute
That justness of the heart that is certainty.

Are we then mad, who treasure in our being
This longing? Who require and demand
Of each his brother, that the heart be true?
Not with mere loves, which are a glamorousness
Upon our life, but with the great possessions
Of gathering mind and the growing wisdoms within it?

Are we then vain, who with no little pride,
No want of dark ambition, yet must steer
The inchoate wastes of sea, and the hidden groves
And turning plains of the earth, and the ridden streets
Of our abodes, imperviously apart
From their dread changes—steadied and aloof
With eyes fixed always on this still North Star?

NOTES ON AMERICAN YIDDISH

BY GEORGE WOLFE

AMERICAN Yiddish is a product of the past fifty years, during which period approximately 2,000,000 Yiddish speaking Jews settled in this country, where their language inevitably came into contact with, and strongly felt the influence of the native American speech. This new brand of Yiddish, so far, has not been subjected to any systematic investigation. No one has yet attempted to study in detail the conditions under which a tongue developed in, and therefore best suited to the circumscribed life of, the Ghetto was turned in a short span of time into a language serving the diverse needs of a large group in the new and complex American environment. This fact has, however, not prevented numerous individuals from speaking glibly about American Yiddish and more especially from predicting its demise within a period vaguely referred to as "the near future" or "the next generation".

The first to pronounce the doom of Yiddish were the condescending and philanthropic German Jews. These benefactors of their less fortunate East European coreligionists had a touching faith in the ability of neighborhood settlements, Americanization programmes and lectures on civics to do away with the scorned "Ghetto jargon" and substitute in its place, almost overnight, the highly respectable English language. They did not understand how anybody could possibly want to be identified with a speech which

was the sure earmark of political and social inferiority. Bring to these poor "strangers at our gate" the blessings of Americanization, they proclaimed, and their ridiculous vernacular will vanish into thin air along with the rest of their antiquated cultural and physical baggage.

Professor Leo Wiener, Slavonic scholar, Harvard professor, and pioneer historian of Yiddish literature, took a similar view in 1898, at which time the language had hardly gained a foothold in the Golden Land. "It is hard," he said in his "History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century," "to foretell the future of Judeo-German. In America it is certainly doomed to extinction. Its lease of life is commensurate with the last large immigration to the New World."

But since that time Yiddish has undergone a remarkable development in this country. The Yiddish press, to take the most striking example, has in the course of the past thirty-five years grown from an insignificant number of struggling, bitterly partisan organs, written for the most part in the kind of Yiddish known as *deutschmerish*, to over forty influential, and often intelligent publications, with a total circulation that, despite the Depression and the cutting off of Jewish immigration, still reaches impressive figures. According to the 1930 Federal Census 1,222,658 Jews gave Yiddish as their mother tongue. One might think that the prophets, whose opinions are after all based on subjective

impressions gathered here and there, would have taken pause before again presenting the world with their visions of the future. Yet so late as 1928 we find Mr. H. B. Wells, to cite a typical case, uttering a sad prediction in *American Speech*. "Judeo-German in America," Mr. Wells was certain, "is inevitably doomed . . . There is not reasonable doubt that within a very few years it will lose its identity, at least as Judeo-German, will turn into Judeo-English, expire quietly, and finally become as delightfully musty and passé a subject for doctor's theses as Anglo-Saxon is today."

Be that as it may, American Yiddish, still very much alive and vastly exuberant, presents an almost unexplored field of interest to the student of American speech. Although it has remained fundamentally a folk-language, with its roots deep in the rich, intimate folk-life of Eastern Europe, its transplantation to the New World has inevitably caused it to take on much of the peculiar color of its new environment. In its cruder, more unabashed forms it is as much a product of the American scene as the sweat shop, the union, or the *allrightnick*. Already it differs so radically from the Yiddish spoken and written in European countries that visitors to the Old Country often have great difficulty making themselves understood.

What, for instance, would the European Jew make of such typical examples of American Yiddish as *holdupnick*, *real-estatenick*, *allrightnick*, *lodgenick*, *boytchick*, *boodler*, *bluffer*, *blufferke*, *fixen*, *landler*, *moofen*, *meetten*, *nevermai*, *college boy*, *next doorige*, *serseity*, *second handige*, *trouble macher*, *piktsche*, *farmortgagen*, *foinished room*, *faker*, *customer*, *peddler*, *crank*? My guess is that all these would probably be as foreign to him as a similar list of Sanskrit words. Thus American

Yiddish as spoken by the masses is steadily drifting apart from European Yiddish.

It is to be noted, however, in this connection that some of the most common Yiddish Americanisms have gained currency abroad, presumably through the influence of letters received from relatives and as a result of the popularity which American Yiddish newspapers enjoy there. Dr. J. Gotlieb, editor of the Warsaw Yiddish daily, *Der Haint*, says that such locutions as *bluffer*, *all right*, *allrightnick*, and *business* are commonly used by Jews in Poland, especially by journalists, and several years ago there was published in that country a humorous weekly called *Der Bluffer*. It is interesting to observe that *business* is reserved for an enterprise of a questionable character; otherwise the purer and dignified *gescheft* is employed.

II

The penetration of English words and turns of speech into American Yiddish began at a very early date. As Edward Sapir says, "the simplest kind of influence that one language may exert on another is the borrowing of words". The borrowing process among Jewish immigrants began at the very doorstep of the new country. A letter written by a newcomer to a newspaper after being only five weeks in the United States has *jewelry*, *bosses*, *season*, *hat*, *job*, and *board*. What was probably the first work in Yiddish to be published in America (1877), a slender book of poems by Yakov Zevi Sobel (1831-1913), already contained a good many English expressions. One poem in particular, "The Polish Scholar in America", a satire on the ways of American Jews in the 70's, was chock full of them. We find there *fotsen* (fortune), *suppier* (supper), *dinner*, *boss*, *famer* (farmer), *fool*, *dzentle*

leit (gentleman), *dzentle womens*, *exsample*, *fork*, *knife*, *Mrs.*, *Sunday*, *tzortz* (church), *candeh* (candy), *school*, *loafer*, *smath* (smart) *as a Republican*, *mixture*, *all right*, and *Europe*.

It was not, however, until the mass migration of Yiddish-speaking Jews began that the infiltration of English loan-words into Yiddish started in earnest. The kind of life discovered by the great majority of immigrants in their adopted country was in many respects vastly different from what they were familiar with in their narrow and isolated East European towns. They found here a different economic system, a strange social and cultural *milieu*, unfamiliar attitudes, mechanical inventions that were unheard of in the Old World—in short, the scenes they were thrown into could not be adequately described by means of their homely folk Yiddish. It was therefore inevitable that they should, with their genius for quick adaptation to the unfamiliar, accept readily those valuable words which described the new life and gave them something of a mastery over it.

An immigrant who found himself in a cloak shop was not slow in learning to use *shop*, *foreman*, *strike*, *boss*, *union*, *lock-out*, *payde* (pay day = wages), and so forth. His wife, too, soon learned to know and to use *butcher* instead of *katzev*, *kitchen* instead of *kich*, *vinde* (window) instead of *fenster*, and so on. She found, too, that there was a person who could not be called by any other name except *next doorige*. She used *butcher* and not *katzev*, *kitchen* and not *kich*, because she soon realized, whether she knew it or not, that the American butcher and the American kitchen were quite different from their European counterparts. The old terms lost their reality and the new ones took their place very naturally.

More significant than the borrowing of words to designate the workaday objective world is the borrowing of words and phrases to express the new attitudes, situations and relationships which have sprung up in the immigrant community. Take the word *boy*. It is used largely by unmarried, immigrant Jewish women in referring to a bachelor, a young man, sweetheart or lover. The Yiddish equivalents for these, *bochur*, *yunger man*, *geliebter*, are rarely, if ever, to be met with. Now, aside from the fact that *boy* is shorter, the change in phraseology may very well be indicative of the profounder change in the relationship between the sexes which has taken place among immigrant Jews in this country. One acquires a lover in America much more readily than is the case in the Old World. What is more, the relationship here is in many instances more casual and at the same time more intimate. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the immigrant girl found it uncomfortable to employ the traditional terms here. *Boy* is so much easier, simpler and more expressive of the actual situation. The same may be true of other words, especially those pertaining to relationships and attitudes peculiar to the American environment.

But once incorporated into Yiddish, the English loan-words do not always retain their original meanings. In the endless folk chatter of the masses these locutions are frequently so transformed as to become almost new words. Some of the English elements in Yiddish are thus apparently undergoing the same process to which many Hebrew and Russian words assimilated into Yiddish were subjected. They are refashioned to suit the habits of the language, and they frequently take on some of the color of those expressive and meaningful gestures which are so much a part of Yiddish.

A Jewish woman was once asked for the meaning of *all right*, which she was in the habit of using very often. She said, "I'll tell you. When your friend is very ill, perhaps on the point of death, and you call his home to inquire about his health, they say 'All right'. That's the meaning of *all right*." The word has indeed an almost endless range of meanings. When accompanied with the proper gesture and intonation it can serve to express almost anything.

The word *try*, one of the most popular loan-words, is another interesting example. Its meaning as used by immigrant Jews was well expressed by Mr. Charles Reznikoff in his story, "By the Waters of Manhattan."

He asked her if she had any relative or friend in America. She could not remember any. She gave him the letter she had to the man in New Haven. Mr. Zolotarov knew him: he was a tailor. So was Mr. Zolotarov. Sarah Yetta told him that she had never worked at tailoring.

"The first thing to learn in America," he said, "is that you can do everything. You will learn how. The first thing to do is to *try*."

"What does *try* mean?"

"This is what it means: when you are asked if you can do a certain kind of work, say yes; sit down and do it as well as you can. If the boss or foreman doesn't like the way you do it, he sends you away and you go to another place. By this time you know a little about it and you try again. If you like your work, you are sure to learn."

There does not appear to be any resistance on the part of the Yiddish masses to the borrowing of English words. Nothing, in fact, seems more natural, and once they learn to use them they do not see how they could get along without them. I recently saw a letter from a woman, written in Yiddish. She spoke of donating a collection of books to the Hebrew University in Jeru-

salem as a memorial to her deceased brother. I asked her why she had preferred *memorial* to the traditional Yiddish *zikoron*. Her reply was that *memorial* was the accepted term in this country. "It seems," she added, "that the English words [in use] are now native to Yiddish. It seems that it should be so and could really not be otherwise."

A friend who is rooming with a *landsmann*, a man who has been in this country for twenty-five years, told me this illuminating story. One afternoon he was asked by his *landsmann* to buy a pint of sour cream. My friend said, "Ah, you want some *schmetene*." The *landsmann* said angrily that he did not want *schmetene*, he wanted sour cream. In this country, he said, it was called sour cream and not *schmetene*. When my friend attempted to speak again he was cut short with the remark, "You are a stubborn fellow."

III

The question has frequently been raised whether there are fewer English loan-words in present-day American Yiddish than in the Yiddish of twenty or thirty years ago. Dr. Max Weinreich, director of the Yiddish Scientific Institute, ventured the opinion several years ago in a lecture that during the past ten years there has been a decided decrease in the number of them found in the Yiddish press. This he attributed to the change in attitude toward the language on the part of Yiddish speaking people. There may be some truth in that. It has, for instance, been remarked that increasing economic and social security often works to decrease the zeal of an immigrant Jew for the benefits of Americanization. It is said that after a Jew has been in America for some years he realizes to his satisfaction that he may, after

all, eat fish on Friday with impunity. "Many of the Americanized and semi-Americanized Jews," said the journalist Zivion in the *Jewish Daily Forward*, "are less ashamed to read a Yiddish newspaper today than formerly. The reading of a Yiddish newspaper has ceased to be a symbol of greenness."

It is, however, to spoken Yiddish that we must look for examples of linguistic borrowing. The written word imposes restraints which are often totally lacking in informal conversation. Some time ago, at a banquet celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Yiddish press in America, I overheard a conversation in which two young men and a woman participated. It was carried on for the most part in Yiddish, with occasional and brief stretches of English. The conversation concerned the Yiddish press, the status of a person in Europe and in America, the merits of various Yiddish literati, and so forth. I jotted down all the English words used by the three persons, with the following results.

Let us call them A, B and C, B being the woman. A, who spoke an excellent Yiddish, used *all right*, *column*, *supreme justice* (for Supreme Court justice), *I can assure you*, *you wouldn't miss much*, *but*, *tuxedos*, *I don't mind*, *difference*, *long distance*, *bread-line*, *restaurant*, *Europe*, *tables*, *sure*, and *aususen* (to make use of). B said comparatively little, but her Yiddish was good. She used only *quarter*, *bread-line* and *car*. C's Yiddish was the least pure and more often than the other two did he swing into English. During the one-and-a-half-hour conversation he used the following rather large number of English words and expressions:

But, *all right*, *absolutely*, *because*, *afford* (afford), *geglichen* (liked), *numbers* (musical), *I'm tellin' you*, *I'll betchu any amount*, *but anyye* (anyway), *royal-*

ties, *explained*, *you'd never believe*, *paper* (newspaper), *movies*, *full dress*, *tuxedo*, *waiter*, *short*, *country place*, *week-end*, *so I went over*, *floor*, *bow in the back*, *dress*, *the back*, *college boy*, *scholarship*, *he over-worked*, *he got a cold*, *affair*, *dance*, *the one* (which I told you), *tickets*, (he) *claimt* (claims), *no*, *Europe*, *special*, *you know*, *choitch* (church), *why not*, *dentz* (dance), *I forget*, *you know*, *I wore a dark gray suit*, *stiff collar*, *soft collar*, *it's the rule of the house*, *they don't care*, *lately*, *just as*, *terrible*, *nickel*, *traveler*, *ices*, *neighborhood*.

With every new topic of discussion C brought into action new English words. At times his speech was more English than Yiddish. Whether he is an exception or not, it would be hard to say. Nevertheless, there must be many whose spoken Yiddish tends to be more English than Yiddish. The journalist H. Lang reported in the *Forward* so long ago as 1925 that "the Yiddish used at the meetings of our various societies, branches and unions is more Americanized than the Yiddish spoken on the street, at work or at business. More English than Yiddish words are used. Entire sentences are spoken in English. It can only be explained by saying that the persons at the meetings think in English. And this simply means that English enters our blood, our whole thinking and feeling, even when we still speak Yiddish."

One more example will illustrate to what extent English has penetrated into the spoken Yiddish of some immigrant Jews. The speaker here is the late Yiddish actor, David Kessler. He is discussing a play written by the great Yiddish humorist, Sholem Aleichem, which was read to him by the latter's son-in-law, the writer I. D. Berkowitz. Berkowitz thus reports Kessler's comments (all words in italics are English).

Well, yes . . . you have good cigarettes, you know . . . Where do you buy them? . . . And regarding the play, I . . . well, let me tell you . . . 'tis, ofcourse (of course), all right . . . the dialogue is brilliant . . . Jewish actors, you know, ought to be happy . . . these people talk—it's a pleasure to listen . . . a real pleasure . . . you know . . . brilliant! . . . and the minor parts—all right, all right! . . . well drawn, oil painting, you know . . . the poor Jew-ess with the money, believe me, is a masterpiece . . . a real good portrait! . . . But . . . yes . . . the main thing! . . . This Jew, you know . . . the chief character . . . How do you call him? . . . That man with the brains . . . Oh yes, Mozgovoier . . . gentlemen,—I don't understand him! I don't get him! . . . Who is he? What is he? What's his point, I mean? . . . A lunatic? An idiot? A deceiver? . . . He acts, let me tell you, like a regular deceiver, a muddle-headed fellow, you know . . . He sells his daughter on account of the treasure, deceives the policeman and everything . . . and then he talks like . . . like . . . a saint! . . . like . . . like . . . how would you say it? . . . like . . . like . . . Moses, who . . . who . . . leads the Jews, you know, to Egypt . . . To tell you the truth, —I expected quite a different part. . . .

IV

The influx of English words into Yiddish, has, of course, not gone altogether unchallenged, just as the phenomenon has had its defenders and sponsors. Those who insist on a Yiddish pure and undefiled are to be found principally among the so-called Yiddishists, who are vitally interested in the perpetuation of Yiddish wherever Jews are. They ridicule the indiscriminate use of English loan-words. From the platform, in the press, and in conversation they deplore the development of a bastard Yiddish in America. They call it the potato-chicken-kitchen language, the barbaric language, the language of the streets, and so forth. "When one thinks of Yiddish in

America," says Dr. Ch. Zhitlowsky, the theoretician of the Yiddishist movement, in the *Day*, "one must not forget that we have here two brands of Yiddish. One brand is the wild-growing Yiddish-English jargon, the potato-chicken-kitchen language; the other brand is the cultivated language of Yiddish culture all over the world."

In their own public addresses and press articles these intellectuals scrupulously avoid using even a single English word. If they do happen to make use of one it is done with ironical intent or to show up the vulgarity of the practice. At a recent gathering of the Yiddish Culture Society, the chairman, commenting on the unexpectedly large audience assembled, said: "This affair has been a *success*." He was promptly booed and he retracted. "This affair," he said, "has been an *erfolg*." On another occasion the poet Bialostozky announced that the Yiddish Culture Society had succeeded in organizing many *branches* in various parts of the country. No sooner had he uttered the word than he corrected himself and said that he had, of course, meant *tzweigen*.

The purists often go to great lengths in their attempt to speak what they consider a cultivated Yiddish. Thus, they say *yam toier* instead of *Sea Gate*, *frühlings-huhn* instead of *spring chicken*, *kai gume* instead of *chewing gum*, which seems absurd and unnecessary to the average Yiddish lowbrow, but serves as excellent material for the newspaper columnists and Second avenue humorists.

The attitude of the intelligentsia has not found favor with all Yiddish writers. There are those who either encourage or at least tolerate the introduction of English elements into Yiddish. Perhaps the foremost representative of this camp is Abraham Cahan, for nearly thirty-five

years the distinguished editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*. He has from the beginning of his literary and journalistic career used a varied assortment of English words. The second volume alone of his recently published autobiography, "Pages From My Life," contains a glossary, intended for the European reader, of no less than 537 different English words and phrases! It is his penchant for using so many English loan-words that once prompted the humorous weekly, the *Big Stick*, to say, in speaking of one of the departments in the *Forward* edited by him, that "Ab. Cahan is known for this habit: He likes to throw in a few Yiddish words in his 'Literature and Life'." In a conversation with the writer, he said regarding the Americanization of Yiddish:

My theory from the start was that you must give the masses a language that they will understand, that will be natural. As in this

country a great many English words creep into the Yiddish vocabulary, you must use them so that they will be natural to the people. For instance, the word *katzev* for butcher. You must use the word *butcher*—they will not understand *katzev*. When I made a living by giving lessons to immigrants I sat in a house and asked the lady to open the *fenster*. She said to someone: "What do you think of that educated man—he still says *fenster*?"

Whether Yiddish will survive in this country, and if it does, what form it will ultimately take, only the prophets can say. And as was said above, we already have too many prophecies. What is needed at the present time is sound research on the various aspects of American Yiddish. The labor involved in such a task, although great, should reward the explorer richly. The field has hardly been touched. It awaits the trained and objective investigator.

CHILDHOOD IN A MORMON HOUSE

BY LOUIS W. LARSEN

MY EARLIEST memory of polygamy harks back to a sunny day when I came sauntering in from the garden and found myself, at the threshold of my mother's cabin, confronted by two strange men. I was then only knee-high to a pioneer, and these visitors loomed like a couple of giants out of a story-book. "Where's your father, boy?" one of them demanded to know. Whereupon I thrust out my hands, smeared with mud, and answered: "I been out in the garden diggin' radishes." That's all they could elicit from me. That was my story—and I stuck to it.

I learned after they had gone away that my father had been warned in the nick of time, and had bounded up the stairs and crawled back to the end of the secret closet under the eaves. Lucky for him! For our callers were United States deputies, known to us as the depts, and they were hot on the trail of the half-dozen Mormon polygamists of our little village. When they had gone my father came down to the kitchen and held exultant converse with my mother, who, from the doorway, had overheard the temporizing of her barefoot prodigy. I recall how my pride was touched by their saying that my answer to the depts had been inspired.

Thus, at a very tender age, was I conditioned to the idea that polygamy was a divine institution. Surely the Lord was on the side of these holy men who had taken plural wives! And surely the depts were

the skulking emissaries of a world of sinners arrayed against the saints! The incident confirmed my already staunch alliance with the Chosen People and impressed me, child as I was, with the principle that I should give no quarter to the enemy.

There would be long stretches of time, back in the 90's, when my father would be "on the underground." The underground, in my infant imaginings, was some cavernous place where these innocent fugitives, the polygamists, took sanctuary from the wicked hands of their pursuers. I have learned since that, at such times, my father would be hiding out in the home of a sympathetic neighbor or keeping watch from the domicile of his second wife, who lived in another village.

In the straggling town where I spent my childhood there were forty-odd families, or rather, heads of families, and six of them were polygamists. Each of these proscribed men faced the problem of outwitting the snooping deputies. I suppose their strategy was much the same. It resolved itself into the troublesome business of keeping out of sight when strangers lurked in the village, or the more delicate exigency of running for it when taken unawares. The latter were the times that provided the dramatic episodes of underground days.

Brother Nielsen, for example, was one day having his watering turn from the irrigation ditch, and was sludging about

in his corn, which stood shoulder high. Unexpectedly, his vigilant third wife wigwagged the intelligence, with a bit of red flannel, that the deys were coming down the lane.

He had no time to get back to the corral and secret himself in the haystack. The two strange men had already reached the front yard and were headed toward the fields. Waste water running across the road had been the clue that he would be somewhere in the garden, attending to the irrigation. They hadn't seen him yet, but there was no place to hide. So he ran to the main canal and immersed himself full-length in the stream, with only his nose poking out through the whipping tendrils of the willows. The officers tramped the banks of the ditch, passing within inches of Brother Nielsen—but they didn't get him that time.

Brother Rankin was another of the hunted men. I have heard him tell his story as one more example of a providential escape. He had been hiding out so long that his wheat crop was going to ruin for want of the sickle. If only he could get to his field, two miles from his home in the mouth of a canyon, he knew he would be able to put in a few licks while his wife kept watch from a knoll at the edge of the farm. So he adopted the device of incognito, wearing a faded flannel dress and slat bonnet belonging to another of his women. He knew the deys were prowling on the outskirts of the village, but he had to take the chance.

Out on the highway, sitting in the spring-seat alongside his wife, who did the driving, he looked innocent enough. But they had journeyed only part of the way when they met a strange man riding in a cart. He stopped the two "women," smiled pleasantly, and asked if they had any idea where he might find Brother Rankin. Mrs.

Rankin had a quick inspiration. Pointing eastward across a stubbled field, she said: "Brother Rankin, I believe, is one of them two men out yonder pitchin' wheat."

The stranger was cordial, almost effusive, in his thanks. He let down the bars where a trail ran into the field and struck off in the direction of the two men busy with the harvest. Half way there, he came to a narrow swamp, apparently dry and grown tall and lush with cat-tails. Being dead on the scent, it seemed too far to go around, so he essayed to drive his pony straight through. He had scarcely plunged in when the animal sank to its withers and the cart bogged down to a level that wet him to the waist. He was able to scramble back to dry ground but he couldn't do anything whatever, unassisted, about the horse and cart.

Not being in so much haste now, he took time to walk around the end of the treacherous slough. When he came to the men, he perceived that they were merely a couple of strapping lads in their 'teens. He knew he had been misinformed. "Wonder if you boys would be good enough to come and pull my rig out of that damned marsh?" he inquired. His bespattered person was an object of compassion, but the young men, who were both Mormons, could only lean on their pitch-forks and laugh.

"How the devil did ya come to git in there?" one of them asked.

"I was told Brother Rankin was over here and I wanted to see him for a moment," the deputy replied.

"Oh, ya was wantin' to see Brother Rankin, was ya? Well, in that case ya kin just leave your cart and horse in the tullies till they rot!"

The boys cackled gleefully as the chagrined catchpoll went back across the field the way he had come.

II

Yes, the Mormons were in pretty close league in their defense of the driven polygamists. The depts were not merely harassing a few marked men; they were persecutors of the entire church, and defense of the system was a common cause. Every loyal member had something at stake. It was only the occasional and traitorous bearer of tales who would connive with the deputies.

It was chiefly this hazard of disloyalty that made it so necessary to keep plural marriages in dark secrecy. When one of the brethren took on a new wife, knowledge of it was kept as far—and as long—as possible within the circles of the families concerned. But marriage after a time has a way of proclaiming itself from the house tops, and it was only a matter of months when the tongue of gossip began to wag.

The new plural wife was a kind of mystery woman. Often she would live for a long time with her own parents. In other instances she would be domiciled in a neighboring town. Or she was sometimes invited to live under the same roof with the first wife. This latter fashion of triangular cohabitation was, naturally, the exceptional thing. I knew at least one polygamous family, however, in which the arrangement was sheer domestic bliss. The two women in this case were about the same age. They shared the one dining-room, but each had her adjacent boudoir for privacy when the shadows lengthened and the evening hours drew nigh. This ideal set-up was not disturbed until the coming of children made it necessary to build a second house.

Even the children of the first wife were not always in the know respecting a newly acquired spouse. For youngsters will talk

—and gossip spreads. Their sire's occasional and unwonted absence had to be explained somehow by their loyal mother. At last would come the embarrassing day of exposure. Johnny and Anna would see their papa with a strange woman, perhaps showering on her some unaccountable attentions. Then she would be presented to the gaping children as an aunt. But soon or late, she would be known to them as the wife that she was, and her off-spring as their half brothers and sisters.

I was intimately acquainted with a rather populous family of a neighboring town. One of the girls was called Dolly. One day she told me how she came by the name. She was the child of a third wife and was born after the Manifesto of 1900, by which the Mormons formally renounced polygamy. Her mother's cottage was just across the street from the home of a son of her father by an earlier wife, and this son was also married and the father of a boy, a toddler three years old. There was no way, it seemed, to keep this lad from going over to the grandmother's and having a glimpse of the infant daughter, about which no word was by any chance to be permitted to leak out. Now, it was inevitable that the youngster would sooner or later speak out of turn about his grandmother's baby and thus set a dangerous rumor afloat. So they hit upon the notion of having the three-year-old boy call his infant aunt Dolly. Any casual reference to a dolly which he might make could not be incriminating. The moniker clung; the lady, herself a mother now, is still known as Dolly.

In some instances, secrecy would be preserved for an incredible time. I know of one case in which the polygamist's third wife had been formerly a widow and was the mother of five children at the time of her second marriage. As these grew to ma-

III

turity, they found themselves becoming well acquainted, through church and social contacts, with the boys and girls of the first wife. After a time an attachment sprang up between a pair of them: the widow's Samuel was in love with Lucy of the other family. What to do? The young folks ought to know. Well, they were told that they stood already in the relation of step-brother and step-sister. But love brooks no such artificial bars as that; they were married.

Children born of polygamous unions after the Manifesto presented their sponsors with an especially urgent need to keep the matter dark. The law would now swoop down with a merciless vengeance. I attended the funeral a few years ago of an eminent polygamist whose posterity ran into the hundreds. The three wives who survived him were conferring with their sons about the order of the cortège and the seating at the last rites. Suddenly a strange woman was ushered into their midst, bearing an infant child in her arms. "I am one of Brother Butterfield's wives," she said calmly, "and this baby is his daughter." Knowing the deceased and understanding his expansive views on procreation, the mourners could not too hastily proclaim her an impostor. She had her rightful place at the funeral. Later she presented documentary proof of the marriage and took her share of the estate.

There is another instance, rather generally known in Utah, of a young man of post-Manifesto birth who broke the will of his vastly rich deceased father and copped himself a fortune. Previous to the death of his sire both he and his mother had borne another name. The "legitimate" children challenged his alleged relationship, but he proved his case. Overnight, he thus rose from the ranks of the nondescript to a place of wealth.

Polygamous courtships naturally were a very colorful feature of the clandestine practice of plural marriage. The audacious men who went in for it had to develop an utterly new technique of wooing. There was no precedent this side of Jacob. The sanction of church authority was, of course, the obvious key to the approach. The brave aspirant could easily engage an unsuspecting girl in a casual discussion of church doctrine, leading deftly to the prospect of eternal glory. She in turn—if he were a man of parts—would utter a profound giggle and remark on the beauty of the plural principle. From there on it was a simple step, I fancy, to the plighted word.

The American conception of the Mormon polygamist as a dour and sanctimonious graybeard is all wrong. Most of the men who got plurally involved were in their young manhood or middle age when they took the fatal steps. Beards grew with the passing of the years, but long enough after the heyday. It is my notion that many a buxom and desirable girl was eager to become the second or third wife of an adventurous young Mormon. True, there is the less lovely picture of doddering fellows who craftily snared young maidens meant for a better fate. But my observation has been that the practice of polygamy was almost wholly voluntary, that the same love lure which tugged at the heart strings of the first wife was the fatal charm that enmeshed the second—or the third.

One polygamist I knew married two young women who were inseparable companions. There was no break in the intimate comradeship of the girls during the wooing of the second or for a long time after her marriage. Wedded life found them just as chummy and clinging as ever,

still following their old whimsy of wearing identical bonnets and dresses. At home or abroad, they were always together; arm in arm, whether sitting in the church or going down the street. They lived under the same roof, coöperating in the household tasks and taking their meals at the same table. Naturally, their man was proud to have them so friendly and congenial. All the villagers pointed to the trio as a model polygamous family.

Then one day something happened to disrupt the triple union. The first wife drove the second out of her home and forbade her thenceforth to use the husband's name. The outcast woman became a forlorn recluse, residing for many years, just across the block, with her only child. There was only bitterness between the erstwhile friends. What it was so abruptly silenced the cooings of the love nest, no one ever knew—no one but the two women and the man they tried to share.

In many cases, Mormons married pairs of sisters. It has been the common view that they preferred this arrangement for the reason that sisters should be more inclined to live agreeably in the delicate relation. It is my opinion, however, that such marriages were not so much the result of deliberate choosing as of opportune association. The younger sister, being much around the home of the older and married one, would become well acquainted with the husband and thus expose herself hopelessly to incipient courtship.

Polygamy, incidentally, was a godsend to the spinster. She could always go out and get herself a man. The younger and more luxurious girls were quite likely the first choice of the aspirant to glory, but failing a sufficient supply of them, it was something to know there was an old maid just around the corner. It fell particularly to the lot of the senile to absorb this for-

lorn element of the population. These older girls always put their adventuring into marriage on pious grounds, eschewing all romance and pretending a high degree of spiritual purpose. Courting, in such a case, was merely a matter of gospel conversation.

As I have said, coercion of the fairer sex was quite rare. The sporadic cases, however, of marriage by duress are colorful memories. A woman of my acquaintance, now a member of another church, recites the lurid story of the attempt her father once made to marry her off to a friend and neighbor. The alliance was repugnant to the girl and she stoutly rebelled. So, failing in all the devices of coaxing and badgering, the irate father at last held her prisoner in one of the rooms of his home. To make sure she would not escape, he allowed her only a nightgown in the way of apparel. For many days he kept her thus confined, hoping and praying for capitulation. But one night the girl escaped through a window and ran barefoot in the snow to the home of a neighbor. Her father retrieved her long enough to administer a sound spanking, but she never married the man of his choice.

Another woman, whose story I got from the lips of her own daughter, didn't fare so well. In her case it was no less a dignity than the local Mormon bishop who had asked for her hand. She was an attractive youngster, while the chief official of the ward was an aging, pudgy fellow, who already had more wives than he could well provide for. The father was flattered at the prospect of alliance with a notable, but the girl pointed her thumbs down, protesting the deal with all the vehemence of outraged youth.

Now, it happened that she was the fiancée of a worthy young man. The day had been set. So, together, they planned

ways and means to thwart the two meddling old brethren. An elopment was arranged. She would escape through a window and meet him at the corner, where he would be waiting with a bob-sleigh and a fleet span of horses. He waited in vain. She didn't keep the appointment. Her father had been too smart. This was one marriage that was put through without the bride's consent. She became the fourth wife of the bishop.

IV

Polygamy sometimes lent itself to the artful uses of the adventurer. Religion was not always the motive, though it served invariably as the excuse. There is the story related to me by a boyhood acquaintance, whose father had made the polygamous principle the excuse for high-jinks. This father, as a young man, came from somewhere in the East, back in the days of Brigham Young. Figuring that Zion looked like an interesting place, he found employment with a prosperous farmer and settled down. Now, this farmer had two very lovely daughters, and the wayfarer began at once to lay his plans.

His first step was to proffer to organize and lead the village band, an occupation that led inevitably to an active part in ward affairs. He soon professed interest in the creed of Mormonism, and the spark was steadily fanned to a flame of conviction by his devout employer. He was baptized anon and became an ardent member of the church. Meantime, he had kept a watchful eye on the two girls.

One day he approached the older of them with a proposal of marriage. She was flattered and honored. Being a "foreigner" and handsome, he had become something of an idol with the lassies of the town. He could have had his pick of them all. Of

course she would marry him—and of course her father was proud to have the young convert taken thus conclusively into the fold. The couple was given a parcel of land and they set up housekeeping.

Several years later and after the first child was born, he came to his wife and said: "Mary, I've been thinking a lot lately about this principle of plural marriage. It looks to me like a wonderful thing. Have you by any chance ever . . ."

"Why yes, George," she interposed. "Me and my sister Rosa have been speaking about it ourselves. We think just the same as you do about it."

"Mary!" he exclaimed in an outburst of affection, taking her in his arms.

So another marriage was presently arranged. In good time a child was born; and in almost as good time Mary gave birth to her second baby. The young polygamist found himself the responsible head of two flourishing families. Since he could not provide Rosa with a home of her own, she was required to share the humble quarters of her sister. They were agreeable enough, each remarkably thoughtful of the rights and sensibilities of the other. But that fact in nowise lessened George's task of providing. As the burden grew, he began gradually to lose interest in his two pretty women. For several years more he struggled on, and then one day, after Mary had told him she was to be a mother for the third time, he turned up missing.

Rosa died several years later and left her daughter to the care of Mary. Long afterward, the surviving woman heard that George had returned to the East and that he had left a wife and baby when he had first come out to Deseret. When she was far past middle life, she was married to a staid old widower. She was fond of telling her children that they would not belong in the next world to their errant

earthly father, but rather to the pious man who had taken his place.

I would say that most of the plural courtships and honeymoonings were covert affairs, mercifully concealed from the eyes of the first woman. What she didn't see, she would not sorrow about—not so much, at any rate. There must have been, however, the occasional man so intent on his wooing as to be forgetful of the aggrieved onlooker. One of my earliest memories goes back to a bit of gossip between two women, which I chanced to overhear. I had pricked up my ears at a mention of "poor Martha," whom I knew as one of our neighbors.

This Martha was the first wife of a highly respected citizen and church official. I gleaned from the gossip of the two women that she had been cruelly dealt with. Only the day before, it seems, the thing had happened. As I got the story, her husband had chosen the breakfast hour as a proper time to induct his newly wedded second wife into the family. She was a frivolous, blushing girl of sixteen, younger than at least two of Martha's children. As they sat about the table, this mother and her sons and daughters had to witness the grotesque scene of their husband and father holding this infatuated child-wife on his knee while the two ate their food from the same dishes.

I had heard something not meant for my young ears, for the mysteries of polygamy were never wittingly discussed in the presence of children.

Rivalry between the polygamist and the more eligible single man for the hand of an attractive girl is a part of the lore of the old days. I recall the story of Hannah Eggertson—who was the sweetheart of Joel Marsh—as I have heard it several times related by an old wag who was mixed up in the affair. Every villager who

knew this young couple, it seems, expected that one day they would be married. In the Sunday-school and at the social affairs of the ward they were always together—a pair of confirmed sweethearts, by every token of young love.

One evening a surprise party was planned for a member of the Eggertson family, and Joel was there to cavort with the guests. Hannah was the same adorable girl she had always been, as chattering and playful as ever Joel had seen her. After the others had gone from the place, he lingered, as was the custom, to say good-night to her. But for some strange reason she had disappeared and left him on the hands of a much perturbed mother. No explanation was offered, and young Marsh was far too bashful to inquire about the vanished daughter. Confused and disappointed, he at length edged his way to the door and made a fumbling exit.

A little way up the lane he bumped into several of his comrades, who were waiting to poke some fun at him. "Did you tell Hannah good-night—or goodbye?" one of them taunted.

"What do you mean?" he answered.

"What did she tell you, Joel, anyway?"

"She didn't tell me anything."

"Oh, in that case, I guess she went straight upstairs to bed. Hannah's a married woman—didn't you know that?"

Young Marsh was ready to fight, but the bantering fellows seemed so sure of their scandal that he paused to listen.

"Well, this is what I saw with my own eyes, Joel. When the game of cross-question was on, Jim Olson sneaked in the back door and went on upstairs. I heard a rumor about Hannah being Olson's second wife but I didn't think there was anything to it—till tonight."

No one outside of the immediate families seemed to know how the conquest of

Hannah had been brought about by the triumphant Olson. The girl was apparently happy enough; there was no reason to believe she had been either tricked or coerced. It was just one of the vagaries of feminine inclination that no person has ever been able to fathom.

Men who went in for polygamy seemed to imagine they were just as much in the open marriage market as were the younger and single fellows. Their wives willing, or oblivious, they could go a-courting with the utmost freedom of selection. It is written in the chronicles, or at least is a part of the frontier saga, that the older chaps used to rush up to the mouth of Emigration Canyon, east of Salt Lake City, whenever they got wind of a new train of covered wagons arriving from the plains. Their object in meeting the newcomers was to get a line on the unmarried women who might later be the objects of their pious approach. But it is fair to suppose that the single men had their pick of the valley-tan girls.

The typical polygamist was the man with two wives. I have often heard it said, however, that the ideal number, from a spiritual standpoint, was three. Not a few of the more devout Mormons went that far in burdening themselves with the woes and responsibilities of multiple matrimony.

Some, of course, had four or five, and a number of hardy skippers ventured on the proverbial sea with a half dozen or more. I think it was the disillusionment which usually came with the second plunge that caused the majority of polygamists to stop right there.

The husband usually garrisoned his wives in homes of close proximity. He had to divide his attentions on some reasonably fair basis, and the shorter trails conserved his time. If he was a farmer—and most of them were—he would build his two or three houses within shouting distance of each other, grouping them in some manner about his barns and corrals. He was the foreman and disciplinarian. He set the tasks and kept the activities of his little colony always humming. When he whistled the boys jumped out of bed and went about the morning chores, and the girls got busy with the household work. Then there were the long hours in the fields, all hands heaving to.

The children of polygamous families learned to work. They had to work, to put the project over. No man, single-handed, could have supported several families on the stony acres of my nativity. If there was any of the dawdling luxury of the harem in Utah, it must have been far away from the struggling hamlet that I knew.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY GEORGE MILBURN

ONE day early last June I and Mr. Harpending was driving home from New York City in the Pierce. He goes in about once a week to contact his publishers and the movie people and salve the "book-club" judges, etc. More than likely he will take in a party if his Mrs. is not along with him. But I guess she is just as bad, and would do the same to a certain extent.

We was almost to Mamaroneck when we see this hitch-hiker standing beside the highway giving us the thumb. The cars was all going right on past him continuous without stopping and, as Mr. Harpending never has had me stop for hitch-hikers before or since, I did not even slow up. All of a sudden I feel him poking at me with his cane.

"Hold on, Spicer," he says. "Let us stop and pick this lad up."

So I eases out to one side and stops. Here this guy comes running as hard as he can. He has all this gear hung on his back. He opens the door panting hard and climbs into the back seat beside Mr. Harpending. He was not a bad-looking young man, though he was dressed in a funny-looking way. I presume that the way he was dressed was what attracted Mr. Harpending to have me stop the Pierce and pick him up. He was a slim, dark-complected youth. I would estimate him between five-and-one-half or six feet tall. He had on leather riding boots and "khaki" riding breeches and a short sleeved silk shirt with collar

open at the neck. Also on his head one of these little caps like artists wear, set over on one side of his head. He had a blanket roll and "knapsack" fastened on to his back with shoulder straps and he was carrying a leather brief case in his hand. I could see him in the mirror and he appeared to be a nice-looking kid in the respect of everything except his upper teeth, which was set forwards quite a bit.

Mr. Harpending give him one of those cold, fish-eyed looks which he can give you and make you feel like you have got "something" hanging out of your nose. "Where are you headed for, young man?" he inquired coldly.

"Westport, Conn.," the hitch-hiker said, very polite.

"Well! And how did you come to be going to Westport, Conn.?"

"Sir, I am on a 'literary pilgrimage,'" the youth rejoindered. "I am going to Westport to call on Oliver Harpending, the great American novelist, whom I am informed lives in that vicinity. I have travelled two thousand miles to see him."

"Ah!" quoth Mr. Harpending, evicting considerable interest, but no surprise. "You can drive on now, Spicer!"

"Is this Harpending expecting you?" queried Mr. Harpending with a slight smile playing upon his lips.

"No, sir, he is not," the young man admitted, "but I think when I tell him that I have come two thousand miles to see him, he will be interested in seeing me."

"Two thousand miles!" exclaimed Mr. Harpending, all pleasant and nice by now. "How did you happen to take the notion?"

"Why, you see, Mr.—, Mr.—? I do not believe I caught the name."

"Pardon me," Mr. Harpending said hastily with a twinkling eye. "The name is, uh, Simms,—Addison Simms."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Simms," said the youth, shaking hands without catching on for an instance. "Here is *my* card."

Mr. Harpending took the card and read it:

J. ELBERT LAMB
OXFORD UNIVERSITY
POET & AUTHOR

<i>Opuses:</i>	<i>Address:</i>
"Purple Vignettes"	Overseas Adviser,
"The Wine of Life"	Oxford University,
"The Jestng Jongleur"	Oxford, England

"Well, well," observed Mr. Harpending. "What sort of poetry is it that you write, Mr. Lamb? Inspirational poetry?"

J. Elbert Lamb nodded. "Yes, sir; I guess a person would call it inspirational poetry. It's all written by inspiration, anyhow. Here is a copy of my latest opus, 'The Wine of Life.' If you are a lover of good poetry, Mr. Simms, I do not doubt but what you would enjoy 'The Wine of Life.'"

Saying which, he reached into his brief case and handed Mr. Harpending a little paper-backed book.

"Well, uh, tell me this," haltingly resumed Mr. Harpending. "Something here on your card puzzles me. Would you mind explaining what this 'overseas adviser' means? Does that mean that you are this country's adviser to Oxford University?"

Mr. Lamb laughed hale and hearty. "Oh, no, not at all, Mr. Simms! That is funny. A lot of people do not understand about that address at first. I guess it does

look a little peculiar. Several newspaper reporters who wrote me up misunderstood about it, also. I have to be careful and explain it, or else they get all mixed up on that point."

"Oh, do the newspapers write you up?" said Mr. Harpending. "Well, well! It looks like we have something like a real celebrity in our midst!"

"Aw, no, I do not claim that, Mr. Simms," blushed the poet, "because I can not say that I have 'arrived,' as the expression is among we writers. Not 'arrived' in the fullest sense of the word, anyhow.

"But let me explain about the address. All that 'overseas adviser' means is, that is my address at Oxford U. You see, I am an Oxford U. student, and for the time being I have my mail sent care of 'the adviser to overseas students' at Oxford University, Oxford, Eng. That is what they call him 'over there.' I did not mean for it to look like *I* was the overseas adviser, though it gives some folks that impression."

"I see. Then how do you happen to be hitch-hiking in this country if you are a university student in England?"

"Well, Mr. Simms, just to tell you the truth,—technically I am not actually a real Oxford student right at this time. All I have to do to be, though, is get over to England. Just as soon as I get there I am going to be an Oxford student. Meantime I just give Oxford as my forwarding address."

"But whatever gave you the idea of entering Oxford University?"

"Mr. Simms," J. Elbert Lamb said earnestly, "I will try and give you the main details of how I happened to get this inspiration to attend Oxford U. Also how I come to be on this 'literary pilgrimage' of mine. Also why I have to either become a student at Oxford U., or else continue to wander, an exile in my native land."

II

Right in here I would like to pause and put in a few words of my own. Now I did not mean to say anything about this, and have never approached Mr. Harpending in regards to the matter, because I did not see where I would stand to gain by registering a kick. But I might as well explain that it is on account of a certain little incidence that I am writing the following story just to beat Mr. Harpending to it. What I allude to is how Mr. Harpending managed to get me strung out one night over a year ago. I so happened to let drop a few details concerning my own career. At the time, thinking that the conversation was just man to man, it never dawned on me that Mr. Harpending, unbeknownst to me, might take and use what I told him. So I opens up and gives him the details of my experience hacking for Yellow out in Chicago, Ill., also about how women was always my particular poison. They never would leave me be. Also about the little unpleasantness I had with the wife when I fallen for a little "dame" in a jitney dance hall, etc. Well, about a year later the wife calls my attention to Mr. Harpending's latest opus, "Centaur on Wheels."

Perhaps you may of read "Centaur on Wheels." The character of Monty Reynolds, the taxi driver, is supposed to be me. Whereas the fact of the matter is, I am nothing like that character. But the more my Mrs. read of "Centaur on Wheels," the more familiar sounding it become to her, and, needless to say, things of that kind put into print will have a tendency to create unrest in the home. What I mean is, there in "Centaur on Wheels" Mr. Harpending used everything that I had told him concerning myself along with a pack of lies I never told him.

Now I always thought from what they

learned me back in ward school that an author was supposed to be a person of fine imagination and make up all his stories by inspiration. You take these stories about the people living on Mars: it takes more imagination than I have got to think up that kind of a story. But that certainly is not the way Mr. Harpending gets his stories. So that is how I come to know what Mr. Harpending was up to that morning when he started in to ask that hitch-hiker one thousand questions. And a little something that happened later on practically convinced me that Mr. Harpending was figuring to get himself another story by "pumping" that poet.

Whereas I am fully aware that when this story is published it is liable to cost me my job. But I do not much care, owing to the fact that I am considering breaking into the writing game myself. If Mr. Harpending can gyp readers in this way I do not see why I cannot do the same. So now let us return to J. Elbert Lamb.

III

"I was born," reminisced J. Elbert Lamb, "on a farm about two miles from the town of Red Arrow, Okla., in the East part of the State. I am now twenty-six years of age, and up until a little over a year ago I had spent most of my life on my father's farm. My father and mother are good people, but they never did understand me. But as time went on the farm became more and more unbearable to me, because I was not built for farm work."

"You appear to be a fairly husky lad," put in Mr. Harpending.

"Yes, sir, I know I *look* to be. My stalwart 'physique' has always worked a hindrance to my poetic career. My folks thought I ought to make a farm hand. They could not get it through their head

that I was cut out for a literary career. For instance, I used to have to milk cows when it seemed to me like my wrists was so weak that they would give out before I could get one cow stripped. Also my father made me plow. But my mind would get to wandering off into 'the vasty realms of thought' and my furrows would get crooked. Then my father would come over from the next field and get aggravated and use rough language toward me. He did not understand my temperament.

"Meanwhile I graduated from the eighth grade of country school and my father sent we children to high-school in Red Arrow. I will admit that he was in favor of us getting high-school educations, but nevertheless he could not comprehend my poetic complex and that made him harsh toward me. My mother was a kind woman, too, but she was just as much worried and provoked as my father was. They did not have any conception of how a poet is supposed to act.

"My high-school teachers all told me that I showed real genius. I was appointed class poet of the senior class, and when we graduated from high-school I wrote a poem that made all the names of my twenty-three class mates rhyme with something. This poem was published in the Red Arrow *Weekly* paper. Afterward a number of folks came to me and said that I certainly would miss my calling if I did not become a poet. I had a feeling of my own that I was not 'born to blush unseen.'

"But my father made me go back to work on the farm, having his head set on making me an ordinary plow hand whether I could plow a straight furrow or not. Yet this did not prevent me from dreaming my dreams and studying about my poetry. As you probably realize, Mr. Simms, a poet is no good as a plow hand."

"Of course not," agreed Mr. Harpend-

ing, "but could you not make your parents see that? Did you not read your poems to them? I'd think they would of been proud to of had a genius in their midst."

Now it was easy for me to see that he was just stringing this J. Elbert Lamb along, but the poet did not get it. Without cracking a smile, he continued on just as serious, "There it is, Mr. Simms! My parents should of been proud. I thought myself that they should of been proud of me instead of acting like I had something wrong with my head. But they worried about me and oftentimes cross words would be exchanged. When I would sit up nights trying to write my poems they would try to break me to their will. They wanted me to get to bed so that I could arise the next morning early and go out and milk the cows.

"Well, this went on for several years after I got out of high-school. And I was feeling smothered all the time. I wanted to go to college where I could receive critical attention and embark upon my 'literary career'. Seemingly it was not to be. But one morning when we was just getting started on the Fall plowing, it all come over me. I finished the field I was plowing right on down to the meanest part to plow, 'the dead furrow,' and then I unhitched—"

"The *dead* furrow?" inquired Mr. Harpending. "What is a *dead* furrow? I don't think I ever heard of a *dead* furrow."

"No, sir, I don't guess you have unless you have worked on the farm. I will try and make clear to you what the dead furrow is. Now say you start plowing on a twenty-acre field. You begin and plow along the edge, up one side, across, down the other side, across, then up the first side again, and so on, around and around. So every time you make a round your square of unplowed land in the centre gets smaller

and your furrows shorter. Until you have a little place in the middle of the field covered by furrows on both sides of it, but still unplowed. You call that your 'dead furrow.' It has to be plowed, and there's where your skill as a plowman comes in."

"Skill as a plowman? Does it take any skill to plow?"

"Oh, sure, Mr. Simms. It takes plenty of skill to plow. There is a knack to plowing just like there is a knack to anything, even writing poetry. You take my father: he was a skillful plowman. He could plow a field and make it come out so as every inch of it would be broken. You have to be plenty good to do that. If a person will lay his furrows straight and even from the first beginning, why the dead furrow will not trouble him much. But anyone like me, I let my plow get out of line and I would always have a dead furrow to plague me."

"Why did you not just leave it go?" asked Mr. Harpending. "It looks to me like a little patch of ground would not make much difference anyway."

"Mr. Simms, that's the way I looked at it myself. But a good *farmer* likes to look at a field and know that every inch of it is plowed. My father always used to say that you could tell the difference between a first-class farmer and a shiftless farmer by the way he had plowed out his dead furrow. He claimed that anybody can plow, but it takes a good man to come out right on the dead furrow.

"Like I was telling you, though, I unhitched the two old white horses and drove them off toward the barn. I watered them and shook down hay for them. Then I went on up to the house and put water to heat on the kitchen range for my bath. I begin taking off my overalls.

"Mother comes running in, 'What's the matter, son?' she says. 'Are you feeling

bad?' 'No,' I replies, 'I am feeling O. K. But I have just decided to break away from it all and go to Tulsa and enter college. I can not delay my literary career any longer.' 'Oh, son!' she cries. 'You can't go off like this and leave your pa and the boys here in the middle of the Fall plowing!' 'I can, too,' I says. 'It all come over me in the field while ago that opportunity knocks but once. Now is the time for me to embark on my career if I ever am going to. Tomorrow might be too late!'

"Well, I got all cleaned up and put on my good suit. By then it was dinner time and my father had come in from the field. Mother must of told him what I was up to, but he did not say one word all through dinner. When we got up from the table he pulled out his wallet and took out the money he always kept with him. He peeled off five ten-dollar bills. 'Here is your wages and your share in them hogs you been slopping,' he says. 'When you get ready to come back, your home will be here for you.' That was all he said. He was a kind man, but we lived in two different worlds.

"I walked over to the highway and thumbed a ride into Tulsa. That same afternoon, without wasting any time, I enrolled at the University of Tulsa. I procured me a job as a delivery boy for a nearby drug store, and that paid me a dollar an afternoon and tips. I was able to live on that. Soon after this my first book of poems, 'Purple Vignettes,' was published."

"The money you made on your book must have helped out some, too," gently suggested Mr. Harpending.

"No, Mr. Simms, I am sorry to say that I was doomed to disappointment on 'Purple Vignettes.' It cost me every cent of the fifty dollars my father give me when I left home, and I still owed the printer fifty

dollars more after it came out. I did not sell only but about ten copies at fifty cents a copy, and give away some more. So you can see that I profited ill on my first book.

IV

"For a while there," continued J. Elbert Lamb, "Fortune smiled on me and it certainly seemed that I had made no mistake in starting to college when I did. The other boys in the men's dorm where I was rooming all seemed to take a real keen interest in my poetry. They kept after me to favor them with selections from my book. Lots of times when I would come in from work at night almost too tired out to read my poems with the proper feeling, nothing would do those boys but that I bring a copy of 'Purple Vignettes' down to the main hall and read to them. I was always glad to oblige, though there was nights when I would rather of gone straight to bed.

"What is more, the editor of the student paper accepted a number of my poems for publication. There was no money in it for me, but I was more than glad to help out with my literary efforts. So I seemed to be getting off to a good start on my literary career.

"Well, as the saying goes, it never rains but what it pours. Right at the time when it seemed like I was getting along the finest kind, and even the columnists of the local daily newspapers was commencing to publish my work and give me considerable notoriety, why everything seemed to blow up on me. It all happened at once.

"One night I arrived back at the dormitory from my job at the drug store. I was not feeling very good, because that afternoon I had had an accident and had lost my job at the drug store."

"Accident?" asked Mr. Harpending.

"Not a serious accident, Mr. Simms. That is, I only got a little skinned up. The way it was, I was making a delivery for the drug store on a bicycle and I accidentally hit a street car. I guess I was thinking about a poem or something, and did not see the street car stop. My bicycle got all bent up and a prescription dropped out of the basket and the bottle broke. It so happened that the customer was in a hurry for the prescription. So when I got back the drug store proprietor, my boss, would not listen to any explanations, but got mad and fired me.

"I was feeling low in my mind over that when I came in that night. Now I had 487 copies of 'Purple Vignettes,' which I had not yet sold packed in a box up in my room. When I came into the main hall of the dorm that night, what did I see but those boys with all my books of poems, wadding each one of them up just as fast as they could. Mr. Simms, I could not hardly believe my own eyes. When I rushed over to try and save my books, they begin pelting me with wadded copies, hollering and laughing. Nearly every last one of 'Purple Vignettes' was ruined by them before it was over.

"It seemed that I had been mistaken about those boys. They did not actually care for poetry as much as they had been pretending they did when they kept after me to favor them with selections from my work. They had been mocking me behind my back all the time. Of course I went the next morning and complained to the college president. He called the boys up on the carpet for destroying my books, but nothing was ever done about paying me for them in any way. So far as I know none of the boys received the punishment they so justly deserved.

"Another thing, too: when the next issue of the student paper came out, the editor

of it felt privileged to print a number of crazy imitations of my poetry. It was easy to see that the student paper was just making fun of me, and that the editor had not appreciated the poems of mine he published. That disappointed me.

"By this time I was beginning to get good and sore. There is a limit to what a person's patience can stand. When the student paper turned on me like that, I got plenty mad. I just sat down and wrote a hot letter to the editor about the injustice which had been worked upon me. I don't know what all I said, I was so mad. I know I come right out and said that all the students I had come into contact with there was just a bunch of ignoramuses. But the most influential thing I said was that the next year I was going to England and enter Oxford U., where poets and their work are better appreciated than in a little one-horse Oklahoma college. I was so mad I did not know what I was getting myself into.

"When the student paper come out with my letter, of course, the students all started in roasting me. For a while my life was made miserable. The girl I had asked to marry me even turned on me. The suffering I went through with at that college beggars description. It was not enough that all the students was razzing me, but the profs begin picking on me in class to make me appear comical.

"I packed up and went back home. Now it so happened that the story about my trouble at college and also about my accident was played up in the Tulsa newspapers. They reported that I had tried to knock a street car off the track with my bicycle. Which was not the facts in the case. As I say, in the short while I was there in college, I had managed to make myself quite a well-known personage in Tulsa. The people in Red Arrow and

vicinity all read the Tulsa papers and they knew all about my threat to go off to an English university even before I arrived back home. So I soon found that some people in Red Arrow took the same attitude toward me that I had encountered at college. I don't know, but I always seemed different from other boys in Red Arrow, and when they got wind of my ambitions to attend Oxford U., they begin making fun of me, too. It got to the place where I could not walk down Main street without the loafers making wise cracks about me. So I knew then that it was up to me to go ahead and make good my brags. Or else never hold my head up again.

"The problem was how to finance myself. Once I had read a newspaper article where some fellow in Michigan incorporated himself and sold shares in his future and thus put himself through college. So I decided to try the same stunt. There was a good many people around Red Arrow who had been following my career and had faith in me and my future, despite the things which the local smart alecks said. I persuaded the printer who published 'Purple Vignettes' for me to run off 4000 coupons, each representing one share in my future and selling for one dollar each. This would possess me of \$4000, which would be plenty to get me to England and put me through Oxford U.

"Well, it was a tougher proposition than I had anticipated. I worked like a dog that Winter trying to put it across, talking myself hoarse and walking miles to see people. I had my sales talk all lined out, and what I had to do each time was sell myself to the prospect. I would start off by showing them the letter I had from the Oxford U. adviser to overseas students, which showed that I was not bluffing.

"I soon discovered that I was doing well when I sold a prospect even one share in

V

my career. It was not that people did not have faith in me. They just did not have the money. Some people, of course, had more faith in me than others. For instance, the printer started me off by taking twenty-five shares the first crack out of the box. Also the baker in Red Arrow was a man of liberal ideas and had always appreciated my talents and he bought twenty shares. Also I sold a Red Arrow barber twenty shares. None of these folks was well-fixed, and it certainly does make me proud to think of their confidence in me. That is why I absolutely cannot disappoint them. When I went to the baker to collect the final payment on the block of shares he took, he told me that he was handing me the last dollar he had in his till. It was confidence like that that made me realize that I absolutely had to go ahead and get to Oxford U. some way.

"Early last Spring I could see that I was not going to sell much more stock in myself around Red Arrow. I had sold only 386 shares, and I had to pay \$100 on what was owing to my publisher, because my second book, 'The Wine of Life,' which you hold in your hand, was ready to come out. So I decided to leave with what I had. I had already been in correspondence with a steamship coöperation about buying a ticket to England, and they had given me to understand that I could buy a ticket on the easy payment plan. So I started out, hitch-hiking to New York City.

"I carried my blanket roll as now and nights I would sleep behind billboards. I had a brief case packed with copies of 'The Wine of Life' and every time I caught a ride I would try and sell the fellow who picked me up an autographed copy of my book. They would nearly always buy. I was a week on the road and I arrived in New York City with \$4.95 more money than I left Red Arrow with.

"When I arrived in New York City I looked up the steamship coöperation that had been writing to me. But I guess I made the mistake of going in there without doling up or anything, because when they saw my dusty clothes, they refused to sell me a ticket on the easy payment plan. I did not let this get me down, however, because I had the money to buy a ticket in full if I had to. So I went to see about getting my passport.

"They told me at the passport office that you have to have permission to get into England. Which they call it a visa. So when I went to the British counsel's office to get my visa, he would not issue me one. It seems that he was scared that I would get over there and become a beggar. On account of my dusty clothes, I guess. Anyway he passed several remarks about 'these foreign beggars who become public charges in England.' I showed him my two letters from the Oxford U. adviser to overseas students and also a copy of my book. But nothing seemed to make any impression on him. All I could get out of him was that when I could show that I was backed by \$1000 in cash, he would grant me permission to enter England. So I found that I lacked about \$700 of being able to go to Oxford U.

"Well, there I was staying at that hotel the Y.M.C.A. runs, and my money was playing out fast. There was no such thing as going back home, because a number of people had bought shares in my future and I could not go back and tell them that their money was gone and that I had not gone to Oxford yet. I had travelled half-way across the U. S. towards what I aimed to do, and if I went back some folks in Red Arrow would have been nastier than ever. So I realized that I absolutely *had*

to get to Oxford, England, even if I did not do anything but mail home a bunch of post cards with the Oxford postmark on them. So I was confronted with the problem of accumulating \$1000 in order to get myself admitted into England. Which I'll do it yet! I sure will!"

"The sum of the whole thing seems to be," said Mr. Harpending, shooting the youth a piercing glance, "you have come to another dead furrow. You were able to get just so far, and then you struck one of those dead furrows that you never could get past. Is not that right?"

"Dead furrow?" said the poet. "I do not get it, Mr. Simms."

Mr. Harpending shrugged and waved one hand. "Oh, just a little figure of speech that happened to strike my fancy. The dead furrow seems to me to offer a pretty good symbol for a type of person who finds it easy enough to get ambitions, but who never has quite what it takes to put himself across and finish the job."

"I guess I don't get it, Mr. Simms," the poet said, puzzled.

"No matter!" said Mr. Harpending. "But this still does not explain that 'literary pilgrimage' to Harpending that you mentioned."

"I was coming to that, Mr. Simms," J. Elbert Lamb resumed. "That is what I have been specializing in ever since I learned that I could not get into England without I could show the British counsel one thousand dollars."

"Specializing in what?" asked Mr. Harpending.

"Literary pilgrimages," said J. Elbert Lamb.

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Harpending impatiently. "Is not this pilgrimage to Harpending your first?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Simms, this is by no means my first literary pilgrimage. I have

been making literary pilgrimages for several months now. I have been to see nearly every writing man of any prominence in the Eastern part of this country. Mr. Harpending is just one of the celebrities I have on my list. I am only catching up on some of the ones I have missed heretofore."

Mr. Harpending's face does not look like the photos his publishers send out at best, but now it looked like someone had dropped a brick upon him. He grumbled, "But I do not see where all this roaming around is getting you any closer to Oxford. Have you not just about used up your \$286 you had toward going to Oxford?"

"Oh, that \$286. I meant to tell you about that, Mr. Simms. I paid all but \$36 of that to a New York book publisher for getting out 'The Jestig Jongleur,' my next book of poems. It is due to come out next week. That is why I'm waiting around in the East right now. I have to pay the publisher \$150 more when he delivers the books."

"Humph!," grunted Mr. Harpending. "You're certainly optimistic! How do you expect to live now that your money is all gone?"

"My money is not all gone, Mr. Simms. I hope I did not give the impression that because I am hitch-hiking I am a pauper. It is true that I hitch-hike to save on travelling expenses. But I also like it because I can contact new fresh viewpoints. And every time I ride with a person, it enlarges my audience just that much."

It was easy to see that Mr. Harpending was about to lose his temper. "Yes, yes!," he sputtered, fairly red in the face, "but what I want to know is, where is all this getting you?"

"Why, let me make my activities clear, Mr. Simms. You see, my stunt is this:

when I find myself in a small town or city, I go around to the local newspaper office and show my credentials, letters, autographed photos, etc., and then the newspaper gives me a write-up as a vagabond poet who has rubbed elbows with all these famous people. Then I contact the head of the local ladies' literary club, and arrange to give them a talk on the famous personalities I have visited. My talk always goes over big, because you take women, they seem to be more interested in literature than most men are. I take a free-will offering and also sell autographed copies of 'The Wine of Life' after each talk. So I'm bound to make. I can't lose."

"So you find this—er—"lecturing" profitable, do you?"

"Oh, my, yes! My expenses are light, and if I keep on doing as well as I have been, I figure that by next Fall I ought to have the \$1000 I need to get to Oxford U. And, just between you and I, my next book, 'The Jestng Jongleur,' does not have only but three or four new poems different from what I already have in 'The Wine of Life.' It seems like I do not get much chance to write new poems here lately. But I think the title is going to put this book over. Also the cloth binding. So I will be able to ask \$1.50 for 'The Jestng Jongleur.' Whereas I am only getting a dollar a copy for 'The Wine of Life.'"

"But I would think that these writers would resent your intrusion on their time in this way. Don't you meet with rebuffs? Don't they get mad when you break in on them?"

"Well, if they do, Mr. Simms, that makes just as good stuff for my talk before the ladies' literary clubs as if they had welcome me with opened arms. Now, for example, I went to see Mr. —, the famous novelist who lives in Pennsylvania.

I learned that he has a little house around back of his residence for a workroom. I knocked on the door, but got no answer. But I heard him in there. So I pushes open the door and steps in. He jumps up from his typewriter in a rage and yells, 'Get out of here!' I stood my ground and said firmly, 'I won't get out, because I have travelled two thousand miles to see you.' 'The heck you have!' he shouts. 'I have travelled two thousand miles to *keep from* seeing you.' Now that little antidote is one of the best ones I have in my talk! It always gives the literary clubs a hearty laugh.

"But it is only very seldom when I tell an author that I have come two thousand miles to see him that it does not flatter him. He usually asks me to stay to dinner, and sometimes even to stay the night."

You could see that Mr. Harpending was having a hard time to keep a grip on himself. He was breathing hard and looking daggers.

The poet did not catch on and went on talking cheerfully. "Well, I figure that as soon as I sell out this edition of 'The Jestng Jongleur' I'll be able to show that British counsel the \$1000 all right. When I get to England, I aim to pull the same stunt over there."

"Yes, I would if I was in your place," Mr. Harpending said sarcastically, but it was over J. Elbert Lamb's head.

"But I've still got several big writers to call on in this country before I'll be ready for the English 'men of letters.' As soon as I've seen Mr. Harpending I will of got about all of any prominence in the East."

"You won't have to wait long," Mr. Harpending said dryly, "because we are right at Westport now."

"Oh, is that right?" exclaimed the poet. "Then, before I let it slip my mind, that

book of poems you took will be one dollar. I throw in my personal autograph free of charge."

Now you might not believe it, but I don't figure to write a story *exactly* like Mr. Harpending does, and I can assure you that everything I write here actually happened. But I certainly could not hardly believe it myself when Mr. Harpending just said, "Why, yes! Yes! To be sure!," hastily pulling out his billfold and handing over a dollar. J. Elbert Lamb took the money calmly and got out his fountain pen to write in the book.

"I don't suppose you have any idea of just where Mr. Harpending lives in this vicinity, do you?" he queried as I stopped the car.

"No, I do not!," Mr. Harpending snapped. "I am a total stranger in these parts myself." We drove off and left the poet standing there.

VI

"Spicer," said Mr. Harpending, peering back to see which way J. Elbert Lamb had started walking, "drive fast and get this car in the garage out of sight before that pest gets out there and recognizes it. I am going to give him the slip and I do not wish him camping on my trail."

As soon as we got in I drove the car into the garage and closed the doors as per instructions. Pretty soon I looks out a window and sees this J. Elbert Lamb and all his gear come plugging up the drive. I kept watching and it was not long before I see him go walking off down the drive again. About thirty minutes later Mr. Harpending comes out to the garage and starts poking around in the back seat of the Pierce.

"Did you lose something, sir?" I asks.

"Why, yes, Spicer. Did you see anything of a little white card? It was a card that crazy hitch-hiker handed me. I seem to of lost it."

"I did not see anything of it, sir," I says, playing innocent. I had the card in my pocket all the time, but I guess I can still tell Mr. Harpending a few lies and not be even with him yet.

"It must of fell out of the car when he got out. D—n it, Spicer, I wanted particularly to save that card. It was amusing."

I had half-a-notion to say, yeah, amusing enough to work into your next story along with a lot of lies, just like what I told you about my own career was amusing. But all I said out loud was, "In case I see anything of it, I'll certainly let you know, sir."

A little later on I happened to be up at the house and I met Marie in the back hall. "What did that funny-looking kid that rang this afternoon say?," I asked her.

"He wanted to see Mr. Harpending," Marie said. "But Mr. Harpending had told me that if any stranger came asking for him to say that he was in Hollywood, Cal."

"Yeah, I know," I said. "And what did the kid say when you told him Mr. Harpending was in Hollywood, Cal.?"

"Why, he said that was all right. He said that he was going out to Hollywood next week to call on Will Rogers anyway and that he would try and look Mr. Harpending up. Why didn't Mr. Harpending want to see him?"

"Search me," I said. "I guess Mr. Harpending was scared that the kid was liable to pull him into a dead furrow."

"What do you mean, a dead furrow?" Marie said.

"You ask Mr. Harpending," I said. "He can tell you all about dead furrows."

THE SOAP-BOX

THE ROTARIAN HOOF

I NOTE with surprise and some consternation that you have opened your columns to a communication on the relative merits of different beers, over the signature of Philip Goodman. Obviously, this is a pseudonym, and I assume that it disguises the personality of a touring Middle Westerner pursuing culture, as is their wont, in Europe. Quite evidently taking advantage of the present wave of enthusiasm for malt beverages at home, he sees a chance to break into print; and in so doing exposes a shameful and pitiful ignorance of noble matters.

A competent knowledge of the comparative qualities of beers is acquired only after many years of massive experience in drinking. It is not to be gained by copying out of Baedeker a list of "recommended" brews, and then gingerly embarking on the enterprise of trying them out in dubious *Lokals*, which would be wholly disapproved of by the home folks in Oskaloosa, and with Friend Wife alongside saying: "Now, dear, *please* don't take one of those *big* mugs! Dr. Snooks told us you *must* be careful because of your liver trouble. A *little* glass will do to give you the taste. I'll have a small bottle of Vichy"—to which the reply is: "Yes, darling."

Naturally, his list includes some good beers. This is axiomatically bound to be true of any list of German brews. An agomphious Methodist bishop with complete ageusia and chronic xeransis could make a list quite as sound as this Mr. "Goodman's." In brief, your correspondent

is plainly not a drinker but a quaffer—one of the nut-brown ale boys, who will enliven the Rotary lunches all next Winter with roguish tales of his prowess in foreign parts. Only God's well-known mercy to Presbyterians kept him from including Berliner Weissbier in his preposterous bid for fame. He is to be pitied rather than censured. Perhaps some day he will encounter a *Mass* of Spaten and then and there learn more than he knows now about really superior beers.

Indianapolis STRINGFELLOW COOLIDGE

LÖWENBRÄU MÄRZEN

IN THE AMERICAN MERCURY for May Mr. Philip Goodman invites argument on his list of the six best beers, light and dark, in the world. There is no subject on which I would leap so cheerfully into argument and so I set down my own list:

Light

1. Löwenbräu (Munich)
2. Reichelbräu (Kulmbach)
3. Franziskaner (Munich)
4. Spatenbräu (Munich)
5. Haackebeck (Bremen)
6. Pilsener Urquell (Pilsen)

Dark

1. Löwenbräu Mai Bock (Munich)
2. Reichelbräu (Kulmbacher)
3. Hofbräu (Munich)
4. Paulaner (Munich)
5. Spatenbräu (Munich)
6. Würzburger Hofbräu (Würzburg)

But the peer of them all, for a steady diet, is Löwenbräu Märzen, which is neither light nor dark, sweet nor bitter, but an ambrosial combination of all four.

New Canaan, Conn. W. W. HOLCOMBE

SCANDINAVIAN
NECTAR

MR. KLAUSLER, in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for June, errs grievously in saying that the Scandinavians of North Dakota drink their whiskey straight. Not many of them, in fact, drink whiskey at all. They didn't even in the days of the open saloon.

I have given a specimen of their great drink, known for many years out in North Dakota, to a personable young lady who is doing a magazine piece about Prohibition. (God knows *why* she is.) Take a tin cup, such as you can see on any farm; fill it about a quarter full of straight alcohol; add boiling water in any amount you desire, but you had better fill the cup; sprinkle a little nutmeg on top, and then add a square of butter, such as your waiter brings you. Then gulp it down or take your time, as you see fit.

Even when they could get plenty of good whiskey, the Scandinavians preferred this drink. They would sit up all night playing whist and inhaling it.

Washington LUTHER WESLEY CALVIN

A WHOOP FOR ENGLISH
BEER

YOUR correspondent in Vienna, Mr. Philip Goodman, makes some unwarranted claims for certain German and Bohemian beers in your issue for May. If he really wants good beer, I recommend:

Pale

Dark

Lowe's Audit Ale, N.B.C. Stingo No. 1
brewed at Stamford brewed by the
ford Northampton Brew-
ery, Northants

English draught bitter, from the right pub, beats any bottled beer in the world.

Oxford, England GEORGE THORNHILL

THERE ORTER BE A LAW

THE foulness of the beer on sale in most American cities today, especially in the East, deserves some attention in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, if, as I hear, it is really a great organ of civilization.

There is no need or excuse for this brutal insult to the palates and kidneys of the American people. Some of the great national breweries are brewing good stuff, and it is on sale everywhere—even in Virginia, which is still theoretically dry. But in at least three out of four of the American cities that I have visited since last April—and I have been in thirty—the local brews are damnable beyond expression.

Usually it is explained locally that this is because they are green, and the greenness is accounted for on the ground that the boozers won't wait for the beer to *lager*. But that is hooey. Most of the bad beers I have drunk would not become good if they were stored a thousand years. They are simply bad all over. They are badly made of bad malt and worse hops, and deserve to be turned into the gutters.

What we need is a national inspection of beer, like the meat inspection. The scoundrels who are now sickening the people ought to be bankrupted and jailed.

Washington PH.D. (WÜRZBURG)

AN ADVERTISING MAN
ON ADVERTISING

AS AN advertising man, I was curious to see "What a Housewife Thinks of Advertising"; and while I was disappointed—for La Kenyon is not the ordinary housewife—THE AMERICAN MERCURY has broken some very important ground. Surely, its editors are to be lauded for running such an article in a magazine whose income is vitally dependent on advertising. But Miss Kenyon has not

measured up to the job. The game is much scurvier than she guesses at.

But who shall say that everything appearing in an ad is exactly as the advertising agency wanted it to be? Has the lady met some of the clients who pay the bills? Does she know that many an honest research is thrown in the muck by lobby-gows and families and trustees of the big shot, who are sure that Listerine's halitosis can be modified to put over Mother's Little Sonny Boy's Toasty Noasties? And that they far outnumber the practical, sensible crew who want their product advertised in a straightforward manner?

The president of a big tobacco firm once turned down a contact man's speculative campaign with this remark: "You go home and figure how I can convince the public that my brand will cure venereal diseases—and then I'll be interested." Would any campaign, no matter how absurd, be too absurd for this hillnanny?

Let's have some more articles on advertising. High pressure has played no mean part in our present débâcle. Yet there is justification: for if the racketeer states that you must never give a sucker a break, what break does the goof want who resents having his advertising superstitions pricked—who wouldn't believe you under oath if you brought conclusive evidence that there is no Danger Line; that children don't die from the wrong toilet paper; that you could gargle from now to Doomsday, and if you were really given to halitosis, God would ask you to step back a bit from the Golden Throne so He could dispense judgment without gagging?

New York City HARRY SERWER

THE GLORIES OF NORTH DAKOTA

MY PROTEST is against Mr. Alfred Klausler's article on North Dakota in THE

AMERICAN MERCURY for June. I am not a North Dakotan by birth or upbringing; in fact, when I was coming of age in Minnesota the good folk of my city and State were convinced that Satan himself and all his damnable political heresies lurked over the Western border. But I was pitchforked into newspapering in North Dakota; in the very center of North Dakota; in Bismarck, in fact, whence expand all the ideas which have made the State what it is. And I confess that, despite my Minnesota Republican upbringing, I was happily surprised not only by the acumen of the citizenry but also by the beauty of the country.

Let no one be deceived by Mr. Klausler's threnody of despair. There is more of T. S. Eliot and "The Waste Land" in Detroit, with its "income bungalows," and Chicago, with its jig-saw West Side, than in all of North Dakota, and by far. The Red River valley has no mountains, but it has a sea of wheat that is just as diverse and colorful in its aspects as the Atlantic. Come over the rise into Jamestown by car or on an N. P. flyer and you have a scene worth remembering. Then walk up Capitol Hill in Bismarck and look across a fifteen-mile valley to the Missouri river ramparts, with the buttes standing out miles behind and the muddy band of the river circling below.

Mr. Klausler says that your farmer in North Dakota is morose. Perhaps he is, around Hankinson; I've never been there, but, after all, Hankinson is by no means all of North Dakota. The farmers I met and talked to were inclined to humor, as the Scandinavian knows it, and to a certain engaging spendthriftiness. One good crop year, and they bought with all their money; two bad ones and they starved waiting for another fat season.

Mr. Klausler would have you think that

North Dakota dates politically from A. C. Townley (whose name, incidentally, he misspells). That's where he is wrong. Townley seems pallid alongside the immortal Dick Pettigrew, an early Senator and reformer; or old Alex McKenzie, who fomented the idea of bringing Dakota Territory into statehood in two chunks so that the Republican bosses would have four instead of two Senators; or Dinny Hannafin, who used to go once a year to the grave of an old buddy outside Bismarck, drink a quart of whiskey "with" the corpse, and talk to him of the old days.

Mr. Klausler speaks of North Dakota "languishing in the hands of the Republicans" until the farmers steamed up again. Mr. Townley's Non-Partisan League always *was* a branch of the Republican party, just as are the LaFollette Progressives in Wisconsin. It was simply the party's Left Wing. And "radicals from Wisconsin" did *not* flood the State. The elder LaFollette, whose ideas of reform were circumscribed by certain veneration for the present system, disapproved, though not vocally, of the League movement.

Mr. Klausler evidently has never heard of the chinooks which sweep in beneficently during the midst of Winter in Western and Central North Dakota. It may be Winter one day and Spring the next; regardless, the sun shines most of the time, and Bismarck golfers can get out on Christmas day for eighteen holes. Nor are the newspapers of the State stupid. I should call any paper which has managed to live through the storm and stress of North Dakota politics since statehood remarkably astute. My home State, which has its own scenic and political attractions, will doubtless call the foregoing treason. Perhaps so; but North Dakota deserves defense. It is a good State.

Detroit

H. B. BURTON

THE DOCTOR'S ERROR

THE medical men of America began to pave the way for the report of the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, with its alarming proposals to make public slaves of them, when they began to go outside the bounds of their practise, with their kits in one hand and clubs in the other. It is the public hygiene nonsense that has got them into their trouble. First they tried to force medicine upon people who didn't want it, and now those same people are beginning to demand it free. The clergy made the same mistake centuries ago, and have been going downhill ever since. The lawyers are too shrewd to fall into any such blunder. They have never given away anything for nothing, and hence nobody believes that they ought to. If they began roving the country tracking down people in need of law they would soon be in the hole that the doctors are in now.

These are some thoughts suggested by THE AMERICAN MERCURY's leading editorial in March.

Chicago

A DRUGGIST

ANOTHER CALL TO MRS. SANFORD

MAY I join Mr. Charles K. Harris of St. Louis in his call for more short stories from Winifred Sanford? She wrote some of the best things appearing in the early issues of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, and I am sorry indeed to note her absence from the pages of the magazine today.

Denver

MARY TODD

KIND WORDS FOR SLAVERY

Now that the Eighteenth Amendment is on the way out, isn't it high time to begin moving against the Thirteenth and Fifteenth? Certainly the colored people of

the United States were never as forlorn and unhappy under slavery as they have been since it was abolished. I believe that it would be a good idea, when slavery is restored at last, to provide for white slaves as well as black ones. The only really bad thing about the institution was the race prejudice embodied in it, and that we still have. Getting rid of it would be something, surely.

I have talked to some prominent colored men about this, and they all admit that slavery had its points. I believe that most of them would consent to its revival if they were assured of good jobs under the Federal government, say as inspectors or protectors of slaves.

New Orleans _____ A REACTIONARY
 QUERIES

36a. LINCOLN'S FAVORITE.—I have to thank Mr. A. J. Menteer, of the Missouri State Library at Jefferson City, for his courteous reply to my question regarding the authorship of Lincoln's favorite poem, "Mortality". But I still lack the date of its composition or publication. Can anyone help me?

Marietta, O. _____ L. S.

45. THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.—IN THE AMERICAN MERCURY for May Mr. Anthony M. Turano hints that the execution of Ruth Snyder at Sing Sing was bungled, and caused "great pain." Is there any evidence for this? My impression has always been that the business was managed very competently, and that the lady passed out instantly.

Altoona, Pa. _____ J. K. G.

46. THE SOVIET CONSTITUTION.—Can any reader of THE AMERICAN MERCURY tell me where I can find an English translation of the constitution of the U.S.S.R.? I am informed that the Bolsheviki follow a sort of statement

of principles that amounts to what we would call a constitution, but I have been unable to unearth the text. I'd like also to have an English translation of the Fascist constitution of Italy.

Akron, O.

LORING ALLEN

REPLIES

23. DID BACH HAVE JEWISH BLOOD?—G. A. Macfarren, professor of music at Oxford, says in the Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography: "Johann Sebastian Bach was the most distinguished of a family of musicians remarkable above all others for the number and ability of its members, who, for two centuries, successively distinguished themselves throughout Lutheran Germany. Their origin is traced to Veit Bach, a miller of Presburg, Hungary, who left his native country owing to the religious troubles that prevailed there in the latter part of the Sixteenth Century and settled at Weimar." Bach's family was 100% Christian.

*La Palmeraie,
 Hyères, France*

A. J. MAAS

32. THE FIRST 100% AMERICAN.—Peregrine White was a boy, not a girl as stated by Robert Hynes in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for June. But Peregrine was not the first 100% American. The first white child born in what is now the United States was Snorre Karlsefne, son of a Scandinavian explorer, who began life in Vineland (presumably on Buzzard's Bay) around 1007 A.D. And Virginia Dare was born in 1587 on Roanoke Island, then in Virginia, but now a part of North Carolina.

Peregrine White was ushered into the world on the *Mayflower* as she lay in the roadstead near Provincetown. An earlier child was born on that ship during the Pilgrims' voyage from England. This was Oceanus Hopkins, a boy, who died before 1628.

New York City JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

A Southern Skeptic

THE OLD DOMINION EDITION OF
THE WORKS OF ELLEN GLASGOW.
8 vols. issued so far. \$2.50 each. 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{8}$.
Garden City, L. I.: Doubleday, Doran &
Company.

SOME time ago, in the eminent *Nation*, Miss Glasgow printed an article under the title of "What I Believe". It might have served admirably as a general preface to the present edition of her novels, for it set forth plainly the origins and scope of the amiable skepticism that is at the bottom of all of them. That skepticism came in the first place out of the circumstances of what must have been an extremely lonely and unhappy childhood.

Here was a little girl of an almost morbidly sensitive and imaginative sort, set down in a Virginia that had been reduced by the fortunes of war to a kind of aching chaos, socially, politically and economically, and was trying desperately to fashion a new social order out of the black stumps and smouldering brands of the old. The easy way, obviously, was to seize upon a few simple principles, a set of bold and easy patterns, and give them, by a sort of acclamation, the authority of Sinai. But many of them, alas, would not work, and not a few of them were plainly false, so what issued out of the struggle was no more than a mass of gaudy artificialities, comforting to the simple but immensely unpleasant to the intelligent. Among the intelligent was the little Glasgow girl, a decorous pigtail down her back. She revolted against the blather, but had no philosophy to meet it. "I excelled only in

imaginary adventures. . . . I saw painful sights. . . . The tragedy of life and the pathos which is worse than tragedy worked their way into my nerves."

Escape came at the hands of a teacher encountered in Richmond—a sort of miraculous accident. He recalls forcibly the bearded youth who, at the same time, was arousing and inflaming young Frank Harris in faraway Kansas. Dead at twenty-six, he yet managed in his short years to cover a vast area of reading, and, what is more important, a vast area of genuine thinking, centering on what was then called political economy, but running up hill and down dale in all directions. Miss Glasgow herself was but sixteen when she encountered this extraordinary pedagogue, but she was ripe for him, and when he presently passed out of her life and his own he left her with something closely resembling a philosophy. It is with her yet, and every one of her long series of books is informed by it. It is a kind of skepticism that is pungent without being harsh; at least two-thirds of it is simple tolerance. "I believe that the quality of belief is more important than the quantity, that the world could do very well with fewer and better beliefs, and that a reasonable doubt is the safety-valve of civilization."

One may applaud this platform without forgetting how seditious it must have seemed in the Virginia of thirty years ago. But Miss Glasgow, having once mounted it, did not budge an inch. Some day the history of her novels in her home-town must be written. They began as scandals of high voltage, and it was years before

Richmond was ready to admit that there was anything in them save a violent enmity to the true, the good and the beautiful. As the news gradually oozed over the Potomac that they were regarded with high politeness in the North there was some reconsideration of this position, but it was not actually abandoned until comparatively recent years. To this day, indeed, Virginia is a bit uneasy about its most distinguished living daughter, and even her appearance in all the solemn panoply of Collected Works will probably leave her something of a suspicious character. For skepticism, save in a few walled towns, of which Richmond is surely not one, is still a kind of wickedness in the South. The thing most esteemed down there, whether by the hidalgos who weep for the lost Golden Age or by the peasants who sweat and pant for the New Jerusalem, is the will to believe.

Frankly, I do not blame the Virginians for stopping cautiously short of taking Miss Glasgow to their arms, and covering her with proud kisses. For the plain fact is that the whole canon of her works is little more or less than a magnificent *reductio ad absurdum* of their traditional metaphysic. Thrown among them, and essentially of them despite her struggle against the bond, she has had at them at close range, and only too many of her shots have hit them in almost pathologically tender places. In her gallery all of the salient figures of the Virginia zoölogy stalk about under glaring lights, and when she has done with them there is little left to know about them—and not too much that is made known is reassuring. She has, in brief, set herself the task of depicting a civilization in its last gasps, and though her people have their share of universality they are still intrinsically Virginians, and hardly imaginable outside their spooky

rose-gardens and musty parlors. They remain so even when the spirit of progress seizes them, and they try to take on the ways and habits of mind of the outside world. Surely the polyandrous Edmonia Bredalbane, in “The Romantic Comedians”, seems, at first glance, to be anything but provincial. But that is only at first glance. Soon it appears that she is Virginian in every corpuscle, despite all her far rides on her witch’s broomstick. One parts from her quite sure that this witch, precisely, could not have happened anywhere else on earth.

Miss Glasgow’s Richmond colleague, Mr. Cabell, has gone in, at intervals, for the same pitiless illumination of the local scene. There are, indeed, obvious resemblances between “The Rivet in Grandfather’s Neck” and the Glasgow novels, though there are also important differences. But Cabell has thus come to close quarters with his fellow Democrats only at longish intervals; for the most part he has contented himself with doing them, as it were, at second hand, in the form of mural figures in a gaseous Virginia of his own imagining. This transformation has improved their looks and augmented their store of ideas, but it has left a good many of them disquietingly unVirginian, or, at all events, Virginian only to specialists in the species. I daresay that Miss Glasgow herself reads the Cabell books with a kind of understanding denied to the rest of us. If so, she gets double value for her money, and both times it is high value. As for herself, she avoids the hazes of allegory. Her portraits may not be exactly photographs, but certainly there is a blistering realism in them, and as she herself hints in some of her prefaces of this Old Dominion Edition they were made, in many cases, from models who once actually breathed the Virginia air.

Her work shows no falling off with the years. Her latest books, on the whole, are her best, and most critics will probably agree with her in putting "Barren Ground" (1925) in first place. It took her a long while to reach its fine design, its impeccable surface, its general ease and certainty: when she wrote it her first book was already almost thirty years old. But her laborious apprenticeship was surely not wasted, for it gave her a professional assurance that is rare among American novelists, and to only too many of them apparently unattainable. There is no sign of the inspired amateur in her latest volumes; she knows precisely what she wants to do, and she does it with never-faltering skill. Her canvas is sometimes small, but within its limits she has thought out the lay and significance of every inch. Not many of her rivals know the novel-writing business as thoroughly as she does, or have brought to it so acute, so ingenious and so civilized a mind.

How People Live

LIFE IN LESU, by Hortense Powdermaker.
\$4. 5½ x 8½; 352 pp. New York: W. W.
Norton & Company.

DR. POWDERMAKER, according to a prefatory note which Dr. Clark Wissler contributes to her book, "was the first woman to live alone as an ethnologist among the natives of Melanesia." Her stay at Lesu, which is a village of 232 souls on the coast of New Ireland, in the Bismarck Archipelago, lasted from March, 1929, to February, 1930, and she got on very well with the people, and learned enough of their language to hold palaver with them. When she ran short of it she resorted to Pidgin English, which many of them understand. They are a peaceable lot, and despite a certain looseness in the sexual department pretty respectable. There are

missionaries on their flanks, but so far they have not suffered the ignominy of becoming Christians. In the old days the men used to go naked and the women wore only straw aprons, but both sexes, under white influence, now wear loin-clothes, and on great occasions the women put on blouses. Rotary, the *Saturday Evening Post*, the radio and the movies have yet to uplift and enchant them. They still use strings of shells for money. A drum brings one string, a spear two, a canoe from four to six, and a sow from five to ten.

Dr. Powdermaker's account of these innocent and kindly people is always interesting and often amusing. What she has to say is seldom downright new, for quite similar tribes have been reported on at length by Dr. Bronislaw Malinowski and others, but she is full of small details that give her story a great vividness. If, as the poet hath it, the proper study of mankind is man, then such books are valuable contributions to knowledge, and it is pleasant to note that the supply of them does not fall off. It is pleasant to note, also, that lady anthropologists have begun to go in for them, for there are areas of human behavior in which a woman's eyes are brighter than a man's, and kinds of information that she can unearth better than he can. A good part of the value of "Middletown", in all probability, is due to Mrs. Lynd's share in the family labors, and I half suspect that Robert Marshall's "Arctic Village" would have been even better than it is if Mr. Marshall had taken a couple of female Hearst reporters to the Koyukuk with him.

It is strange and lamentable that so many anthropologists seek their laboratory animals in the far places of the earth, and so few give any heed to the huge supply at home. I was in hopes, after "Middletown" came out, that it would be followed

by studies of other American towns, East, West, North and South, but so far it has had no successor. If suggestions to the learned are in order I propose that one of the universities send an expedition to Waycross, Ga., to investigate human existence in what seems to be a typical Southern industrial town. I nominate Waycross simply because I happened to spend the better part of a day there some months ago, and found it very interesting to rove about the place and observe the inhabitants at their concerns. The town looked to me to be heavily over-churched and considerably under-movie-parlored, but that may have been only the prejudice of a city slicker. What I carried away, chiefly, was a keen desire to know more about its people—how they get their livings, how they occupy their leisure, who the mountebanks are that they admire, and what the prevailing view is among them on such questions as the war debts, necking, baptism by total immersion, the character and designs of the reigning Supreme Pontiff, and independence for the Philippines. I assume that most of them are Democrats, but on what ground? I judge by my observations that all of them go to church, and that large numbers of them must go to two or three churches, but I'd like to know more about their theology.

Wayscross, to the casual eye, looks poor, and is certainly rather frowsy, but under the tatters and dust, I suppose, life goes on pretty much as it goes on everywhere else in America. Dr. Powdermaker has told us enough about Lesu to last us for a long while; why doesn't some young American anthropologist of comparable shrewdness and industry turn to this somewhat forlorn but still apparently contented Southern community? It might be hazardous, of course, for a stranger to settle in it openly, as Dr. Powdermaker settled

in Lesu, for small-town Americans are much less amiable than Melanesians, and if the general public of the place did not object to serving as guinea pigs, then there would certainly be protests from the Chamber of Commerce, the American Legion, and the Klan. But it should be easy for the young scientist to insert himself (or herself) into the communal life in the disguise of a chiropractor, a beer-runner, or a Bible colporteur, and so gain the confidence of the inhabitants, and learn how they live and have their being.

The sociology of such places has been very little studied. The savants of the University of North Carolina school have made some interesting reports on rural life, especially in the South, and there is an enormous literature on the goings-on in the larger cities. But save for "Middle-town" there is no adequate study of the towns of the country, and even "Middle-town" is incomplete, for it skirts around the phenomena of sex very gingerly. I guess without knowing that young blood bubbles in Wayscross as elsewhere, and that the local pastors visualize a state of chastity appreciably above that which they actually observe. I guess too, again without knowing, that the town has its boomers and men of vision, its soaring Kiwanians and effervescent realtors, and that they have saddled it with the usual debt. That it is well outfitted with theologians I could see, but I'd like to know what they cost *per annum*, and what nuisances they commit to earn their tithes. Also, it would be interesting to hear something about the state of medical science in the town, and about the standards of professional honor prevailing among its jurisconsults. I saw a whole building full of lawyers' offices. Are their pickings easy, or do they have to scratch?

The people of the United States, for all

their lavish patronage of newspapers, news-reels and the radio, really know one another very little. Those who live in cities are always being shocked by the doings of those who live in smaller places, and the denizens of the farms and villages seem to know nothing about city life save that it is dominated by the machinations of the Beer Trust, Wall Street, the Devil, and the Pope. I issue a solemn call to the sociologists for more light. There is as good a book as "Life in Lesu" in every American village, and another "Middletown" in every one of the thousand rivals of Muncie, Ind. We have heard enough about the Melanesians to content us for a space; let us now have something about the Georgians, Iowans, Vermonters and Oklahomans—all of them tribes that are rich in material for the attentive anthropologist.

Infants in Hell

CHILDREN & PURITANISM, by Sandford Fleming. \$2.50. 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 9; 236 pp. New Haven: *The Yale University Press*.

DR. FLEMING is professor of church history and religious education at the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School in California, and the present work is an abbreviation of a dissertation written "in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of doctor of philosophy" at the Yale Graduate School, apparently under the Faculty of Divinity. It is thus reasonable to assume that he is a man of pious habit and friendly to the Christian revelation, and that assumption is supported by various somewhat mellifluous passages in his exposition. Nevertheless, he has managed to write one of the most appalling indictments of the New England Puritans ever got upon paper, and it is made only the more damning by its total lack of indignation. Not once does he pause to cuss them out. Instead, he simply sets forth the evi-

dence that he has gathered, and most of it comes out of their own mouths.

What lay at the bottom of their savagery, of course, was their idiotic belief in Calvinism—beyond question the most brutal and barbaric theology ever subscribed to by mortal man, whether in or out of the African bush. Its essence was a florid and obscene concept of Hell, and the believer was kept in a lather of fear by his uncertainty whether he would escape it or land in it. There was really no way for him to find out which way he was headed, for he was taught that the bloody Jahveh who operated it chose candidates in a completely capricious and irrational fashion. The best of men might be damned to an eternity of fire, and the worst might be saved by the divine grace. A little child, cut short in its first innocent squawks, might begin at once a trillion years of boiling in brimstone, and an ancient sinner, with ten wives and forty concubines behind him, might be greeted *post mortem* by the massed brass bands of Heaven, and ushered to a soft and permanent seat on the right hand of its despotic Proprietor. This was the Calvinist doctrine of election, the center of the Puritan system.

Obviously, there were some holes in it, considered from the practical sacerdotal standpoint. If no man could tell whether his destiny was Heaven or Hell, and nothing that he could do could change it, then why should he bother to be good? Why not eat, drink and be merry, and trust Jahveh to turn up the right card? The question had come up in theology before—for Calvinism was old long before Calvin was born—and various answers had been made to it. The Puritan answer was to hint that the same Jahveh who had decided every man's fate in the dark backward and abysm of time might be induced, by proper devices, to change His mind. He

could not be moved, of course, by simple rectitude, for rectitude was, by definition, something that He disregarded. But perhaps He could be shaken by what came to be called a conviction of sin—that is, by a wild and all-consuming terror of His Hell. Inasmuch as the main purpose of that Hell was to alarm, He would probably be pleased by evidence that it was working. Thus Puritan preaching devoted practically all of its energies to terrorizing the faithful. If it could scare them enough their agonies might attract the notice of Jahveh, and He might be induced to let them go in consideration of their painful tribute to His awful puissance.

The logic here is somewhat lame, and no doubt the Puritans made frequent efforts to improve it, but this is substantially what they appear to have taught, if one may estimate it by their acts. When they came to apply it to children they at once encountered serious technical difficulties. Children, by their theory, could be damned just as readily as adults, but it was manifestly a hard job to instill into them that conviction of sin which offered the only apparent way out. A hard job, yes, but only in its early stages. Down to the age of two or three a child was almost resistant to theological processes, and if it died one could only hope for the best. But after that the simpler concepts, and especially the concept of Hell, became more or less intelligible to it, and by the time it came to five or six years it could smell the brimstone with the oldest gaffer. So the Puritan divines tackled it early, bent upon taking quick advantage of the first sign of theological capacity, and if it happened to be of a nature favorable to their science they had it howling in terror before it knew its letters. Some of their greatest feats of professional derring-do were such scarings of little children, and when they

achieved a good one they commonly made a record of it, that other virtuosi might be suitably edified, and it might be remembered in the profession.

Dr. Fleming shows that this horrifying theology, surviving the enlightenment of the Eighteenth Century, was still cherished during the first decades of the Nineteenth, and that it was not until the publication of Horace Bushnell's "Views of Christian Nurture" in 1847 that it really began to break up. As a matter of fact, there is some steam in it even to this day, if not in New England, then in the remoter reaches of the Christian South. Most of the evangelists yet in practise down there—and a good many are left, despite the gradual decay of their trade—do not baptize until the candidate reaches the age of discretion, but their definition of the age of discretion is very loose, and few of them would reject a child of eight who was searching the Scriptures by day and seeing things at night. At their revivals, in fact, they give a large part of their energy to scaring children, and some of them have developed a very effective technique. From this generalization, I think, the Holy Rollers should be excepted, but that is only because the Holy Roller fantods are largely sexual, and candidates who have not reached puberty make difficult material.

Dr. Fleming warns his readers that his picture of "Puritan life and thought is not complete"—that he is concerned "only with a part of the religious life of the early generations of New England." He should have added that what he describes is quite typical of the rest. Puritanism, in its essence, was sheer brutality; there was absolutely no beauty in it, and very little decency. It revolved around the fear of Hell, and nothing else. In late years there have been many defenses of the Puritans

on the ground that, for all the rigors of their theology, they yet lived more or less normal lives, and were not unacquainted with the sempiternal arts of thieving, forestalling, fighting, wine-bibbing and fornication. But all that this comes to is the confession that many of them were hypocrites. Granted. So are many of their heirs and assigns today. But the fact remains that they hung on to their theology as long as possible, and that, if they had had their way, it would still be an intolerable cultural burden upon New England, as what remains of it is a burden upon the rural South and Middle West.

There was, in fact, nothing admirable in it—nothing whatever. It was completely vile. The salvation of New England was achieved by its enemies, which is to say, by skeptics, the heralds of civilization at all times and everywhere. The Puritans tried desperately to put them down, but failed in the long run, as theologians always must fail. Revealed religion is still fighting hard for life in the world, but it is doomed. The day can't be far off when all men pretending to be civilized will look back upon it as they now look back upon witchcraft, human sacrifice, and cannibalism.

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